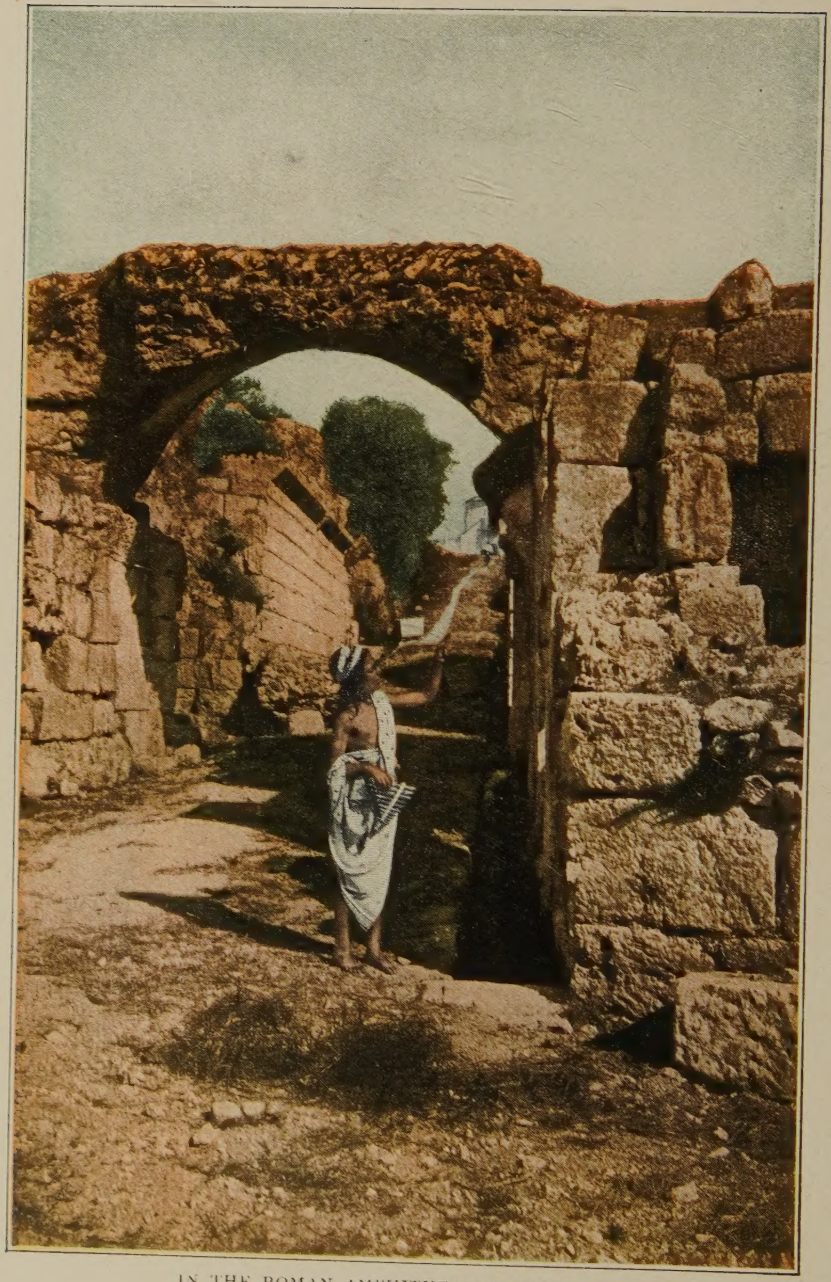
JOHN L. STODDARD'S LECTURES

SICILY · GENOA

A DRIVE THROUGH THE ENGADINE



IN THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE, SYRACUSE.

JOHN L. STODDARD'S LECTURES

VOLUME FOURTEEN

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SICILY

IN A PALERMO GARDEN.

SICILY

THE site of Sicily foreshadowed, long before man's advent on our globe, the mighty part that it would play in history. The Mediterranean had not then the aspect which it bears to-day. Across its surface stretched two isthmuses, one of which severed it from the Atlantic, and joined Gibraltar with Morocco; the other, a thousand miles to the eastward, divided it into two great basins, and formed between them a gigantic causeway, eighty miles in length, connecting Sicily and Tunis. Of this not only do geology and deep-sea soundings furnish ample proof, but the discovery in Sicily of many bones of extinct tropical animals shows that these creatures formerly made their way by land from Africa to southern Europe. A sinking of the earth-crust caused at last these two partitions to subside; and while the

A SICILIAN YOUTH, GRECIAN TYPE.

waves of the Atlantic rushed in through the opening now known as the Straits of Gibraltar, the waters of the two interior basins also met and mingled over the sunken ridge which had divided them. Thus there appeared for the first time — although as yet unseen by any human eye — the noble spectacle of a united Mediterranean, linked at Gibraltar with the oceans of the outer world, and covering substantially the same area we have always known. Of the four termini of these submerged isthmuses three proved of great historical importance. The influence of Morocco only has been insignificant; but its huge *vis-à-vis*, Gibraltar, through the three great periods of its prominence, — Pagan, Arabic, and Christian, — has loomed successively on the horizon of the past as the Pillar of Hercules, the Mountain of the Moors, and the stupendous Fortress of Great Britain. Still more remarkable were the two extremities of the vanished isthmus which had stretched from Sicily to

ON THE COAST OF SICILY.

Africa. For near its southern end there rose, about the middle of the ninth century before Christ, — that is to say, one hundred years before the founding of Rome, — the famous Tyrian colony of Carthage, which flourished in unbroken glory and prosperity for seven hundred years, and during many centuries possessed such mastery of the sea, that its ambassadors boasted that the Romans could not even wash their hands in the Mediterranean without permission from the Carthaginians. Meanwhile, directly opposite to this superbly rich and powerful metropolis lay, at the other terminus of the sunken causeway, Trinacria or Sicily, which was not only the largest island of the Mediterranean, but also occupied its central point.

Accordingly, so long as the countries bordering on the Mediterranean constituted the whole of civilization, Sicily was the centre of the civilized world How could it have been otherwise? Its site was practically equidistant, eastward and

A SICILIAN PROMONTORY.

westward, from both Spain and Egypt; northward and southward, from both Rome and Carthage. A strait but two miles wide divided it from Italy, of which it once had formed a part; and only fourscore miles of water rolled between its southern precipices and the sands of Africa. In fact, so tempting and convenient was this stepping-stone between the two great continents, that one might fancy a malicious deity had intentionally placed it there, as a perennial source of national contention. Moreover, as its classic name Trinacria denotes, Sicily was triangular. Its ancient symbol was the head of Medusa, surrounded by three legs, indicative of the three extremities of the island. A prettier representation of it would have been a splendid jewel with three facets,—one turned toward Europe, another toward Asia, and a third toward Africa. Such in reality was its situation; and each of these continents, looking toward the face confronting it, became enamored of its beauty, and sought to win the lovely prize behind it. Indeed, the history of Sicily for three thousand years is little save the record of her warlike suitors, all of whom, in their desperate struggles to possess her, often trampled her beneath their feet, and well-nigh caused her death from violence and loss of blood. No spot on earth has suffered more because of its desirable site and fatal gift of beauty. The number and variety of these conquerors are bewildering, but they at least attest the fascination of the object of their passion. Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Arabs, Goths, Byzantines, Normans, Spaniards, French, and Italians have, during three millenniums,

ANCIENT SYMBOL OF TRINACRIA.

succeeded one another here; and all have left behind them traces of their sway, which render Sicily even now, despite her wretchedness and poverty, a land of wonderful attractiveness to thoughtful travelers. In fact, so interwoven with the history of Greece and Rome is this remarkable island of the Inland Sea, that Goethe rightly said of it: "Italy without Sicily leaves no image in the soul; Sicily is the Key to all."

AN OLD SICILIAN.

Yet not alone as a strategic point of dominating influence was Sicily thus coveted by different nationalities and races. It had its own intrinsic value. So wonderfully fertile were its wheat-producing fields, that it was called the Garden of the Mediterranean and the Granary of Rome, and was believed to be the favorite home of the goddess of agriculture, named by the Romans Ceres, by the Greeks Demēter.

It was, indeed, near Lake Pergusa, in the centre of the island, that Pluto was supposed to have seized Demēter's lovely daughter, Persephone, while she was

"gathering flowers, herself a fairer flower,"

and to have carried her away to be his consort in the nether world. Nothing in old mythology is sweeter and more poetical than the story of the goddess-mother mourning for her stolen child.

"What ails her that she comes not home?
Demēter seeks her far and wide,
And, gloomy-browed, doth ceaseless roam
From many a morn till eventide.
'My life, immortal though it be,
Is naught,' she cries, 'for want of thee,
Persephone! Persephone!'"

Lighting a torch at Mount Etna, to aid her in her search, the frantic mother wandered vainly over many lands, till finally, having returned to Sicily in despair, she discovered through the revelations of the river nymph, Cyane, the abode of her abducted child, and threatened famine to the world unless she were restored to her. Accordingly Jove promised her that her beloved Persephone, though she must still continue to reside one half of the year with Pluto, should every spring return to Sicily, and stay with her till harvest. Perhaps,

WHERE PERSEPHONE RETURNS.

A BIT OF SICILY.

like most of the legends of antiquity, this fable was purely allegorical, and parabled the fact that seed, when planted in the ground, lies hidden in the earth, until in spring it rises from the darkness of the under world into the light of day. At all events, it is undoubtedly true that every year, for centuries, when verdure once more crept mysteriously over the Sicilian fields, and all the mountain sides grew radiant with vernal bloom, the people reveled in the restoration of Persephone; and in the autumn also, when the golden grain had all been garnered, they celebrated joyfully the festival of Ceres, decking their hair with ears of wheat and corn-flowers, just as the happy goddess had adorned her own fair tresses in the joy of being reunited with her child.

Some traces of these ancient customs still survive in Sicily; for though the worship of Demēter has, nominally, long since passed away, some popular religious ceremonies still exist, which no doubt had their origin in the ritual of those stately temples, sacred to the gods of Greece, which once crowned many a mountain top in old Trinacria. Thus at the fêtes of the Madonna, even now, devout Sicilians place before her statues flowers and sheaves of grain, and white-robed worshipers in long processions make their way from shrine to shrine with garlands in their hands. Moreover, at the time of planting, not only must the furrowed fields be sprinkled with holy water; but before any of the seed is sown, a part of it is taken by the peasants to the church for consecration. Similarly, in the autumn, Sicilian harvesters bring to the churches their first

DEMĒTER.

PLUTO AND PERSEPHONE. BERNINI, ROME.

cereals, in gratitude for the celestial favor once ascribed to Ceres. In this and many other ways Trinacria is still alive with memories of her vanished gods. Most of their temples have, indeed, been overthrown; or, if some portions of them still remain upright, they are but lonely and pathetic relics of their former grandeur. Yet from this desolation blooms the indestructible flower of Grecian art, and the poetic influence of the divinities, whose names those edifices bore, still makes Sicilian soil sacred ground. Thus, we encounter there not only eloquent reminders of Demēter and Persephone, but also numerous souvenirs of Neptune, Venus, Vulcan, Juno, Hercules, Encéladus, and Pluto; of demi-gods like Dædalus, Ulysses, Polyphemus, and the Sirens, and of the fabled monsters Scylla and Charybdis; until the rhythm of the Iliad and Odyssey seems to pulsate in the murmur of the restless sea against Trinacria's storied coast, and every mountain crest is luminous with the glamour of heroic times.

A SICILIAN GARDEN.

Historically, therefore, as the scene of many splendid civilizations, and the theme of almost every classic poet of the past; strategically, as the battle-field where several of the mightiest

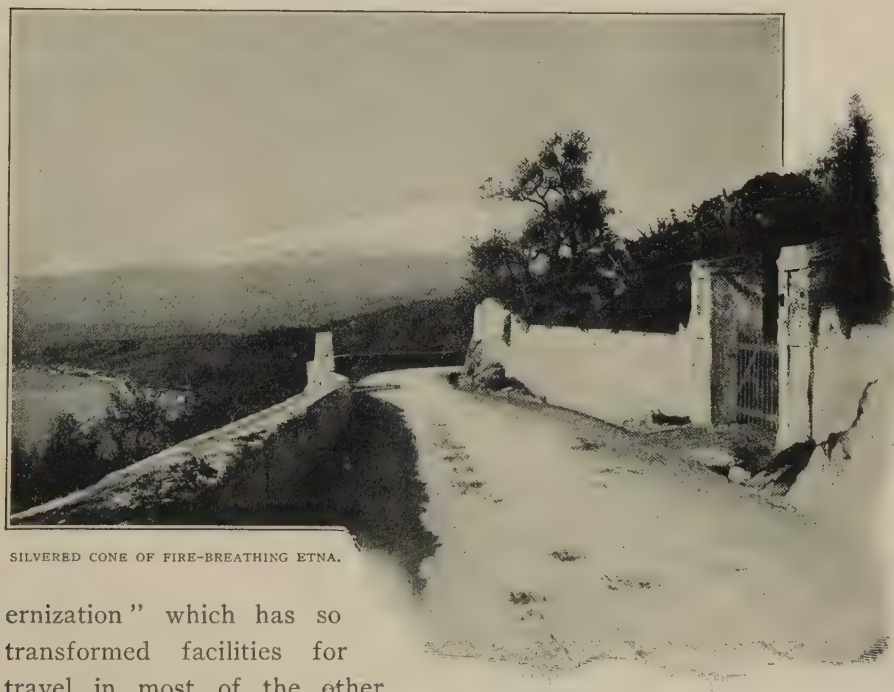
A SICILIAN OF ARABIC ORIGIN.

nations of antiquity met, sword in hand, intent upon the mastery of the world; mythologically, as a region second to none in the romantic beauty of its legends; architecturally, as a land possessing more than a score of Grecian temples, some of them still almost complete, and all of them hallowed by the touch of twenty centuries; ethnologically, as the crucible in which were gradually fused the manners, languages, and religions of the Orient and Occident; botanically, as a region unsurpassed in early spring by any other country in the world for the profusion of its wild flowers; and geographically, as an island of magnificent mountain scenery, belted by the fairest of blue seas, and dominated by the silvered cone

SICILIAN ACANTHUS, ORIGIN OF THE CORINTHIAN CAPITAL.

of fire-breathing Etna ; — Sicily lures us to her classic shores, — bright with the golden after-glow of far-off days, — as to the choicest natural gift that a beneficent deity ever granted to mankind.

Yet, notwithstanding its attractiveness, until quite recently it seemed improbable that Sicily would ever share in the "mod-



SILVERED CONE OF FIRE-BREATHING ETNA.

ernization" which has so transformed facilities for travel in most of the other countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Previous to 1860 not a mile of railway had been built there, and even twenty-five years ago, when I first made a limited tour in the island, those who desired to visit the imposing ruins in the mountainous interior, or even to travel from Palermo to its southern shore, had either to cruise along the coast in poor Italian steamers, or else, on account of the wretched inns outside the prominent cities, were forced to hire a carriage, stock

YOUNG SICILY.

it with provisions, and literally to eat and sleep in it for several days, exposed meanwhile to the serious risk of being captured by banditti and detained for ransom. But now a thousand miles of railway intersect the island, and the old days of break-neck roads and brigands have effectually passed away. At present, not only is there a nightly service of comfortable steamers between Naples and Palermo; but, during the winter season, a train composed of sleeping carriages and a dining car runs three times weekly from Berlin to Palermo, crossing the straits of Messina on a ferry-boat in thirty minutes, and making the entire journey in about forty-eight hours. Well-managed hostelries have also been provided in the chief Sicilian towns, and railroads now connect the principal points of interest in such a way as to

make traveling there no longer perilous and painful, but a pleasure. In my opinion, however, the easiest and most satisfactory way of reaching Sicily is by one of the transatlantic German steamers, which make the voyage from Genoa to Palermo in thirty-six hours.

My first impressions of the glorious harbor of Palermo were gained thus by the light of a full moon, as the "Prinz Adelbert" slipped inward from the tranquil sea, and anchored opposite a semicircle of electric lights which fringed the bay like a magnificent diamond necklace. Meanwhile beside us, scarcely half a mile away, rose white and dazzling in the lunar rays the monster mass of Monte Pellegrino, which Goethe called "the handsomest headland in the world." So wonderfully beautiful appeared Palermo's situation, as we thus approached it, that I was fearful lest its fascination was dependent chiefly on the magic of the moon. But day revealed new points of loveliness that well atoned for those which night had silently withdrawn; for then we saw that the Sicilian capital lay glittering in an

MONTE PELLEGRINO AND THE PORT OF PALERMO.

amphitheatre of imposing, violet-tinted mountains, which close about Palermo to the sea, and form the noble arc of an almost perfect semicircle, of which the coast line is the chord. The last spurs of these mountains — eight miles distant from each other — are respectively Monte Catalfano on the east, and, on the west, Monte Pellegrino, the shape of which reminds one forcibly of the island of Capri. Palermo's bay is therefore much

PALERMO, FROM THE HARBOR.

superior in symmetry to that of Naples, and were it not for the mysterious fascination of Vesuvius, whose sable plume still trails above the buried cities at its base, the former would be universally considered the more beautiful. Moreover, beyond the city itself which stretches indolently inland from the sea, there rises gradually toward the curving ring of mountains a most luxuriant expanse of orange orchards, almond trees, palms, olive groves, and flowers, which has from time immemorial borne the musical title of La Conca d' Oro, or the Golden Shell.

BOATING IN PALERMO BAY.

While part of the remarkable fertility of this enchanting area is due to nature, much also is the result of the system of irrigation introduced here by the Saracens, who at the time of their conquest of the island had become past masters of that art. In fact, wherever their civilization spread along the Mediterranean, from Syria to Granada, the sun-parched, arid soil, vivified by the caress of running water,

LA CONCA D' ORO

burst rapturously into bloom. Their method is now supplemented by the aid of modern science; and not alone are rivulets conducted hither from the neighboring mountains, but many shafts are sunk to a great depth below the surface, from which the subterranean water is brought copiously upward at the call of steam. We cannot wonder, therefore, that Palermo has been called for centuries "La Felice," or the Happy One; for certainly, if there be a city in the world which seemingly could have happiness for the asking,

ONE OF THE "FOUR CORNERS"

it is this child of the Phœnicians, protected by encircling mountains, fanned by ocean breezes, cooled by innumerable fountains, and slowly rising from the fleecy foam of the Mediterranean to rest upon La Conca d' Oro, like another sea-born Aphrodite on a couch of gold.

One feels, however, a certain disillusion on landing in Palermo. What he admired at a distance was the gift of Nature. Compared with this, man's work — with two or three remarkable exceptions — has been insignificant. The ground-plan of the city is, approximately, that of a Greek cross. Its two great streets — the Corso Vittorio Emanuele and the Via Macqueda — intersect each other at right angles near the centre of the town, their point of meeting being popularly named "I Quattro Canti," or "The Four Corners." This is the heart of the Sicilian capital, and into it and out of it, through its connecting arteries, flows day and night the life-blood of Palermo.

Here one should station himself — in winter between four and five in the afternoon, in the spring and fall an hour later — to watch the passing of Palermo's aristocracy, as it goes to, or returns from, the Marina. Of course its representatives are in carriages. Sicilian ladies never walk; and as this daily drive is practically their only outdoor recreation, and is regarded also as a social function, the owning of an equipage here is as important as in Naples. Accordingly, the severest sacrifices are often made for this one luxury, and frequently the outward pageant covers bitter penury. Sometimes, in fact, two aristocratic families are forced by straitened circumstances to hire a carriage by the year in common, each household using it on alternate days. Few gentlemen show themselves on these occasions. The formal promenade appears to be a sort of ladies' matinée. Hence, after a time, this line of vehicles, tenanted so largely by the fair sex only, awoke in me a sentiment of pity. The hollowness and tedium of the affair, repeated every afternoon, combined with the undoubted poverty half concealed behind that threadbare mask of pleasure, were depressing. Unlike the young girls of the working class, these ladies, as a rule, looked delicate and

THE VIA MACQUEDA.

SICILIAN WORKING GIRLS.

languid; yet they possessed fine, aristocratic features and particularly lustrous eyes, which could, I fancy, flame, without much provocation, into the proverbial Sicilian passion. A much more animated scene presents itself when, finally, the carriages turn homeward, and many of their occupants descend *en route* to make their purchases in the brilliant shops. For then a number of such waiting vehicles line the streets, and ladies, seated in them or meeting one another between shop and curb, greet their acquaintances effusively, and chat with the vivacity characteristic of Italian manners.

Most of the other streets and alleys of Palermo resemble similar passageways in Naples. Not one of the five senses is likely to be gratified in any of them, after the novelty of the first inspection is exhausted. In general, they may be called a combination of market place and laundry. For while, below, an endless series of small handcarts winds along, announced by harsh, discordant cries,

A SICILIAN MACCARONI SHOP.

THE OPERA HOUSE, PALERMO.

above them, as a rule, one sees the family washing of the different stories stretched from house to house, or hung like banners on projecting poles, till many a narrow alley seems to be as overburdened with white linen as a racing yacht, half buried under its cloud of sails. Numerous balconies are a conspicuous feature of Sicilian houses. Not only do these serve as posts of general observation; they also form convenient coigns of vantage from which a wife can bargain with itinerant merchants at a safe distance. If the trade is made, the woman lowers a basket with the money, and in return hauls up her purchase to the balcony. Meanwhile, the entire neighborhood hears the whole transaction, and frequently takes part in it. The squalor of Palermo

A VENDOR OF JARS.

A CHARACTERISTIC PALERMO SCENE.

is of course offensive, but on the whole is less distressing than the misery in many towns in northern Europe; for where grime, fog, and cold are added to the rags and hunger of the poor, the sight is more heartbreaking than in sunny lands. There is, moreover, a certain picturesqueness in Palermo's poverty. Thus, though the dwellings of the poor reminded me of those which I had seen in Mexico, consisting, as they often did, of only one room opening, windowless, upon the street, one usually sees there several pictures and a tiny lamp, which burns before the image of the Virgin or a patron saint. In case the occupant is the fortunate possessor of two rooms, the front one serves as shop or workroom, the inner one — almost devoid of daylight — as the common bedroom of the family.

POOR, BUT PROUD.

In general, therefore, life in Palermo does not differ much from that of most Italian cities; and while it would be novel and amusing to any one going directly thither from America

or England, it hardly calls for special notice, when one has seen the thoroughfares of Genoa or Naples.

One characteristic of the city deserves, however, special mention. I had not been in Palermo half an hour before my attention was attracted to the most extraordinary carts that I had ever seen. Imagine a square box, painted within and without in such a vivid yellow that one might fancy it encased in lemon peel. This box is mounted upon yellow wheels, and held in place by no less yellow shafts; but, happily, this otherwise excessive monochrome forms merely the groundwork for pictorial effects. Not only are the axles, wheels, and shafts elaborately carved; they are adorned with rings and stripes of red and green, while on the four sides of the cart are painted either portraits, allegorical figures, or representations of historic incidents, which are not merely curious specimens of artistic skill, but soon astonish the beholder by the number, variety, and character of the subjects chosen for so strange a purpose. It is really worth one's while to examine a few of these vehicles, if only to convince oneself of the versatility and even the erudition of their decorators. Thus, in a list of subjects which I

SELLING ORANGES IN PALERMO.

made from some of the carts that I encountered in my saunterings, I find enumerated the Burning of Troy; the Landing in Sicily of Virgil's hero Æneas; Ulysses and the Cyclops; the Seizure of Persephone by Pluto; the Entry into Jerusalem by the Crusaders; the Murder of Julius Cæsar; the Shooting of the Apple by William Tell; and a continued story of Columbus in four acts, portraying him respectively as a suppliant at the Court of Spain, a recipient of the Queen's crown jewels, the discoverer of the New World, and finally as exhibiting some American Indians to Ferdinand and Isabella. I also found on not a few of these perambulating picture galleries a choice selection of Old Testament stories, such as Daniel in the Lions' Den, the Tower of Babel, and Jonah and the Whale. Perhaps even more remarkable were the portraits painted on the sides, among which I discerned most frequently the lineaments of

A SICILIAN CART.

ART AND NATURE.

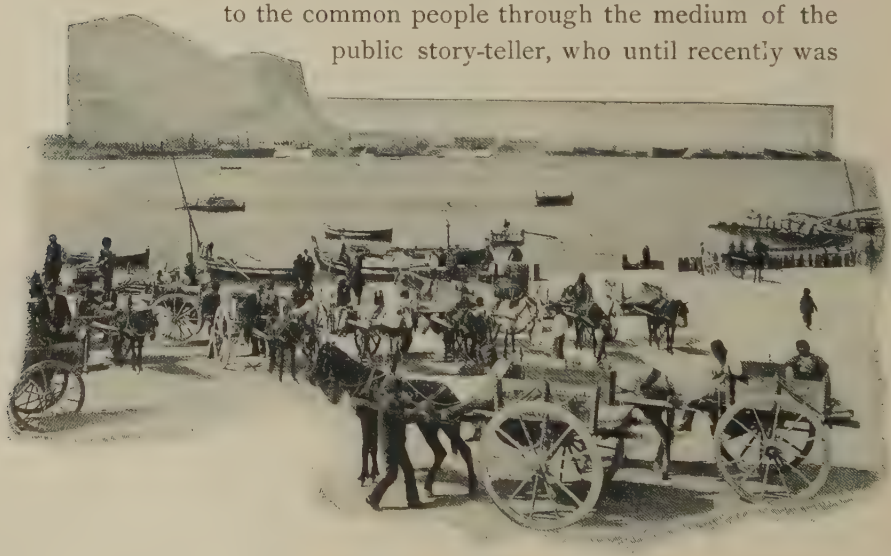
Julius Cæsar, Richard the Lion Hearted, Saladin, Charlemagne, Napoleon, Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, and Abraham Lincoln. I am convinced, however, that my list does not include one tenth of the scenes and personalities thus portrayed, for I was always finding something new upon these little carts, which pass from dawn till dusk through all the thoroughfares of Palermo.

Sometimes, like the *corricoli* of Naples, they carry far too

PERAMBULATING PICTURE GALLERIES.

many human beings; but oftener their painted sides enclose such loads as wine casks, bags of sulphur, baskets of charcoal, bales of hay, or fruits and vegetables, whose names and prices the vociferous drivers shout from house to house in piercing cries which call to mind the streets of eastern towns, and the old Arab race that once was dominant in Sicily. It may seem strange for me to affirm that these fantastic vehicles give an air of gaiety to the city streets, but such is certainly the

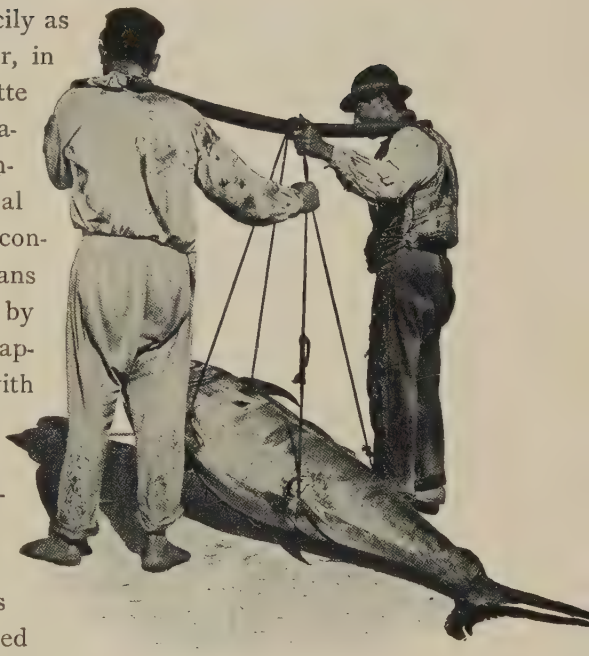
case, — at least if they are seen in bright Sicilian sunshine; for on a rainy day their gaudy colors seem as out of place as an Egyptian obelisk in a London fog. Viewed at their best, however, they not alone attract the eye, but interest the mind by the inquiry they awaken as to what is meant by the symbolic or historic paintings on their panels. These carts are not found merely in Palermo. The finest that I saw were there, but all Sicilian towns possess them; and though an unpainted wagon may exist in Sicily, I never met one, and finally came to the conclusion that a Sicilian peasant would feel less ashamed to have a naked child than an undecorated cart. But what surprised me most in this connection was the assertion frequently made to me that not the decorators but the purchasers of these conveyances choose the subjects to be painted on them. "How does it happen," I inquired, "that the illiterate laborers and peasants of this island have learned enough of such old histories and heroes to make selections by them possible?" The explanation was that many of these stories of the past — of course immensely altered and exaggerated in the telling — have been made known to the common people through the medium of the public story-teller, who until recently was



CARTS AND CARGOES.

STATUE OF GARIBALDI, PALERMO.

almost as popular in Sicily as in the Orient. Moreover, in the cheap-priced, marionette theatres, found in all Trinacrian cities, the chief adventures of the famous mythical and mediæval heroes are constantly exhibited by means of little puppets, worked by wires. These make the gaping populace familiar with a mass of names and legends, of which they otherwise would be completely ignorant.



A BIG CATCH.

Although in my description of these vehicles I have intentionally placed the cart before the horse, I must, in justice to their general effect, say something of the animals that draw them. They are almost invariably the tiniest of donkeys, which are themselves absurdly loaded with a mass of decoration that anywhere, except in Sicily, would seem incredible. Upon the donkey's head is often balanced a surprisingly big pompon, surpassed in size, however, by another (sometimes two

MORE POMPON THAN DONKEY.

CONFISCATED INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE.

and a half feet high), which rises from the middle of the donkey's back! Moreover, every part of the harness gleams with hammered brass-work, tinkling bells, rosettes, red tassels, variegated cords, blinders adorned with mirrors, green and scarlet plumes, thin copper disks, brass-headed nails, and countless bits of tinsel, such as one might use to decorate a Christmas tree. I wish that all this ornamentation furnished proof that the poor beasts themselves were properly fed and kindly treated. But, usually, thin as scarecrows, often pitifully lame, and bleeding from great raw spots scraped by every motion of the harness, the wretched quadrupeds of Sicily are even worse than those of Naples. This makes a sojourn on the island so distressing to a lover of dumb animals, that merely with a view to bringing and retaining tourists there, the government certainly should do some-

A DECORATED DONKEY.

thing to ameliorate the lot of tortured horses, mules, and donkeys, for which the average Italian seems to feel no sentiment of compassion whatsoever. Foreigners, it is true, have taken action in the matter, and chiefly through the generosity of English and American tourists and their friends there has been recently formed in the Sicilian city of Girgenti a branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at Naples, which, under the direction of the philanthropist, Leonard T. Hawksley, has

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

in the last few years achieved so much in lessening the misery of beasts of burden. When one beholds in the office of this society in Naples (2 Via Vittoria) several thousand instruments of torture, actually used upon dumb animals, and confiscated by the society's inspectors, one realizes that, although the task of making Neapolitans and Sicilians merciful is a colossal one, still something certainly has been done. Thus, in the year 1903, *twenty-three thousand* instruments of cruelty were seized in Naples only, and people were compelled to alight there from more than *twenty-one thousand* overloaded vehicles! During the same

BIRD SELLERS AND FORTUNE TELLERS, PALERMO.

length of time also about one thousand instruments of torture were confiscated in Girgenti. It is a worthy and an eminently necessary charity, the character of which is attested by the fact that among the regular contributors to its funds is King Edward VII. of England.

Some of the public gardens of Palermo, and more especially the private parks of the Florio and Whittaker families, which under certain conditions may be usually seen by visitors, are of remarkable beauty. In the extensive grounds of Mr. Whittaker, particularly, I found the most complete variety of palm-trees I had ever looked upon, outside of the Peredenia Gardens at Ceylon; while some of the aloes growing there surpassed the largest specimens I had ever seen. Such flora proves of course a mild and fairly equable climate. In fact, Palermo has enjoyed for many years an enviable reputation as a winter health resort; and now that it possesses not alone a number of

SOME PALERMO PALMS.

hotels which can be favorably compared with many of the best in Italy, but also one whose noble situation, together with its luxuries and comforts, can satisfy the most fastidious traveler, the number of Palermo's visitors is rapidly increasing. The subject of a mild, yet healthful, winter climate is one which has of late years greatly interested the writer of these pages, though less for his own sake than for that of others. It may not, therefore, be without some benefit to the reader, if I say that personal investigation and inquiry have alike convinced me that none of the popular winter resorts — Algiers, Ajaccio, South-Tyrōl, the Riviera, Palermo, or even Egypt — can be reckoned on as being absolutely faultless. All have, at times, some disagreeable features. I even incline to the belief that the winter climate of both North America and Europe is gradually becoming more severe; and, did the space and subject here permit, I could cite many curious facts in

proof of this idea, based upon observations in both hemispheres. In any case it is important to remember that in most southern regions the lack of stoves, or, at best, the poor facilities for heating in houses and hotels, may nullify at night the good effects of sunshine in the daytime. In southern Europe and northern Africa the sun is always warm; but when the hour of sunset comes, the change in temperature is very marked, and even in Egypt winter nights are often *cold*. Hence, any one who has suffered helplessly from chilly rooms in Cannes or Cairo, will be inclined to choose by preference the climate of a mildly rigorous region, where warm apartments can be always found.

IN THE VILLA GIULIA, PALERMO.

Palermo can be best compared with the Riviera, since the vegetation and calcareous soil of the two localities are practically the same. Moreover, although Palermo lies much farther south than Nice, the temperature of

THE GARIBALDI GARDEN, PALERMO.

IN A PALERMO GARDEN.

both places is well-nigh identical, because, while the Riviera faces south, Palermo looks directly northward. Hence, what the latter gains in latitude, it loses by exposure to the northern winds. The Riviera also has a range of mountains back of it, which partly shelters it from northern blasts. Palermo's mountains, on the contrary, are south of it, and hence form no protection from the breath of Boreas. In regard to sunshine, Palermo seems to have a slight advantage; but the

PIAZZA VITTORIA, PALERMO.

important difference between them lies in the degree of moisture they possess. The winds along the Riviera are for the most part dry. Those which arrive at Palermo, over the Inland Sea, are moist. While, then, both climates are about equally mild, the northern one is dry and stimulating; the southern humid and relaxing. Some people cannot bear the nervousness and excitement caused by the former. Others dislike the enervating influence of the latter. *Chacun à son goût!* Certain diseases, to be diagnosed by the physician,

require one or the other of these climatic conditions. Happy the favorite of Æsculapius who can thrive in either place, for both are wonderfully beautiful!

Monte Pellegrino, though only two thousand feet in height, is as characteristic of Palermo as Mount Vesuvius is of Naples, or Fujiyama of Japan. Its shape is said to resemble a huge crown, but it suggested to me rather an enormous bilow, surging irregularly upward in a storm, and suddenly petrified, just at the instant when its bulky mass was on the point of sinking, while nevertheless its minor crests still struggled heavenward, as if unwilling to obey the force of gravitation. On one side only is the ascent of Monte Pellegrino possible, for all the rest of the mountain, save the portion looking toward Palermo, is girt by dangerous precipices. But up the single slope which nature has considerately furnished, a massive viaduct has been built, which in its broad, substantial piers, arcades, and bridges would not have been unworthy of the ancient Romans. It is, however, too steep a route for carriages, but any one with moderate powers of pedestrianism can make the ascent on foot,

STATUE OF ÆSCULAPIUS. SYRACUSE MUSEUM.

MONTE PELLEGRINO.

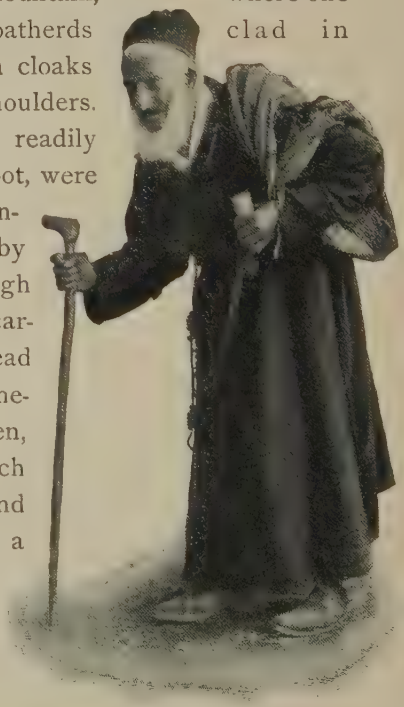
unless he chooses to avail himself of one of the mules or donkeys which are easily obtainable. The path winds up in numerous zigzags over gloomy gorges and between huge cliffs, which offer scarcely a trace of vegetation on their reddish surfaces. Yet hundreds of Sicilian goats find pasturage on this promontory; and as practically the entire population of Palermo is given to drinking goats' milk, the sustenance afforded by its area must be greater than is apparent to the casual observer. One feels, however, that this is merely the skeleton of a mountain, which once was vastly more productive, and that the

THE VIADUCT ON MONTE PELLEGRINO.

SICILIAN GOATHERDS.

greater part of its soil has been gradually carried off by centuries of wind and rain. Indeed, one cannot doubt its previous fertility, if he remembers that the distinguished warrior, Hamilcar, father of the great Hannibal, during one of the desperate conflicts for supremacy between Rome and Carthage, established himself with his entire army on this height, and held it for three years (247–245 B.C.), in spite of all the efforts of the Romans to dislodge him.

It is to-day a lonely, desolate mountain, where one encounters usually only swarthy goatherds clad in sheepskin coats and trousers, with cloaks of goatskin hanging from their shoulders. These savage-looking men might readily inspire fear in such an isolated spot, were not their occupation instantly discernible, for they are always followed by huge flocks of goats, wicked enough in appearance to suggest the reincarnation in that form of all the dead Sicilian bandits of the past. Sometimes one finds here also sportsmen, eager to shoot the weary birds which annually migrate between Africa and Europe, and which regard this as a favorite resting place after their



A MENDICANT PILGRIM.

THE CHAPEL OF SANTA ROSALÍA.

fatiguing flight across the Mediterranean. I once should have been surprised that any man of sensibility could slaughter innocent, defenseless creatures under such conditions. But years of observation of the lust to kill for sport, which animates the average man, — outside the lands where Buddhism prevails, — have left me quite incapable of astonishment at any act of savagery on the part of human beings toward harmless animals of almost any species.

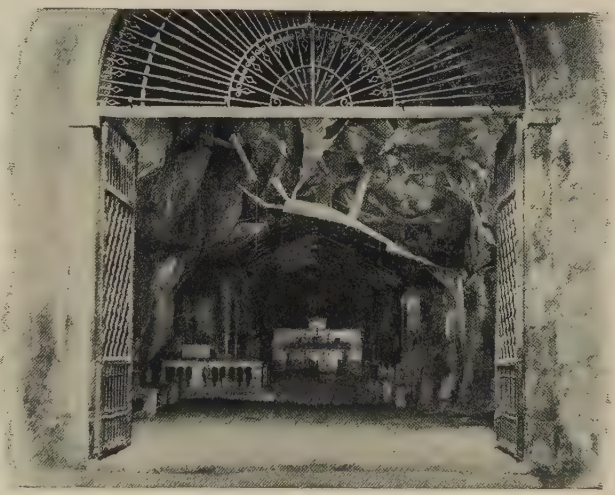
Occasionally, too, one meets here groups of pilgrims; for, as the title Monte Pellegrino indicates, this singular rock has been for centuries a place of pilgrimage, and at an elevation of

about fifteen hundred feet stands the historic shrine of Santa Rosalía, the guardian of Palermo. For this Sicilian city was too gay and beautiful to choose for its patron saint an old and wrinkled anchorite; but naturally preferred the young and lovely maiden, Rosalía, who at the age of fourteen left her father's house, and sought a refuge from the world in a cavern here, where she resided till her death in 1170. Tradition tells, however, less of the life of this charming saint than of the miracles effected by her, centuries after her decease. For it appears that in the month of July, 1624, when a terrible plague was ravaging Palermo, a man beheld in a dream the vision of a white dove, which, as often as he approached it, flew a few paces in advance of him, and kept on flying and alighting thus till it had led him to a cave on Monte Pellegrino. Awaking from his dream, the man was so impressed by a conviction that he ought to pay a visit to the cavern, that he immediately did so, and was rewarded by discovering there the body of Santa Rosalía, perfectly preserved and youthful in appearance. Returning with all speed, the amazed Sicilian told the priests and people of the strange event. Nobody seemed to doubt his statement; and all the clergy of Palermo went at once to find

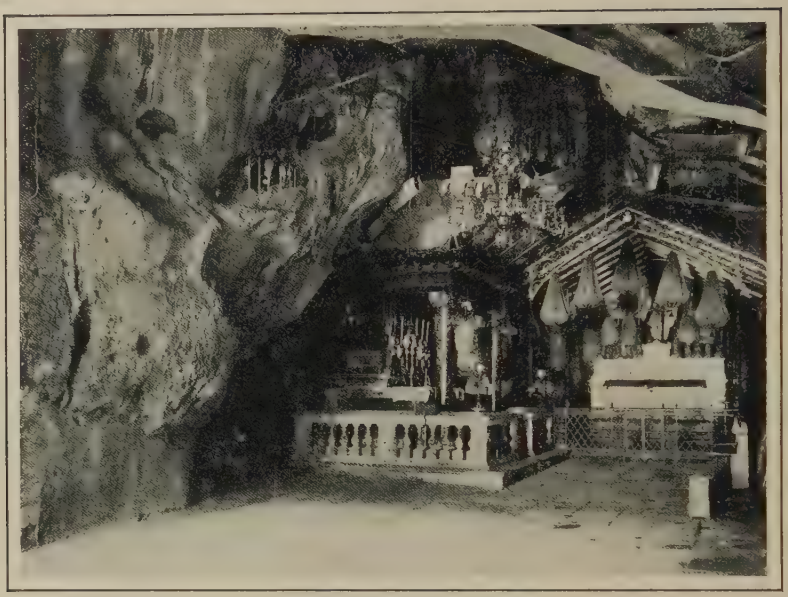
THE ENTRANCE TO THE GROTTO.

the body of the saint, and brought it to the city, attended by a score of white-robed maidens, holding palms and lilies in their hands. That very day, it is alleged, the epidemic ceased, and henceforth Santa Rosalía was enthusiastically adopted as Palermo's patroness.

I shall not soon forget the impression made upon me when I passed beyond the plain façade which screens the grotto from the outer world, and found myself in a kind of vestibule, part of whose walls consisted of the natural mountain side, and whose high roof was merely the blue dome of heaven. It was already late in the afternoon, but a warm flood of sunshine filled this high-walled courtyard with a mellow light, and tinged its naturally sombre cliffs with a peculiar glow that seemed almost unearthly in its strange intensity. Within the grotto itself, however, on the further side of this open space, a twilight gloom prevailed, relieved somewhat by several burning lamps, which glittered like a miniature constellation behind the iron grating, that barred the sacred area from rash intruders. There, every day, religious services are conducted by the fathers of the adjoining monastery, which has existed here for nearly three hundred years. One of these monks, an agèd, gentle-mannered priest, showed no reluctance to admit us, and



THE INTERIOR OF THE GROTTO.

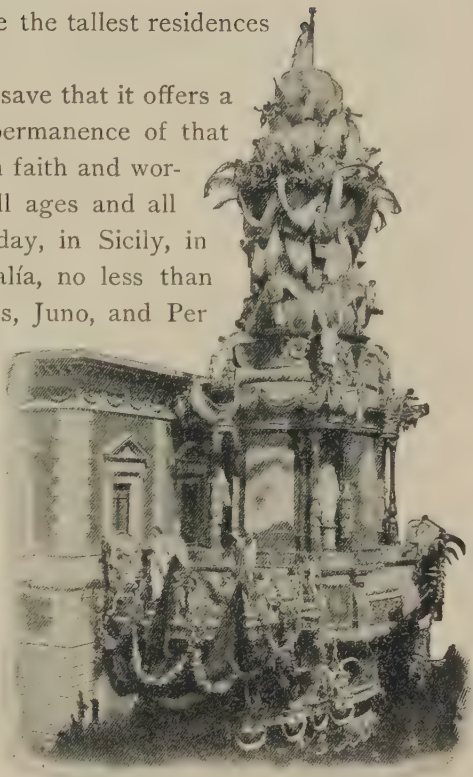


THE SHRINE OF SANTA ROSALÍA.

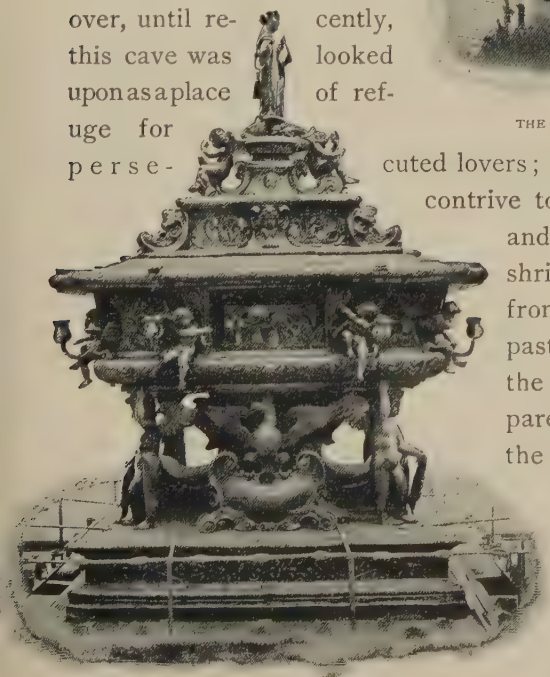
pointed out with evident pride a beautifully sculptured, marble statue of Santa Rosalía, reclining in the attitude of a sleeping girl, her head supported by one hand, while the other holds a crucifix. A golden robe — a gift of royalty — surrounds this graceful figure; a diamond necklace clasps her slender throat; rich, jeweled rings adorn her fingers, and on her breast is a magnificent Maltese cross. It is evident, therefore, that many who have been cured by faith in her have been most lavish in their votive offerings. In fact, so reverenced is Rosalía's memory, and so remarkably efficacious are her hallowed bones, that during her four days' festival in July the people of Palermo swarm by thousands up the mountain side, and wait for hours for an opportunity to enter this enclosure and pray before the recumbent statue of its occupant. During this celebration also the maiden's relics are conveyed in a grand procession through the city streets upon a sumptuous car, the

top of which towers far above the tallest residences in Palmero!

What can one say of this, save that it offers a striking illustration of the permanence of that "eternal feminine" in human faith and worship which has existed in all ages and all creeds, and shows itself to-day, in Sicily, in the adoration of Santa Rosalía, no less than formerly in devotion to Ceres, Juno, and Persephone? It is not, therefore, strange that many marriages are celebrated in this grotto in spite of its comparative inaccessibility; for popular belief in the protective power of the saint makes any ordinary obstacles to such an act seem trivial. Moreover, until recently, this cave was looked upon as a place of refuge for persecuted lovers; since, if the latter could contrive to elude their guardians, and gain the precincts of this shrine, they became free from molestation. Once past the iron gate and in the grotto, the rights of the parents ceased, and those of the saint began. Hence, the indulgent priest would merely ask if they de-



THE TRIUMPHAL CAR OF SANTA ROSALIA.



THE SILVER SARCOPHAGUS OF SANTA ROSALÍA.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PALERMO FROM MONTE PELLEGRINO.

sired to be wedded; and, on receiving an affirmative reply, he married them, and after the celebration of a mass the happy pair returned in triumph to Palermo.

Leaving this singular sanctuary, an hour's rather arduous climbing brought us to the summit of the mountain, the glorious view from which would have repaid me for tenfold the exertion necessary to arrive there. In the sublime circumference of vision I first discerned a chain of radiant mountain peaks, of which the nearest stood forth sharp and clear, while the remainder melted gradually through the haze of distance into tender lines of blue. To right and left, along the island's legend-haunted coast, a series of bold capes and headlands cleft the water like gigantic plowshares, on either side of which we traced a thread of white surf,

> "Where the pebble-paven shore
> Under the quick, faint kisses of the sea
> Trembled and sparkled as with ecstasy."

Eastward, a cluster of the isles of Eolus gleamed like a string

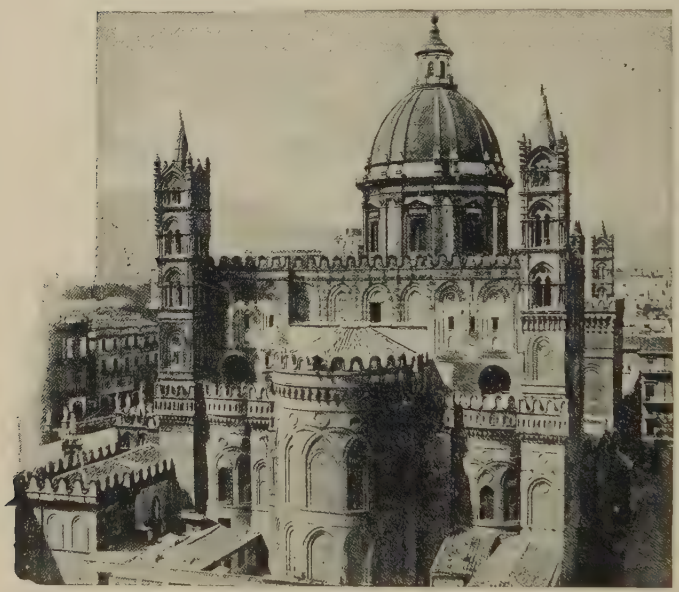
of opals luminous with sunset fires. Northward and westward, to the silvered rim of the horizon, stretched the Mediterranean's turquoise shield, its breeze-swept surface fretted into a maze of purple arabesques; and, lastly, at our feet, — the vision's crowning glory, — Palermo, glistening as if made of alabaster, lay like an iridescent pearl within its Shell of Gold.

The building of most prominence and beauty in Palermo is its old cathedral, the richly decorated walls of which possess

THE CATHEDRAL OF PALERMO.

a sombre golden hue, as if eight centuries of Sicilian sunshine had penetrated its receptive stone, and dyed it with a mellow tint that triumphs over time. The spacious court in front of it is itself a place of great attractiveness (or would be, were its area kept free of beggars and persistent sellers of postal cards), surrounded as it is by an elaborate balustrade, which lifts into the light and air a stately cordon of saints, popes, and bishops carved in stone, the post of honor in the centre being occupied

by the figure of Santa Rosalía. In spite of a commonplace and inharmonious dome, which an audacious Neapolitan architect placed upon the roof, about a century ago, this grand, old Norman-Saracenic structure appealed to me as few cathedrals in the world have done. The first thing to impress me, as I looked upon it, was the orange color of its mighty frame; then its vast length awakened wonder; then the light, graceful towers at the corners, with their open-worked turrets piercing the blue sky; and, finally, its Oriental porticos and doorways, and the amazing wealth of Arabic ornamentation that adorns their surfaces. Another notable feature of the building is the union of its western wall with the picturesque bell-tower of the archbishop's palace by means of two fine arches which resemble bridges, spanning the stream of humanity in the street below. One should walk slowly round this masterpiece of architecture many times, to let its harmony and beauty sink into one's soul. In doing so I always found some object of rare workmanship or exquisite design, which had till then escaped my notice. Thus, at the western end of the cathedral I recognized only after several visits the fine memorial



CATHEDRAL DOME AND TOWERS.

tablets of white marble, many centuries old, set like mosaics in its tawny walls; nor did I see at first in the elaborately decorated portal fronting on the court the proud inscription of the Norman kings, proclaiming in laconic Latin, that this, at the time of their sovereignty, was

"The first Seat, the Crown of the King, and the Capital of the Kingdom."

I wish that the interior of this cathedral were worthy of its exterior. No doubt it was so, when completed; for its proportions are superb, and the imposing crypt, designed in 1169, by the great English architect, Walter of the Mill, whose tomb is still discernible among its massive granite columns, leaves on the mind an ineffaceable impression of solemnity and grandeur. Unfortunately the same eccentric Neapolitan, who marred the glorious exterior with his modern dome, made such uncalled-for,

COLUMNS AT THE DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

RECEPTACLE FOR HOLY WATER.

inappropriate changes in the interior, as to injure it irreparably. Far worse, however, than his alterations, was his vandalism. For the Bourbon sovereign, Ferdinand I., allowed this favorite of his to tear away from its old walls and pavement, and carry off to Italy for sale, a vast amount of the former splendor of this sanctuary, in the form of porphyry, granite, lapis-lazuli, and jasper. Still there are certain objects there which disarm criticism and repay inspection; especially the beautiful receptacles for holy water, which rear their finely sculptured canopies on either side of the huge nave. Interesting also is the chapel of Santa Rosalia, containing a sarcophagus of solid silver, which weighs more than fourteen hundred pounds, and is said to have cost some twenty thousand dollars. This precious casket is, however, exhibited to the public only three times in the year, — first, on the 11th of January, the day on which, in 1603, the saint is thought to have saved Palermo from destruction by an earthquake; and subsequently on her birthday, the 15th of July, and on the day of her decease, the 4th of September.

But all else sinks to insignificance in this cathedral, compared with the massive tombs of the great Norman kings whose dust reposes there. Aside from their associations with the mighty dead, these monuments are solemn in their simple grandeur.

Sarcophagi of deeply tinted porphyry hold the regal ashes, — a stone well suited to those self-crowned wearers of the purple, — and over them rise stately canopies, upheld by marble columns inlaid with mosaic. The one which most impressed me was the tomb of Roger II., founder of this Norman dynasty, whose plain sarcophagus, composed entirely of slabs of porphyry, rests on the figures of four kneeling Saracens. Standing beside the sepulchre of one who so transformed the history of Sicily, and treading thoughtfully the pavement of this mighty edifice, where he and others of his race repose, one feels a strong desire to know what brought them here eight hundred years ago, to play their brilliant parts upon this classic stage. The bloodstained volume of Trinacria's history contains no more attractive chapters than the comparatively short one written by the Normans.

THE TOMB OF FREDERICK II.

Until the latter part of the eleventh century, the Saracens were still masters of the island, the greater part of which they had ruled for more than two hundred and fifty years. Had it not been for their internal feuds and intrigues, they might have risen to be a great world power. But their dissensions paved the way for foreign conquest. Already there had appeared upon

the neighboring peninsula of Italy a number of those brave adventurers known as Normans who, following their former Scandinavian habits, had left the home which they had made in Normandy, intent upon new territorial aggressions. The result was nothing less than the almost simultaneous acquisition by them of the two most valuable insular possessions of the then

PALERMO, LOOKING TOWARD THE SEA.

known world, — England the principal island in the Atlantic Ocean, and Sicily the largest in the Mediterranean. For while one strong detachment of these Normans crossed the Channel, under William the Conqueror, to subdue the Saxons, another section of them ventured southward, and soon became the subjugators of the south of Italy. One of these warriors, Robert Guiscard, acquired thus the rank of Duke of Apulia and Calabria. His younger brother, Roger, equally ambitious, invaded Sicily near Messina and, after thirty years of almost constant

warfare, obtained at last, in 1090, complete possession of the island, and put an end forever there to Moslem rule.

ROGER I. OF SICILY.

It was, however, the son of this intrepid conqueror, Roger II., who first, on Christmas Day, in the year 1130, assumed the title, King of Sicily, and in this same cathedral of Palermo proudly placed the crown upon his head with his own hands. It was a fortunate day for Sicily; for this remarkably able ruler, together with a number of his descendants (notably the illustrious Frederick II., one of the greatest thinkers of the Middle Ages), gave Trinacria a century of such intellectual brilliancy, artistic culture, and general prosperity as it has never since enjoyed. King Roger had the wisdom, at the start, to found in his new realm a system of religious toleration and political harmony which speedily made of it the first of European kingdoms and the literary and artistic focus of the world. He had the rare good fortune, it is true, to find here, as inhabitants of the island, the two most highly civilized peoples of the age, — the Greeks and Saracens; but where an ordinary conqueror would have crushed these under brutal tyranny, he gave scope to all their varied talents, and governed them with perfect impartiality. Accordingly, for many years, Sicily was the only

place in Europe where men of diverse races, creeds, and languages could live in equal liberty of faith and conduct. Cathedrals, mosques, and synagogues stood side by side, as different symbols of man's aspiration toward a common deity; and in Palermo, while from several hundred minarets the Arabic muezzins called Mohammedans to prayer, the bells of Christian churches summoned their believers to worship either in the Greek or Latin ritual. Moreover, every race was

ON THE SEA FRONT, PALERMO.

governed by its own peculiar code, — the Saracens by the Koran, the Normans by the laws of France, the others by the statutes of old Rome. Palermo, which was then a noble, cosmopolitan metropolis of more than three hundred thousand inhabitants, was known as the "City of threefold Speech," since all its public notices and proclamations were issued in the three great languages of the island, — Latin, Arabic, and Greek. Sometimes a fourth was added, — Hebrew, — while at the Court, the favorite dialect was Norman-French. This polyglot civilization was itself a stimulus to education; and Latin, Greek, and Arabic literature, thus kept alive, was studied and protected by these able rulers. Roger, indeed, attracted to his court the ablest scientists, poets, historians,

and linguists of the time, and formed there an Academy of learned men, whose literary verdicts were accepted as the consensus of the competent. Dante even dated the rise of Italian literature from the intellectual activity of this Sicilian court. Aware, too, of their own deficiency in the arts and sciences, these Norman rulers wisely borrowed, and made use of, those of their new subjects. It was a repetition of the case of Greece and Rome. Once more the conquered taught and civilized their conquerors; and from this harmony of religions, arts, and races, there naturally rose that charming and incomparable blending of architectural and decorative styles, which made, and make of Sicily still, a unique land. When, therefore, on the ruins of old Grecian, Roman, Carthaginian, and Arabic civilizations there suddenly blossomed forth this beautiful florescence of the Norman rule, it seemed for a time as if the sufferings of Sicily were at an end. Alas! that golden age was far too beautiful to last. In little more than a hundred years the Norman sovereignty had disappeared, like all the different dynasties that had preceded it, and poor Trinacria — fated to be happy only at rare intervals, and then but briefly — became again the spoil of the invader, and sank continually

FREDERICK II. OF SICILY.

lower through successive centuries of misery, until, through its incorporation with United Italy, its sun seems now to be emerging slowly from its long eclipse.

When one has made himself sufficiently familiar with this brilliant epoch of Sicilian history to have the names of its old Norman kings suggest well-known and interesting personalities, one finds immeasurably greater pleasure in studying the structures which they built, and visiting the scenes connected with their exploits. Such a frame of mind I made my way, soon after my arrival in Palermo, to that remarkable creation of King Roger II., called the Palatine Chapel, which forms a portion of the Royal Palace. The lavish praise which I had read of this appeared to me, however, so exaggerated, that I was fearful of some disappointment, as I climbed the stately staircase of the royal edifice, and finally stepped across its threshold. But, far from finding it inferior to its reputation, I quickly came to the conclusion that, even in the finest eulogy that man had ever paid to it, the half had not been told. It certainly must rank as one of the most perfect manifestations of architectural beauty in the world, — magnificent, without a trace of tawdriness. Of course it cannot properly be compared with such immense interiors as those of St. Peter's and the Gothic cathedrals in the north of Europe. The structure which it most resembles in its marvelous mosaic-work and irised coloring is St. Mark's

A SARACENIC WINDOW IN SICILY.

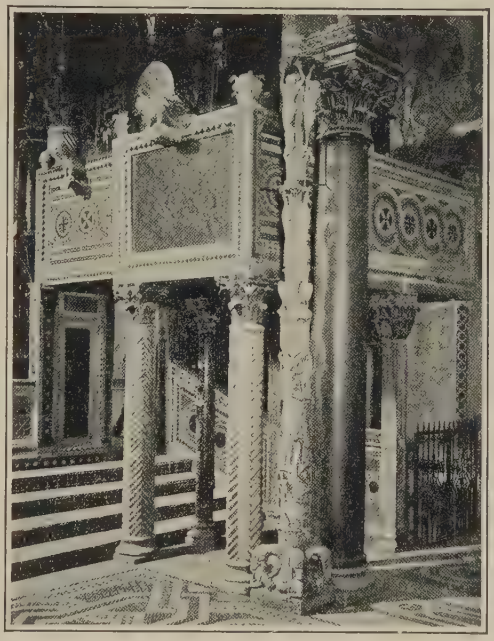
in Venice. Yet that is also larger than the Palatine Chapel, which is scarcely more than a hundred feet in length by forty in breadth. Its one defect is its obscurity. Thus, if one visits it at any hour save the early morning, he finds a twilight gloom pervading its interior, and several minutes must elapse before he can perceive the ineffable richness of this architectural jewel, fashioned and polished nearly eight hundred years ago. The precious gem had many lapidaries. The Saracens gave to it its pointed arches and stalactite ceiling, the Normans traced its Gothic lines, the East endowed it with its rare mosaics, while old Byzantium added its unrivaled colors; and all these gifts were skillfully combined into one splendid offering to the Son of God. It is not strange that this was made so cosmopolitan in style; for when in 1132, the founder of the Norman dynasty caused it to be built, Palermo had skilled architects and artisans from every section of the civilized world. As we have seen, he wisely took advantage of the fact, and called them to his aid in fashioning this masterpiece. Normans undoubtedly did the solid work, but Saracenic and Byzantine artists labored in its decoration. A proof of this is seen in the magnificent floor, which leads to the high altar in a glistening plain of crim-

THE APPROACH TO THE PALATINE CHAPEL.

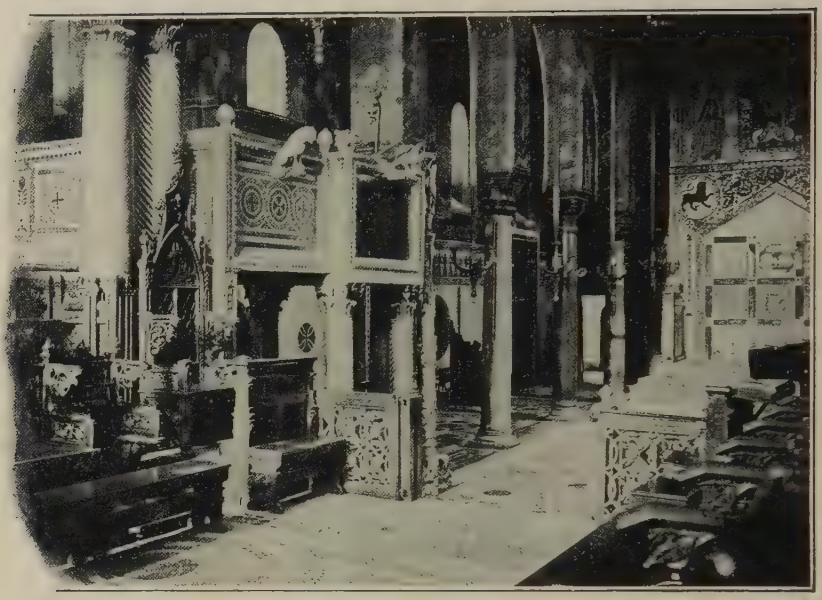
THE PALATINE CHAPEL.

son porphyry, set in intricate designs of white and variegated marble. From this rise ten rare, monolithic shafts, which, although brought here from some earlier mosques or temples, now hold aloft the pointed Arabic arches separating nave and aisles. Above them gleams a wonderful stalactite roof of carved and inlaid cedar wood, painted and gilded by Mohammedan

workmen in the style of the Alhambra; and through its countless cup-shaped cells and starlike pendants runs a sinuous line of Arabic inscription, like a silver thread. But it was when I saw the mural ornamentation of this chapel that I especially realized its preëminence. Around the walls, to the height of several feet, extends a wainscot of the finest inlaid marbles, interspersed with porphyry, forming a dado for the still more glorious decoration which surmounts it. For *every square foot of the chapel's surface*, between this and the apex of the dome, gleams with mosaic pictures, outlined on a golden background with the brilliant colors of Byzantium. The whole interior of the church is thus incrusted; and when the softened sunlight steals across the dusky nave, and touches them with tawny splendor, they form the most harmonious display of colors that can be imagined. The subjects thus delineated in mosaic — which Ghirlandajo rightly called, because of the permanency of its splendor, "the only painting worthy of eternity" — are naturally taken from the Bible, and portray the lives of the Apostles Paul and Peter. Yet one imposing, godlike figure dominates them all. It is that of Christ, — colossal in dimension and wonderful in execution, — His right hand raised in benediction, while



THE PULPIT OF THE PALATINE CHAPEL.



THE CHAPEL, LOOKING FROM THE CHANCEL.

His left supports an open Bible, with the Greek inscription, "I am the Light of the World." Few idealizations of the Founder of Christianity have impressed me more than this majestic personality, gazing benignly down upon me from that cupola of gold; and if there be on earth a representation of the Son of Man before which one might fancy every knee must bow and every tongue confess, it certainly would be this awe-inspiring Presence in the Norman chapel.

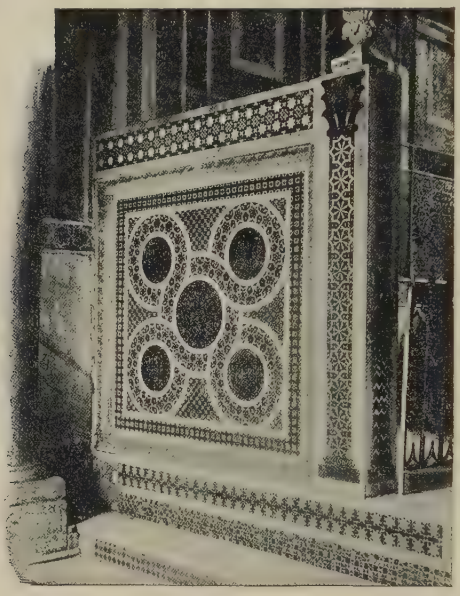
I leave unmentioned many other treasures here. I recollect elaborate lamps of massive silver hanging from the roof, and an exquisitely sculptured candelabrum, fourteen feet in height, that once adorned a church in old Byzantium, and also a stately pulpit made of porphyry and white marble, beneath which is the crypt, wherein St. Peter is believed to have sojourned on his return from Africa. But these and other details sink to comparative insignificance, as I recall the hour spent in the

A SECTION OF THE CEILING.

mysterious shadows of these jeweled aisles, gazing, by turns, either at the mosaic portraiture of the benignant Savior of mankind or at the storied walls, which, sparkling in the twilight like the silken tissues of Damascus, seemed to have caught the glories of the sunset sky, and to be holding them imperishably in a net of gold. As I looked back upon it from the doorway, this sanctuary seemed to me the nearest approach that art had ever made toward imitating in resplendent gems and fadeless hues a tiny section of that Holy City described by the enraptured writer of the Revelation, the light of which was like unto a stone most precious.

INCRUSTED ARCHES IN THE PALATINE CHAPEL.

After a study of this work of art, I felt reluctant to behold



A PORTION OF THE WALL OF THE CHAPEL.

more specimens of Norman-Saracenic architecture. "If this," I thought, "is the best expression of that composite style, why should I see another similar edifice, which may disturb the impression made upon me by this masterpiece?" My reasoning was wrong, however, as I afterward discovered; and I should have committed an act of folly, had I failed to ascertain what these same artisans had accomplished, no longer in a little chapel, but in a grand cathedral.

The town of Monreale, or the Royal Mount, lies on the slope of a precipitous foot-hill just behind Palermo, and over-

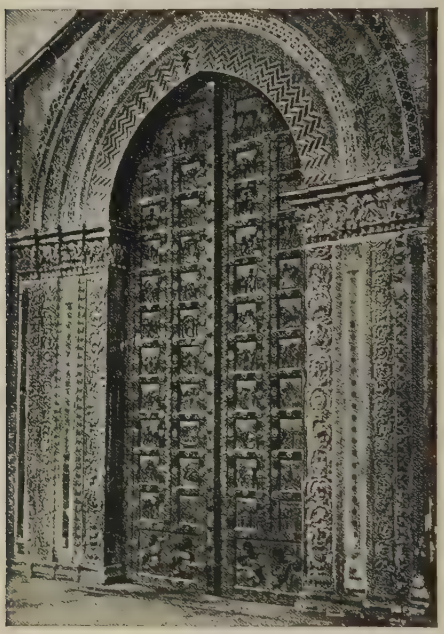
TOWN AND CATHEDRAL OF MONREALE.

looks the glorious Conca d' Oro at its feet, and thence successively the city, port, and open sea. Besides this matchless view, however, the place possesses two old Norman structures of consummate beauty, — its wonderful cathedral and its Benedictine cloisters. To visit either of them would repay a trip to Sicily. The first needs no detailed description here, because

INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF MONREALE.

of its resemblance, on a larger scale, to the Palatine Chapel. One of them might, indeed, be called a "diamond edition" of Byzantine ornamentation; the other an "imperial folio." Both have the same astonishing blending of Arabic decoration, Oriental mosaics, and Norman architectural designs. In both the walls are lined, below, with gorgeous slabs of inlaid, polished marble; above, with tiers of rainbow-hued mosaics on a ground of gold. Only, in Monreale this jeweled incrustation covers a surface of more than *seventy thousand square feet;* since the

cathedral is three and a third times larger than the chapel at Palermo. Moreover, owing to a better light, these inlaid pictures can be better seen than those in the Palatine Chapel, and one can trace in them not only all the notable scenes of the Old and New Testaments, but countless forms of patriarchs, prophets, martyrs, saints, and angels, portrayed in hues that have not faded in the lapse of more than seven centuries, and doubtless will not lose their lustre in as many more. This noble structure, therefore, surpasses in pictorial mosaics all other cathedrals in the world, just as the Palatine does all other chapels. Yet, notwithstanding all its grandeur, the church at Monreale did not make upon me, personally, the same impression of solemnity and sacred beauty which the smaller shrines produced. An indefinable something made me feel that this peculiar style of sumptuous embellishment was more appropriate for a dimly lighted chapel than for an immense basilica. Such vast expanses of resplendent colors seemed at times too brilliant, the figures often appeared too gigantic, and the bewildering display proved finally almost overpowering. Perhaps the difference can be best defined by saying that, while both these shrines command enthusiastic admiration, the larger edifice speaks chiefly to the intellect, the lesser structure to the heart. One gives to memory

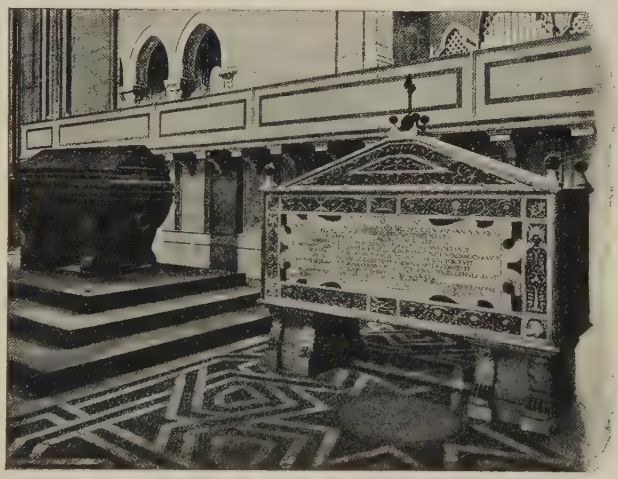


BRONZE DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

CHOIR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF MONREALE.

a mental picture of supreme magnificence, the other leaves in it a sentiment akin to love.

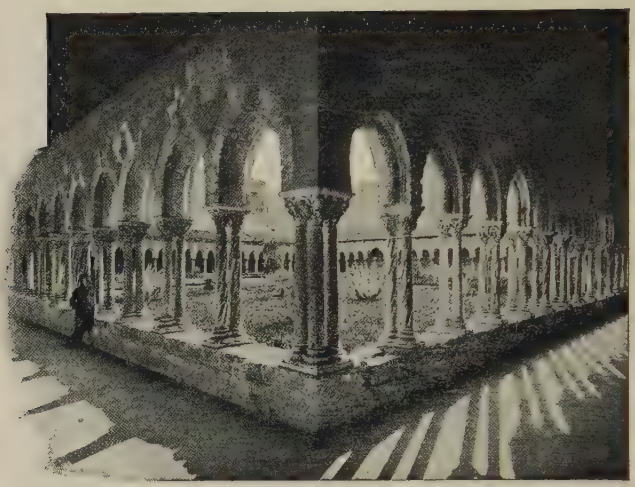
In the right transept of this grand cathedral are the tombs of other Norman kings. Among them I particularly noticed a superb sarcophagus of pure, white marble, rich with arabesques of inlaid gold, containing the remains of William II., popularly spoken of as "the Good." This title, given him by his contemporaries, might well be ratified by posterity; for he it was who caused to be constructed here, in 1174, not only this incomparable building, but also the adjoining Benedictine monastery, whose architecture still attracts a multitude of travelers and pilgrims, as it has done for seven hundred years.



TOMB OF WILLIAM THE GOOD, MONREALE.

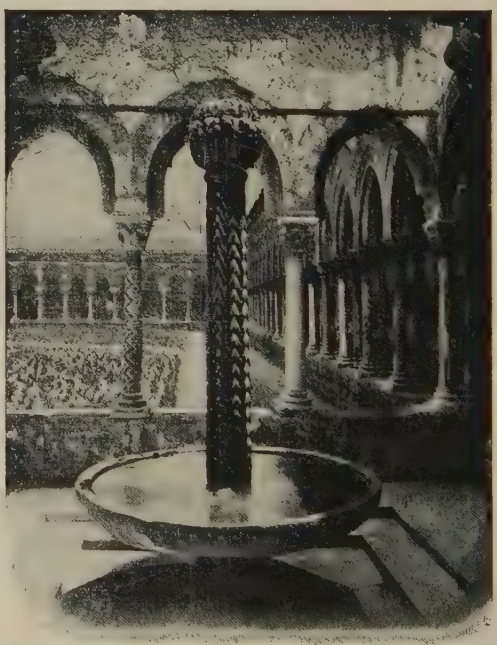
Indeed, the famous cloisters, which alone remain of the original edifice, are the most beautiful I have ever seen. One hesitates to say this, when one recollects the lovely colonnades at Arles, and those of St. John Lateran and St. Paul's at Rome; and yet I think if all the cloisters in the world could be compared here side by side, the highest praise would be awarded to this perfect flower of Arabic and Norman art.

Enclosing a delicious garden, filled with roses, aloes, orange-trees, and palms, extend four long, rectangular arcades, supported by a series of two hundred and sixteen exquisitely sculptured



THE CLOISTERS OF MONREALE.

marble columns, not one of which has the same design or ornamentation as its fellows. They stand at equal distances in couples,—an elegant procession of tall, slender shafts, some sparkling with mosaic decoration in vertical or spiral bands, some pure and chaste in snowy whiteness, and others still elaborately carved in figures, arabesques, and foliage. At each of the four corners, two of these couples join to make a group of four, giving an air of great solidity to the supported arch, combined with an incredible grace and lightness. I gazed admiringly at their long perspectives, until these dual columns seemed to me almost instinct with life, as if



THE MOORISH FOUNTAIN IN THE CLOISTERS.

they were a petrified reincarnation of the vanished monks, who once paced, two by two, along these sculptured corridors. How the creators of these delicate carvings must have loved, and lingered over, the productions which had cost them so much time and toil! Did none of them ever desire to be known to fame? One at least ventured to affix his name and that of his father to his work, for I found carved beneath a charming capital, these words:

A CORNER IN THE CLOISTERS.

"Ego Romanus filius Constantini, marmorarius."

Yet, what, besides this simple statement, do we know to-day of Constantinus or his son, the worker in marble? It is pathetic to reflect on the oblivion which has ingulfed the names and history of all the Saracenic and Byzantine artists who created these Sicilian masterpieces. Only the king who called the artisans together for their task has now the credit for them;

A POEM IN STONE.

but those whose brains conceived and fingers executed these unrivaled structures, toiled like the insect-builders of a coral reef; and, like them, left behind them only their imperishable work, — at once their life, their glory, and their grave.

After a long, detailed examination of these gracile shafts and the old Moorish fountain in one corner of the flower-paved courtyard, I walked for some time through the shadowy arcades, enjoying simply the effect which they produced upon me as a whole.

Cloisters have always had for me a subtle charm, which it is difficult to express in words. It comes not principally from their religious associations, nor even from the great antiquity that most of them possess; but chiefly from the fact that they are peaceful, solitary promenades, made beautiful by art, enclosing usually a fragrant garden, and forming in themselves retired

A PLACE OF SOLITUDE AND PEACE.

avenues, which, while sufficiently open to the sun and sky for light and air, are yet so sheltered from the weather, that one may walk in them at any time, in moments when one craves to be alone. A stroll on country roads or over pathless fields, however unfrequented, does not arouse the same emotions as a quiet walk through such secluded passageways, where nothing from the outer world diverts the mind from the main subject of its contem-

IN THE GARDEN OF THE CLOISTERS.

plation; and the relief of now and then escaping thus completely from the strife and tumult of the crowd is indescribable. The age of cloister-building has gone by; yet never has there been a time when it was so essential for the earnest, thoughtful soul to seek in calm retirement a temporary respite from the friction of a frivolous society and the exhausting competition of commercial life. More cloister and less crowd

A VIEW OF LA CONCA D'ORO, FROM MONREALE.

would be an admirable motto for the panting slaves of modern strenuosity.

The mounting flood of worthless publications, resembling a swarm of gnats compared to the few literary eagles of the past; the daily record of the horrors, crimes, and follies of humanity secured by scavengers of sensationalism in every nook and corner of the globe, and every morning poured upon our minds and hearts at lightning speed; and the tremendous strain of complex social claims, made always greater by inventions of still swifter means of travel and communication, — all these combine to kill one's lofty, individual thought, and dwarf the

soul. Occasional intervals of solitude are, therefore, now as necessary as sleep; and every one possessing high ideals should have for his own use some quiet cloister of seclusion, whence he can look out on the universe serenely, with eyes undimmed alike by the blinding dust of the arena and the soot of strident streets. The nearest approach to a cloistered promenade, accessible to the author, is found in the long, shaded paths of his Tyrolean vineyard, where

In and out through the silence sweet,
While plash of fountain and song of bird
Are the only sounds in my loved retreat
By which the air is ever stirred,
I pace, as in long-drawn aisles of prayer,
So hushed is my Promenade Solitaire.

Onward rushes the world without,
But the breeze which over my garden steals
Brings from it merely a distant shout
Or the echo light of chariot wheels;
In its din and drive I have now no share,
As I muse in my Promenade Solitaire.

Ever since hearing, as a youth, the opera of the "Sicilian Vespers," I had been eager to behold the spot where was enacted

A TYROLEAN "PROMENADE SOLITAIRE."

the first scene of the appalling tragedy which Verdi thus commemorated. Accordingly, soon after my arrival in Palermo, I drove out half a mile beyond the city limits, across the swiftly running, turbid mountain stream, called the Oreto, to one of the most interesting sites connected with Sicilian history. The place is occupied to-day, as it has always been since 1173, by the imposing Norman church of Santo Spirito, or, as it is now

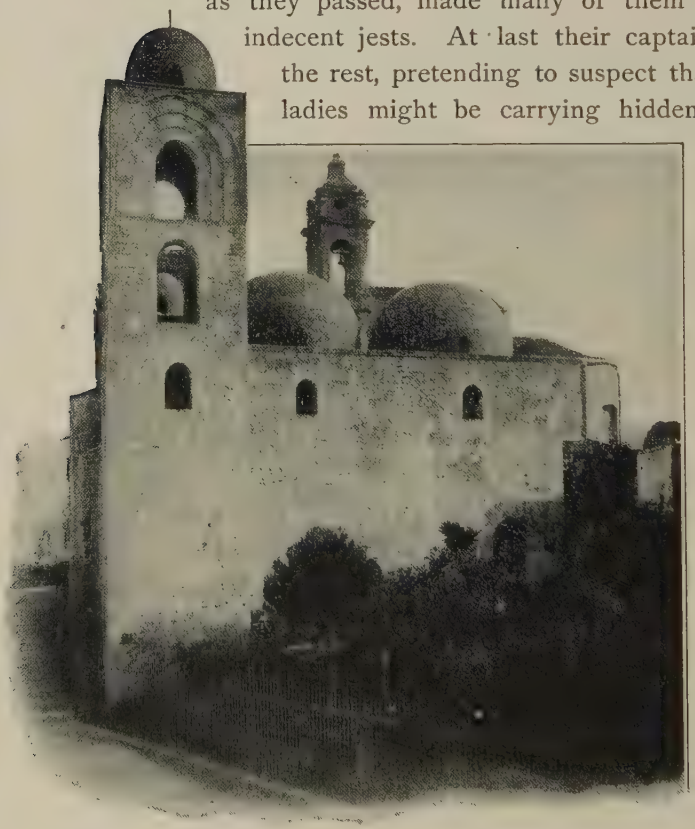
THE BRIDGE OF THE ORETO.

by preference called, the "Church of the Vespers." I had expected that the ancient edifice would be a ruin; but, on the contrary, it is in excellent condition, having been thoroughly restored in 1882, in honor of the six hundredth anniversary of the famous national revolt which started at its threshold. Around it also is a well-kept cemetery, which, although modern, is in harmony with the memories of the place, and renders its surroundings beautiful. Like all such popular uprisings, that of the Sicilian Vespers was terrific in its fury, but never was a massacre more excusable. The brilliant and enlightened Norman sovereignty was extinct. The last of its great kings, the wise and noble-hearted Frederick II., was no more. Manfred, his

THE CHURCH OF THE VESPERS, PALERMO.

son, while fighting like a hero for his kingdom, had been slain in battle; and Conradin, his grandson, the surviving heir, a fair-haired, lovable youth of seventeen, had been beheaded like a common felon, by the public executioner. Thus, in a few short years, the splendid toleration of the Normans had been superseded by the shameful and unbearable oppression of the French usurper, Charles of Anjou, brother of the King of France. This tyrant, having conquered Sicily by crime, had governed it for fourteen years with cruelty. So far were its inhabitants from being pacified, that every city still had to be garrisoned by brutal soldiers, whose orders were to wring from the people all the money possible, and to inspire every one with terror. To make this task a safe one for the soldiery, no citizen was allowed to carry arms, and hence the wretched islanders were powerless to defend either their property from spoliation, or their wives and daughters from their conquerors'

lust. At last so ripe was Sicily for revolution, that only a spark was needed to set the island in a blaze. That spark was quickly struck. The time was Easter Tuesday, the 30th of March, 1282. The hour was five o'clock in the afternoon. The sun was sinking toward the crest of Monte Pellegrino, and in this church of Santo Spirito the bells were ringing out their vesper call. Upon the neighboring esplanade, where now the cemetery stands, a number of people had assembled, some on their way to vespers, others for a pleasant stroll. Meanwhile, French soldiers, standing by, displayed the customary insolence of military quartered in a foreign land; and, ogling the women as they passed, made many of them blush at their indecent jests. At last their captain, bolder than the rest, pretending to suspect that some of the ladies might be carrying hidden weapons, approached a young and beautiful Sicilian, and, though she was accompanied by her husband, thrust his hand into her bosom. The insulted woman with a cry fell fainting into her husband's arms. The latter, pointing to his life-



CHURCH OF SAN GIOVANNI DEGL' EREMITI, PALERMO.

COMMEMORATIVE MONUMENT IN CEMETERY OF CHURCH OF THE VESPERS.

less burden, shouted to his comrades, "Now, at last, let these Frenchmen die!" It was enough. At once a young man snatched the captain's sword, and ran him through the heart. Fired by this example, others threw themselves upon their hated foes; and, though the latter were well armed, the maddened populace contrived with stones and sticks, or any weapons they could find, to kill two hundred soldiers on the esplanade. Then rushing to the city, where the bell of San Giovanni degl' Eremiti was already sounding the alarm, they roused their fellow-countrymen to the work of massacre. The latter, long since waiting for an opportunity to strike for freedom, eagerly responded to their call. Whenever they were in doubt about a person's nationality, they held a dagger up before him, and told him to pronounce the difficult word, "*Ciceri*." The utterance of these syllables showed instantly whether the speaker were a native or a Frenchman; and if he could not speak them in Sicilian fashion, the poignard pierced

OLD GARIBALDI SOLDIER, GUARDIAN OF THE CHURCH OF SAN GIOVANNI DEGL' EREMITI.

his throat, while yet his livid lips were trembling with the sounds that fixed his fate. Thus, ere the following morning dawned, two thousand Frenchmen in Palermo had been slain. Yet this was only the beginning; for, spreading from La Conca d' Oro, the spirit of revolt ran through the island like a prairie fire, and in eight days all Frenchmen found in Sicily had been

CALATAFIMI, THE WAY TO SELINUS.

put to death. The hated sovereignty of the French was at an end.

In the long, sanguinary history of Sicily, however, an episode like that of the Sicilian Vespers is only one of countless grains of sand in the colossal hour-glass of Time. Moreover, the Norman Conquest and the brilliant century succeeding Roger's coronation are comparatively recent; and churches and cathedrals, built by Christians seven hundred years ago, seem modern when compared with structures which were centuries old when Christ was born. Yet these, too, stand

upon Sicilian soil, and give to every landscape which they dominate the solemn pathos of a distant past. It is, in fact, one of the principal charms of Sicily that one can pass there quickly from the relics of one famous epoch to the ruins of another, as one can open an intensely interesting volume, and read therein at will an earlier or a later chapter.

Accordingly, while staying at Palermo, wishing one day to study one of Sicily's more ancient and mysterious records, I made an ever memorable excursion to the ruined city of Selinus. This site of vanished splendor lies at a considerable distance from Palermo; but there exists no special difficulty in reaching it, since one can travel all but seven of the eighty miles essential to the journey in a railway train, and make the rest of the trip by carriage in from one to two hours, according to the strength of the ill-fed horses harnessed to it. It is true, one has to spend the night at Castelvetrano, — the terminus of the railway journey, — and this awakens some misgivings in the minds of those familiar with the smaller towns of Sicily. But Castelvetrano has three decent inns, at one of which, as travelers willing to adapt ourselves for a night to somewhat primitive surroundings, we were fairly comfortable. The same can be said of the archaic vehicle, in which we drove thence to Selinus on the following morning. Indeed, for all such minor troubles we found abundant compensation in

WAYSIDE MONK.

A WILDERNESS OF STONE.

the sea of flowers, whose fragrant billows broke for miles along the cactus hedges that enclosed the road. An ardent botanist would possibly have been content to gather specimens here, and let the ruins go; so charming are the adjacent fields, where thousands of red poppies, daisies, hyacinths, blue flax, gladioli, asphodels, convolvuli, and small white roses make the landscape luminous with vivid colors.

Suddenly, rising like a low reef from this floral sea, I saw a

COMPANIONS IN RUIN.

wilderness of stone. Selinus was before us! I have seen many ruins in the world, from the gray shafts of Stonehenge, to the marble fragments of Diana's shrine at Ephesus, and the stupendous temples of the Upper Nile, but never have I been more overpowered with a sense of fallen grandeur than in presence of this scene. The site itself is most impressive. The elevations covered by the wreckage overlook the "Mare Africano," — that portion of the Mediterranean lying between Sicily and Africa; and I was conscious of a thrill of emotion as I gazed upon it, and realized that beyond its glistening waves, and only a few hours distant, lay the shore of Carthage. I will not attempt to describe the buildings in detail. It would at best be hopelessly confusing, since even archæologists themselves agree so little about them, that all the overthrown temples are now indicated on the map by letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, and G. But I enjoyed Selinus none the less on that account. The *general* effect of its colossal ruins must touch all thoughtful travelers profoundly, however slight may be their knowledge of details; just as the solemn aspect of the stellar universe may fill the soul with awe, although one may not have the skill to calculate the speed of Sirius or the distance of the Pleiades. In either case, however, a certain amount of knowledge is of course essential. Hence, as one looks in dumb amazement at these acres strewn

SUPPOSED TEMPLE OF APOLLO.

PANORAMA, FROM THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO.

with columns, capitals, and cornices, — caressed in springtime by innumerable flowers which make the scene a gorgeous iridescence of decay, — one asks himself what must have been the original city here, whose fragments have been prostrate thus two thousand, three hundred years?

Selinus, founded by the Greeks six hundred years before the birth of Christ, soon made itself a maritime city of the first importance. It was the age of Greek expansion, when thousands of Hellenic colonists came sailing westward from the mother country to found settlements in Italy and Sicily; as, twenty centuries later, Europeans crossed a greater ocean to the continent discovered by Columbus. One of the most ambitious of these colonies was Selinus. Its sheltered harbor was the nearest port in Sicily to Carthage; but far from being overawed by that renowned metropolis, the Selinites determined to surpass her in the size and splendor of their public buildings. Yet their success was not achieved without a

struggle. A few miles farther inland than Selinus stood an older city, called Segesta, probably founded by some refugees from Troy. Between Segesta and Selinus reigned implacable hostility, and they were constantly at war. Whether the fault lay chiefly with the elder colony, jealous of its younger rival; or with the later comers, apprehensive of their powerful neighbor, it is hard to say. At all events, their feuds accomplished finally their destruction. So bitter was their hatred, that both, in turn, were rash enough to call the Carthaginians to their assistance. The ultimate result, of course, was Carthaginian conquest. The fate of Selinus was appalling. In 409 B.C. the Carthaginian general, Hannibal, with an overwhelming army of one hundred thousand men, captured it by assault, despite a long and desperate resistance, massacred sixteen thousand of its citizens, sent thousands more to slavery in Africa, and razed its fortifications to the ground. Moreover, since the gods of Greece were not the gods of Carthage, he even overthrew its splendid temples, — the pride and glory of the Selinites. There are calamities which give the death-blow to a city as effectively as to

TEMPLE OF SEGESTA.

a human being. This act of Carthaginian ruthlessness was a stroke which probably no metropolis could have survived. At all events it meant annihilation for Selinus. Once only did it strive to rise again, when the survivors were allowed to reconstruct a little of the town, and live as vassals of the Carthaginians. But even this was deemed, at last, too dangerous by their imperious masters; and about 250 B.C. the few remaining inhabitants were driven from the place, leaving the noble site as desolate as an extinct volcano.

A STREET IN SELINUS.

Filled with these memories, I slowly made my way among the relics of this ancient city. When I describe them as stupendous, I use the word deliberately. There are no ruins in Europe comparable to them in extent or grandeur. They lie upon two hills: one near the sea, the other somewhat farther inland. The first was the acropolis of

SUPPOSED TEMPLE OF HERCULES.

the city, and was strongly fortified. On this are strewn the fragments of four temples. Upon the other elevation are the ruins of three more, one of which was unfinished when the Carthaginians smote it with destruction, as many centuries before the birth of Christ as have elapsed since the discovery of America. What most amazed me as I walked among these fallen structures was their excellent preservation. In many instances the mighty blocks still lie precisely as they fell, unharmed by man, and only lightly scarred by time. Hence, they could easily be replaced by modern appliances at the cost of a few thousand dollars. What a fine thing would be accomplished, alike for poverty-stricken Sicily and for the world at large, if some appreciative millionaire would lift into their former places these grand specimens of Grecian art! They are well worth the effort. Not only are their metopes among the first examples of Hellenic sculpture; their columns also are the oldest specimens of the Doric style of architecture in existence. Moreover, the temple thought to have been dedicated to Apollo was one of the largest in the whole Hellenic world; surpassed in size by none except

ONE OF THE METOPES FROM A TEMPLE IN SELINUS.

the Ephesian temple of Diana, and that of Jupiter at Agrigentum. Its columns, with their capitals, had a height of fifty-three and a half feet; and the circular monolithic drums composing them are not only more than ten feet high, but more than thirty-three feet in circuit, so that six men, in reaching round them, finger tips to finger tips, can barely girdle their circumference. Yet these gigantic blocks, on which men climb about like dwarfs, are here rolled out upon the ground like huge beads from a broken thread.

SUPPOSED TEMPLE OF MINERVA.

SUPPOSED TEMPLE OF JUNO.

Which caused this universal yet symmetrical destruction, man or Nature? It is supposed by many that an earthquake simultaneously overthrew these splendid shrines. But, aside from the fact that Hannibal certainly destroyed the rest of the city, and had no reason to revere, or make an exception of, its temples, we have no record of any such earthquake here, and the great temple of Segesta, only a few miles distant, and a contemporary

of these structures, still stands complete, with every column perfect. The Greeks used no cement in their buildings, and a great multitude of captive Selinites, compelled to pull on ropes attached to these colossal shafts, could therefore easily have hauled them down, and with more regularity than any seismic wave would probably have shown. It certainly is less difficult to conceive how men could have leveled these huge blocks, than how they ever brought them hither from their mountain quarry miles away, and piled them one upon another with a perfect symmetry, that nothing in the world has yet surpassed. In any case, it now suggests the site of some immense catastrophe, from which the dead alone have been removed. The loneliness and pathos of the place are indescribable. Selinus was a city of youth and hope. With one exception all its temples faced the rising sun. Its growth and progress both in art and commerce in its brief existence of two hundred years have hardly had a parallel in history. And yet its hopes all proved delusive. Its youth was blasted. Its brilliant promise was annihilated by man's brutal fury. For more than twenty centuries, the rising sun has looked in vain to see the stately columns of its temples flush with the splendor of the dawn across the southern sea. And Carthage, which destroyed it, is no more; and its old enemy, Segesta, has but one lone edifice to mark its place of sepulture! Nay, even the

FRONT VIEW OF TEMPLE OF SEGESTA.

LOOKING SEAWARD FROM SELINUS.

refined and cultivated spirit of the people that created all these masterpieces has been also slain; and starving peasants, shaking from malaria, and scarcely as intelligent as the beasts they torture, are successors of the men who built Segesta and Selinus. The very land is blighted. Magnificence has been followed by miasma. The lonely sea gnaws restlessly the lifeless sands. The Doric temple of Demēter at Segesta is still standing; but the fertile fields, which her protection made the Granary of Rome, now scarcely feed the dwindling population, which asks for bread, and has for centuries received a stone.

As I looked back upon the solemn ruins of Selinus, still and white among the upturned faces of the flowers, the melancholy site seemed haunted by the ghosts of dethroned gods and vanished greatness.

> "Sad sobs the sea forsaken of Aphrodite;
> Hellas and Helen are not, and the slow sands fall:
> Gods that were gracious and lovely, gods that were mighty,
> Sky, sea, and silence resume them all."

Now that Palermo and Messina are connected by a railway, the formerly difficult journey of one hundred and forty-four miles between them is accomplished by express trains in five and a half hours. The scenery of sea and shore along this route is charming. The bold, historic coast describes a series of majestic curves, whence the enchanting, multicolored sea is almost constantly in sight. Here monster cliffs with perpendicular sides jut grimly from the land, and cast dark, purple shadows on the bright, green water at their base. There, on a frowning headland, stands a stately ruin, saved from the wreck of stormy centuries. Now we are skirting precipices, at whose feet the billows break in jeweled foam; now gliding by some semicircular beach of yellow sand, which rims the azure of the sea, as the young moon projects its golden crescent on a sapphire sky. Occasionally a succession of short tunnels gives us startling contrasts, as dazzling sunshine alternates with darkness, and moments of profound eclipse make subsequently still more

APHRODITE. VATICAN.

glorious the sudden splendor of the shimmering sea. At intervals a lovely bay swells inland like a bowl of lapis-lazuli, upon the edge of which a picturesque village hangs in high relief; while, far away, where sea and sky lines meet in violet haze, the lateen sails of fishing boats careen like sea gulls in the breeze, and wave a salutation to us from their sunlit wings.

ON THE NORTHERN COAST, NEAR CEFALU.

Often we pass by sheltered coves, whose waters slumberously rise and fall, as if in dreamful reverie of the past. For there was once a time when all this coast was flourishing, and when the sea lapped lovingly the marble thresholds of illustrious cities. Their sites, in fact, are strung along

CAPE ZAFFERINO, NORTHERN COAST.

GAZING AT THE PASSING TRAIN.

this line of surf, like pearls upon a silver thread; some bright with mythology, joyous Greek gloomy Car- some dark with Roman his- thaginian or daris and Hi- tory. But Tyn- more, and now mera are no deur of this the only gran- that of the classic coast is ries which it great memo- evokes.

It has cost many years of toil and mil- lions of good *lire* to bind these promon- tories with this chain of steel; but, thanks to its existence, thousands of travelers come to Sicily to- day, where only scores were visible a dozen years ago. Yet the poor peasants look upon our moving train, no longer even with the curi- osity born of novelty, but gaze at us in bovine apathy, as though this phase of mod- ern life could not relieve their misery, and hence was nothing more to them than the swift tran- sit of a shooting star. I also felt that this new mode of traveling was not quite appropriate here, and feared that in the midst of such modernity the old Sicilian spirit might be hidden from my view, as in the garish light of day the stars remain unseen. It is in many respects unfortunate that mod-

ern travel has resolved itself for the most part into rapid transit between termini, and that the faster and more comfortably we can be transported to our principal destinations, the less we wish to interrupt the journey and explore the intervening country. Our views of the modern world are, therefore, largely dependent on the clearness of car windows; for rapid and luxurious travel has become a foe to thoroughness. Of course,

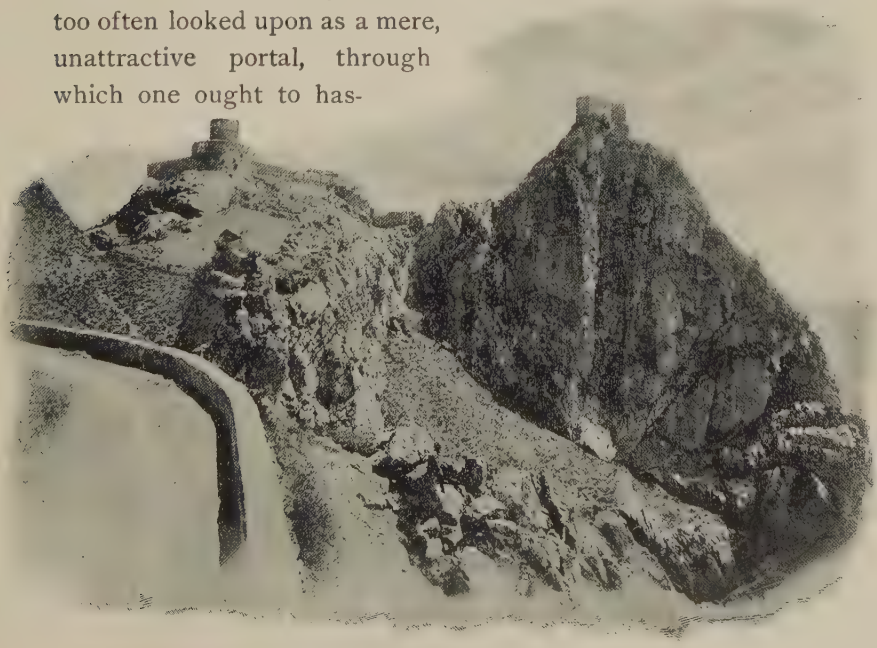
WHERE BOATS DEPART, AND WRECKS RETURN.

one sees a country best on foot, or from the back of a horse; and usually the farther one diverges from those practically obsolete modes of traveling, the less one understands the land that he is traversing.

There lies before me on my desk a journal, written by my father, of a tour made by him, in 1832, through France and Switzerland. To-day it reads as if it were descriptive of some

distant age, and of a country I had never seen, though in reality I have traveled over the same route many times. But, whereas he employed a week in journeying from Paris to Bâle in either a stage coach or a private carriage, and thus could scrutinize the country leisurely, I have been always whirled from one to the other city in ten hours, confined within a sort of cushioned cannon-ball of glass, and catching only glimpses of successive villages and landscapes, which glided by me at the rate of forty miles an hour. Thus, with our present modes of travel, hundreds of subordinate towns, which still possess the attractions that once made them world-renowned, are not deemed worth examining, if a visit to them means a sacrifice of time or comfort; and scores of cities, which once figured prominently in the itinerary of every tourist, are left to languish in neglect, unvisited, unhonored, and unknown.

Messina, "the Noble," is not precisely one of these, for its unique position and commercial prominence never will permit it to descend in popular estimation to the insignificant rank now held by such once-celebrated cities as Mantua, Padua, or Sienna. Unfortunately, however, it is too often looked upon as a mere, unattractive portal, through which one ought to has-



SICILIAN CASTLES BY THE SEA.

MESSINA, FROM THE HARBOR.

ten without halting. The reason is that Messina, with a maximum of history, has a minimum of historic monuments. For history of the kind that cities like Messina have experienced is not conducive to the preservation of either art or architecture. As the chief, natural gateway of the island, it has been always violently entered by Trinacria's conquerors, who, when in their turn driven out by some more powerful successors, have left it purposely as desolate as they could make it. Moreover, even when the conquest of the entire island was not sought, Messina's unprotected situation on the highway of the Mediterranean rendered it liable to acts of depredation; while the bombardments which it has endured at the hands of men, and the terrific devastations which it has experienced through the pitiless agency of Nature, have in the course of centuries effaced all vestiges of great antiquity. Some of Messina's worst misfortunes are even of recent date. Thus, an appalling earthquake caused immense destruction there in 1783; and during the revolutionary troubles of 1848 the troops of the Bourbon sovereign, Ferdinand II., bombarded it for three successive days, destroying thus an enormous section of the city, and shattering scores of churches, convents, public

THE CAMPO SANTO OF MESSINA.

edifices, and private dwellings into a chaotic mass of ruins. No sobriquet was, therefore, ever more appropriate than that of "Bomba," which the people gave to the detested author of this act of vandalism.

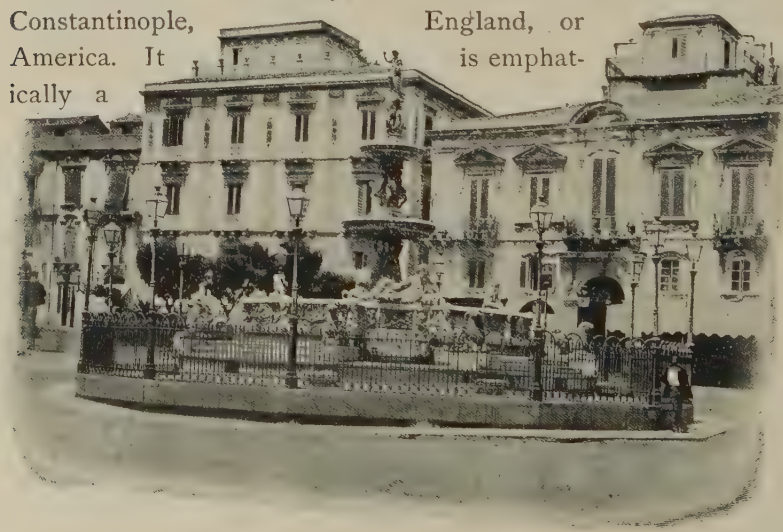
But if Messina has not many architectural features which invite inspection, it is by no means an uninteresting city, as any one can prove, if he will give some hours to a stroll along its animated quays, which offer a continuous panorama of marine activity. The harbor itself is almost an ideal one. A

THE SICKLE OF MESSINA.

narrow tongue of land bends gracefully upon itself before Messina, in the form of a sickle, the tip of which approaches finally so closely to the land as to leave an entrance channel only fifteen hundred feet in breadth between the city and the apex of the hook. This natural breakwater, whose resemblance to a sickle gave to the town its earlier Grecian name of Zancle, holds in its protecting curve an area of water not only a mile and a quarter in circumference, but deep enough to float the largest vessels in the world. It is a pleasure to watch the

ALONG THE DOCKS OF MESSINA.

constant movement going on within this sheltered basin. No less than fourteen hundred steamers enter and leave it yearly, — or, on the average, about four a day, — besides which nine or ten thousand sailing vessels annually drop their anchors in its tranquil depths. Some of these hail from France or Spain; others from Greece or Egypt; while others still are bound for Constantinople, England, or America. It is emphatically a



FOUNTAIN IN THE CATHEDRAL SQUARE.

place of passage, where ships and steamers of all nations come and go, gliding with sinuous swiftness round the slender arm that beckons them invitingly to shelter and repose.

Meanwhile Messina, siren-like, reclines upon a natural couch of exquisitely rounded hills, where, wreathed with flowers, and girdled by innumerable groves of golden fruits, she looks serenely toward the rising sun, having upon her right hand the Ionian, and on her left hand the Tyrrhenian Sea, while at her feet the beautiful Sicilian strait unites these waters with a sapphire band. The whole adjoining territory is the favorite realm of Flora and Pomona, and practically all that ships and steamers carry from Messina is the gift of Mother Earth. Its piers are crowded with the island's produce.

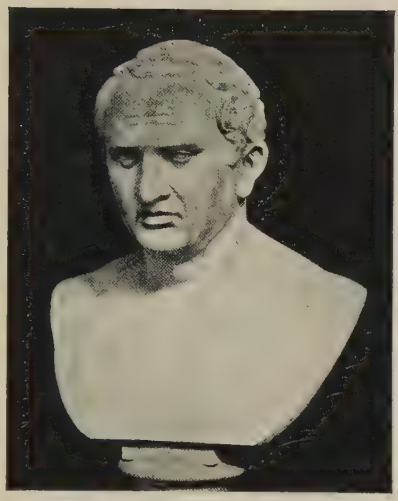
EXPORTING THE ISLAND'S PRODUCT.

Here are huge mounds, composed of crates of oranges and lemons; and there are endless casks of wines and oils, and boxes filled with olives, essences, and almonds. In a good year Messina alone exports one million, two hundred thousand cases of oranges and half as many lemons; for on the entire island there are no fewer than ten million orange, lemon, and citron trees, or two thirds of the whole number in the kingdom of Italy. Moreover, what especially impresses one, as he surveys the ceaseless energy of this Sicilian harbor, is the thought that it has been thus active for about three thousand years. For this was a commer-

SUN-PROTECTED STREET MERCHANTS.

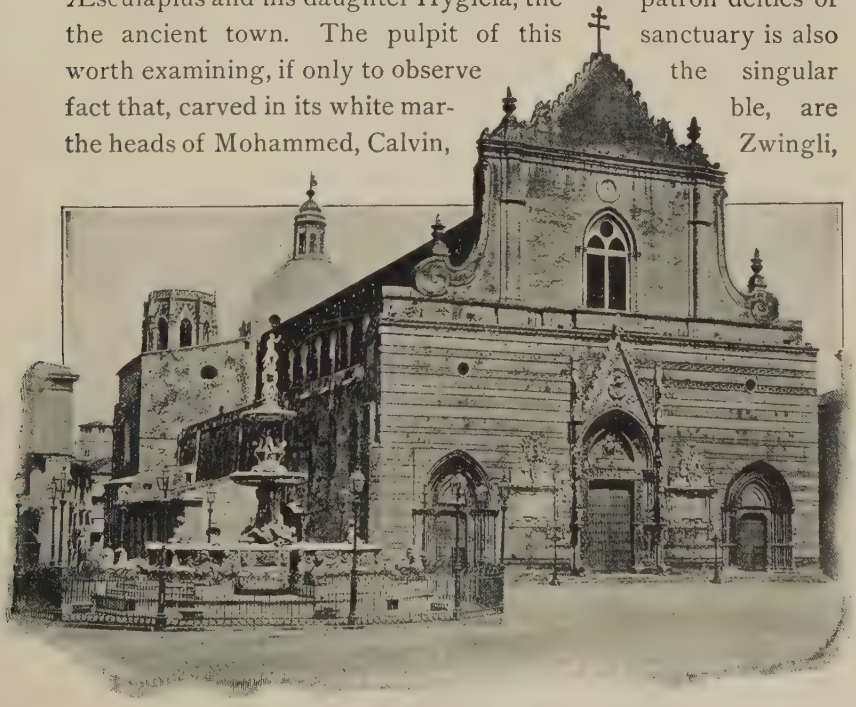
cial settlement of the Greeks in the eighth century before Christ; and during all the bloody and tumultuous epochs of its history, by whatsoever names its masters called themselves, it still continued to be prosperous and active, because of the superb advantages given it by nature. It is, no doubt, Messina's international site that has prevented her from acquiring a distinctive character, such as most other Sicilian towns possess. Palermo, for example, is predominantly Norman in appearance, as Syracuse is Grecian, and Girgenti Arabic; but international Messina is neither Greek nor Roman, Norman, Arabic, nor Spanish, though it has elements of them all. Her commerce makes her a cosmopolite. Indeed, this combination of agreeable qualities perhaps accounts for her proverbial popularity; and no doubt Cicero merely voiced the sentiments of many before and since his time, when he described her, seventy years before Christ, as "*Civitas maxima et completissima.*"

A visit to the mediæval Cathedral of Messina would not especially repay a traveler who has seen the numberless splendid churches on the Italian mainland, were it not for the fact of its possessing some peculiar features of very diverse



CICERO, VATICAN.

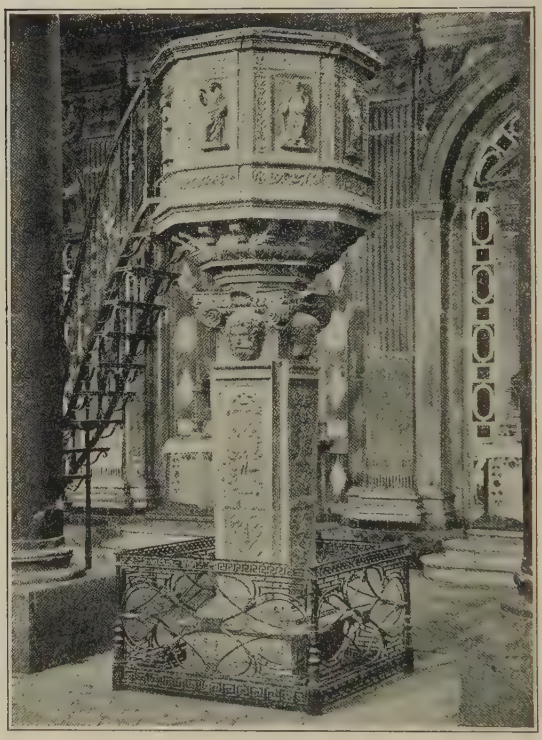
character. Thus, though the present edifice was completed only in the Norman period of the thirteenth century, its aisles are separated by twenty-six columns of Egyptian granite, which once formed part of a temple of Neptune, built upon the border of the strait; and under the cathedral's present receptacle for holy water still stands a pagan pedestal, whose Greek inscription states that it supported formerly a votive offering to Æsculapius and his daughter Hygieia, the patron deities of the ancient town. The pulpit of this sanctuary is also worth examining, if only to observe the singular fact that, carved in its white marble, are the heads of Mohammed, Calvin, Zwingli,



THE MESSINA CATHEDRAL.

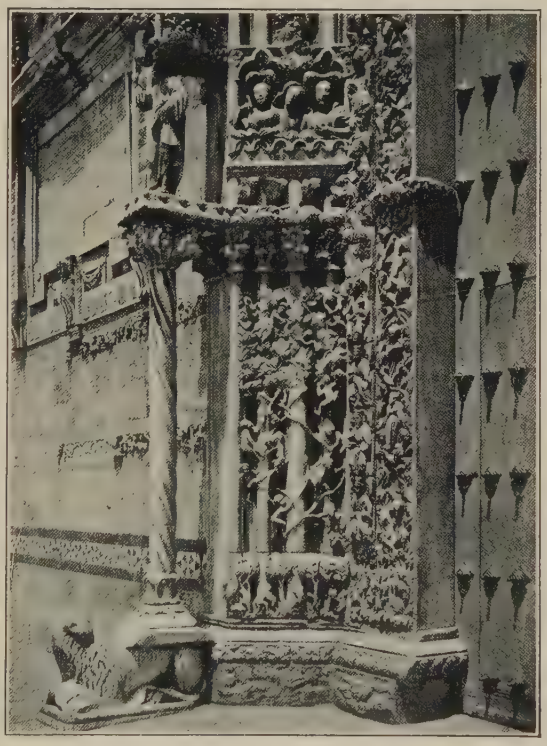
and Luther, — one Moslem and three Protestants, — compelled thus, *nolens volens*, to listen to the sermons preached above them.

But the most famous and remarkable treasure of this cathedral is the sacred "Letter from the Virgin Mary," which is regarded by the people with unutterable reverence, and is said to have effected countless cures. It is believed to date from the time when St. Paul came to Sicily, and preached to the inhabitants of Messina a sermon on the character of the Madonna. So deep an impression was made by this discourse on the Messinians, that they resolved to send to the Virgin (who was then still living) a deputation to solicit her protection. Touched by their piety, she replied to them in writing. Her letter, being in Hebrew, had to be translated by St. Paul into Greek, which was then the language of Messina; and, later still, in 1467, the celebrated scholar, Constantine Lescaris, rendered this Pauline version into the Latin text, which is the one the tourist now sees, richly framed and inscribed in golden letters, at the back of the high altar. Unfortunately, in



PULPIT OF THE MESSINA CATHEDRAL.

the course of the city's numerous conflagrations, the precious original and the Pauline copy have both been destroyed. But the translation of the translation still exists, and every year, on the third of June (the day on which the letter is dated), as well as on the fifteenth of August, the festival of the Virgin's Assumption, the sacred document is carried through Messina's streets, to the strains of martial music, in a long procession of nobles, city officials, companies of infantry and cavalry, orders of monks and nuns, and an enormous multitude of people. The following is an English version of the text of the letter:



A PORTION OF THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.

"The Virgin Mary, daughter of Joachim, most humble mother of the crucified God Jesus Christ, of the tribe of Judah, of the race of David, — (sendeth) greetings and the blessing of God the Father Almighty to all Messinians.

It is certain that a great faith hath led you, for the sake of setting a public example, to send legates and messengers to us. Called through the preaching of the Apostle Paul, and recognizing the way of truth, you confess our Son to be the Son of God, to be both God and Man, and to have ascended into heaven after his resurrection.

MURAL ALTARS IN THE CATHEDRAL.

Wherefore we bless you and your city, whose Protectress we will always be.

Given at Jerusalem in the year 42 of our Son.

MARY, the Virgin.

Who moreover confirms this writing with her own hand."

But nothing in the city itself so well repays the tourist for halting at Messina as the enchanting drive, eight miles in length, along the coast, as far as the northeastern tip of the Sicilian triangle, once called Cape Pelorus. To-day the point is known as Faro, because of the lighthouse (Pharos), which there warns all who traverse the Tyrrhenian Sea of their proximity to the northern entrance of the strait. It is not strange that the Messinians call this drive "Il Paradiso," and that on summer evenings it is thronged with carriages. For I

LOOKING UP THE STRAIT FROM MESSINA.

REGGIO, OPPOSITE SICILY.

have seen nothing in the world more exquisite in tender coloring than the amethystine hues of the Calabrian mountains opposite. These mountains form the last of the long chain of Apennines, which, born behind the Riviera, traverse in majesty the whole of Italy, and finally, as if affrighted by the threatening form of Etna, halt on the brink of the Sicilian Bosphorus, and stand, resplendent in the sunset glow, long after the Trinacrian coast is dark with twilight.

Apart, however, from the noble scenery of this drive, what adds immensely to its charm is the inseparable fascination of its legendary history. For, after all, what other joy that travel gives is equal to the exquisite delight afforded by the realization

LOOKING ACROSS TO SCYLLA.

that we actually stand at last on sites made glorious by heroic deeds and classic memories, or really see before us mountains, cities, villages, or ruins, whose names have been to us from childhood household words! Thus, just across the strait, and nearly opposite to Messina, lies the town of Reggio, whose modern name is but a softened echo of the ancient Rhegium,

BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

where St. Paul landed on his way to Rome. Moreover, on the same shore, only a few miles northward from this former rival of Messina, is the little village known as Scylla, because beside it the historic promontory of that name still thrusts its rugged form into the sea, no less impressively than when Ulysses and his awe-struck crew sailed by its dreaded cliffs. Yet as I looked across the peaceful strait which separates this headland from the coast of Sicily, I marveled at the fearful character given to it by the ancients. For, as all readers of these pages know, in the old days when the adventurous Greeks were bringing to

these shores Hellenic culture and the Hellenic tongue, a cave beneath this promontory was believed to be the home of a ravenous, six-headed monster, which leaped forth at all passing ships, and snatched away in each of its grim mouths one member of their crew, and to this horrible creature the writer of the Odyssey attributes the loss of six of the companions of Ulysses.

SCYLLA.

"The swiftest racer of the azure plain
Here fills her sails, and spreads her oars in vain;
Fell Scylla rises, and in fury roars,
At once expands six mouths, at once six men devours.
Beneath, Charybdis holds her boisterous reign
Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main.
Oh, if thy vessel plow the direful waves
When seas, retreating, roar within her caves,
Ye perish all! Though he who rules the main
Lend his strong aid, that aid he lends in vain.
An, shun the horrid gulf! By Scylla fly!
'Tis better six to lose, than all to die."

Such language seems the acme of exaggeration now, yet who can tell what terrible convulsion of the earth, or devastating fury of Mount Etna, may have originated the tradition of these dangers? Thus, even as recently as 1783, a fearful earthquake drove the population of this town out on the strip of sand between their dwellings and the sea, only to meet destruction in another form. For a gigantic wave, caused by the falling of the neighboring promontory, suddenly overwhelmed the hapless refugees, and swept four thousand souls to instant death. The legendary whirlpool of Charybdis has always been associated with Scylla, not only in the writings of the Greek and Roman poets, but also in some variation of the proverb which, from time immemorial, under these two names has warned mankind to take heed, lest, in trying to avoid one danger, it fall into another. The modern Charybdis is a circular current, or eddy, some seven miles distant from the rock of Scylla, and near the harbor of Messina. No doubt, in stormy weather, this may have offered serious difficulties to the navigators of antiquity; for I was assured that even now, under certain conditions of winds and tides, it is possible for a good-sized sailing vessel to be whirled about upon its vortex, and driven to destruction on the neighboring rocks. But even apart from the treacherous currents which have always been

THE SICILIAN COAST OPPOSITE CALABRIA.

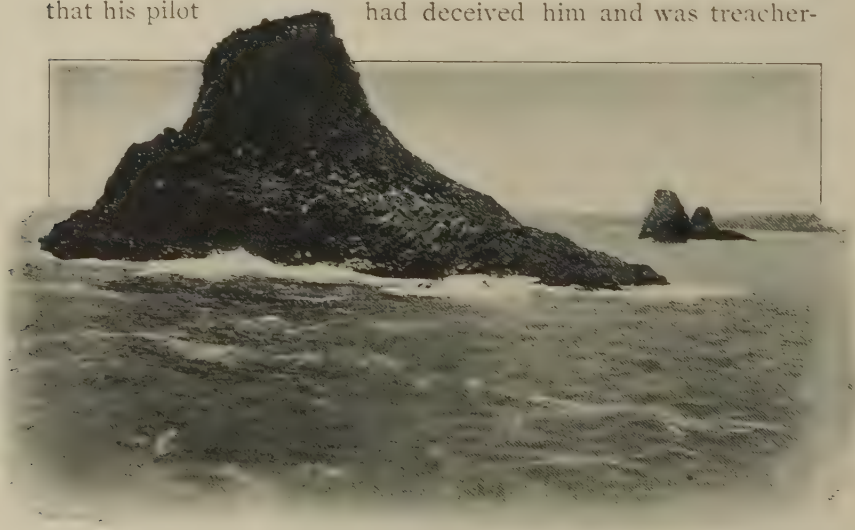
proverbial here, there is another reason why this strait was dreaded by the early mariners. For the tempestuous squalls, which sometimes swoop down from the gullied mountains of Calabria or Sicily, have always made the passage of this channel dangerous; and many a stately yacht, capsized by these incipient cyclones, has dragged brave sailors and inexperienced officers to sudden death in the blue waves which roll between the fabled monsters of the past.

THE OCEAN DEITY.

Another place of interest in the neighborhood of Messina and near the northern apex of the island, is the site of the temple to Neptune, some of whose columns now support, as we have seen, the roof of the cathedral in Messina. It is not strange that at this point a shrine was consecrated to the ocean deity. It stood at the very centre of the Mediterranean; and on the narrow strait before it, through which the tidal currents swiftly ebb and flow, the great divinity could feel, as it were, the pulse of his domain, and know of all that took place in his watery kingdom. In sight of it also were the islands where Vulcan labored at his roaring forge, and Eolus, king of the winds and storms, had his abode, and waited for the mandates of his sovereign lord. Up its broad, marble steps the mariners of Greece and Rome climbed reverently to implore the deity for favoring winds, or else to make their votive offerings in gratitude for having been preserved; as even now, in the cathedral,

near the same old columns which beheld Greek navigators pray, Sicilian sailors kneel to thank the same great, unseen Power, under a different name. When Neptune smiled, the sunlit sea before his temple here was no less fair than when the goddess Aphrodite, cradled in white foam, was born from its blue waves; and when he frowned, his white-maned chargers raged across the deep, leaped up the rock of Scylla, but two miles away, and thence raced on in splendid wrath along the edge of the Calabrian shore.

Nor are these all the memories connected with this point. The place is haunted by the tragic story of Hannibal's disastrous flight along this strait in 193 B.C. The mighty Carthaginian, who had so often vanquished Rome's most famous generals, had finally been himself defeated, and, hoping to escape to Asia, was a fugitive upon the deep. A few miles north of Cape Pelorus it is impossible to discern the opening between Italy and Sicily, so far does the Sicilian cape stretch eastward toward Calabria. Hannibal, therefore, as he saw apparently the two coasts join and form a solid barrier, concluded that his pilot had deceived him and was treacher-



WHERE NEPTUNE'S WHITE-MANED CHARGERS RAN.

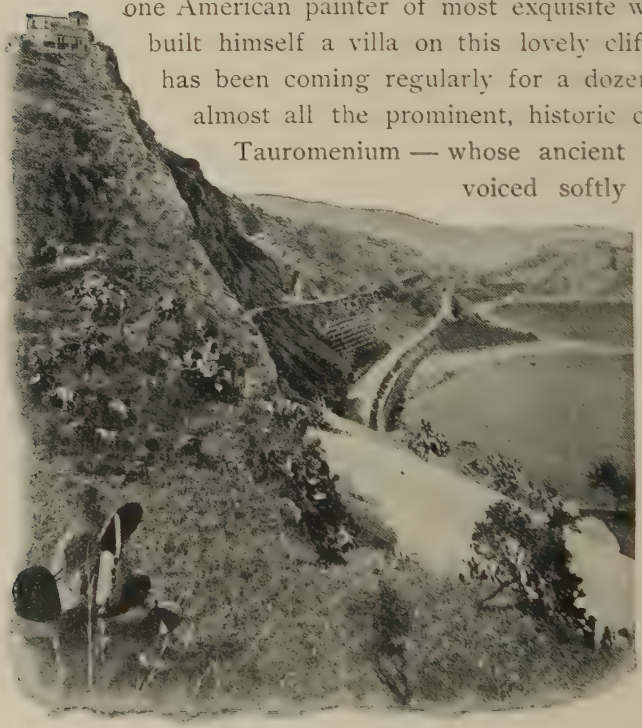
ously leading him into an *impasse*, where his enemies could entrap him. The Carthaginian was a man of prompt decisions. Upon his finger gleamed the ring containing the swift poison by which he was at last to end his life. Yet, though he had the means of thus escaping the disgrace of capture and of slavery, he wished at least that he who had betrayed him should precede him to the realm of Pluto, and announce his coming. Accordingly, refusing to believe his pilot's protestations of sincerity, or even to grant him the short time for which he begged, to vindicate his conduct, Hannibal caused him to be thrown into the sea. Two hours later, as the strait revealed itself, the general recognized his error, and, in remorse, bequeathed a sort of posthumous glory to his happy cape his name, less victim, by giving to the Pelorus.

HANNIBAL. (NAPLES MUSEUM.)

Another railway journey of two hours between luxuriant lemon orchards on the one hand and liquid turquoise on the other brought us to the base of a huge cliff, upon which, at an elevation of four hundred feet, is perched the beautifully situated town of Taormina. Up from the railway station to the mountain ledge, on which the houses and hotels extend in one long line, winds back and forth an admirable carriage road, whose sweeping serpentines present a series of magnificent vistas to the traveler, and gradually prepare him for the still more wonderful vision which awaits him at its terminus. The town itself consists of little more than a single street,

about a mile in length, lined with hotels and curio shops, between which numerous narrow alleys of stone steps lead to the squalid dwellings of the poor. These little stairways, which ascend the mountain on the one side, or descend precipitously on the other, are characterized by such odd, picturesque bits of architecture, or charming vistas of the sea and sky, framed in by towering walls, that artists find innumerable subjects there, and one American painter of most exquisite water-colors has built himself a villa on this lovely cliff, to which he has been coming regularly for a dozen years. Like almost all the prominent, historic cities of Sicily, Tauromenium — whose ancient name is now voiced softly in the many-voweled "Taormina" — was founded long before the Christian era by Greek colonists in what appeared to them, no doubt, an impregnable position. But even its re-

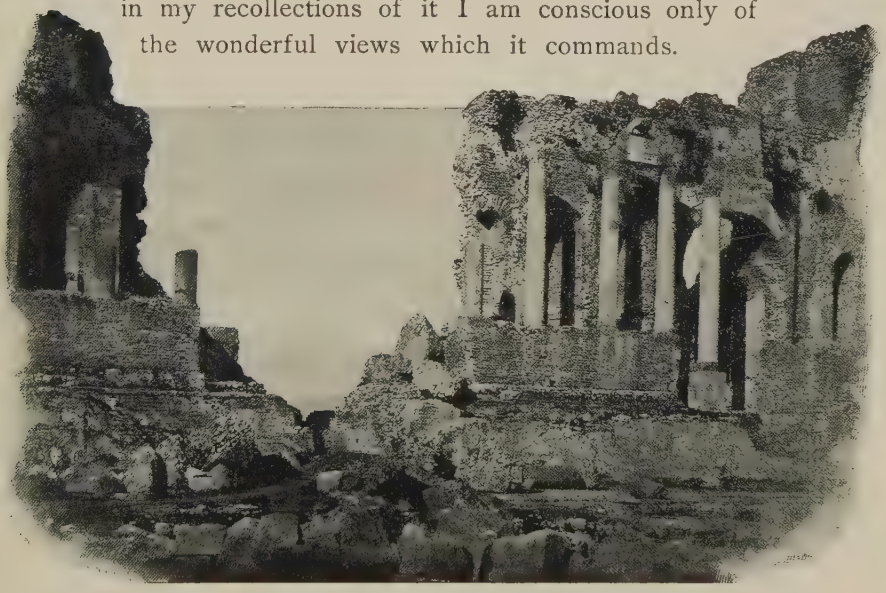
IN A STREET OF TAORMINA.



THE DRIVEWAY UP TO TAORMINA.

A COURTYARD IN TAORMINA.

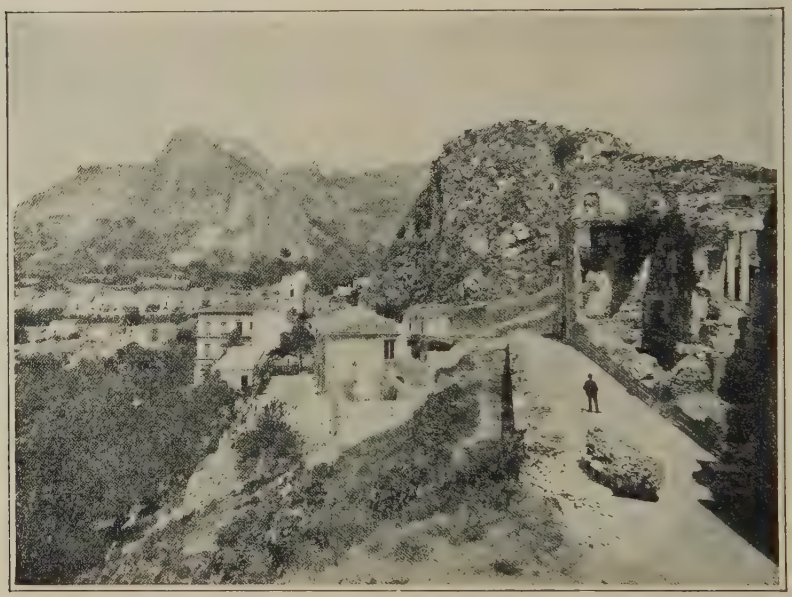
mote and lofty site could not exempt it from the usual fate of all Sicilian towns, and Taormina's annals form the same old, melancholy story of wars, conquests, and invasions, and man's inhumanity to man. But somehow in the presence of such natural beauty as one sees at every turn in Taormina, all that is sad and tragic in its past is speedily effaced; and so supreme is the allurement of the place, that in my recollections of it I am conscious only of the wonderful views which it commands.



ETNA, FROM THE STAGE OF THE GRECO-ROMAN THEATRE.

The favorite spot from which to see the marvelous surroundings of this mountain town is the upper wall of its half-ruined Greco-Roman theatre. Cut from a natural hollow in the side of Monte Tauro (whence the name "Tauromenium"), twenty-three hundred years ago, no theatre in the world commanded such a prospect as this stately edifice. In almost every structure of the kind now extant the stage is practically ruined, and only the ascending rows of seats are tolerably well preserved. But here the reverse is true. For while a few rough

blocks of stone, emerging from the grass-grown slope, alone remain of all its former tiers of rock-hewn benches, the stage itself is in a better state of preservation than that of any ancient theatre in the world, except a rarely visited one at Aspendus, in Asia Minor. Moreover, it would have been in a far better condition had not a certain titled bandit, called the Duke of Santo Stefano, carried away most of its columns, statues, and marble facings to adorn his palace. Still, with a little effort of



ENTRANCE TO THE THEATRE.

the imagination, one can easily picture to himself how splendid must have been the appearance of this structure, when all the masonry, which now looks so defaced in its uncomely masses of rough brick, was covered with a marble coating, and when from the enormous robing rooms at either side of the pro-scenium distinguished actors stepped forth on the ample stage, to represent the plays of the great dramatists of Greece, and when these walls, which still give back the human voice in

INTERIOR OF THE GREEK THEATRE.

THE MATCHLESS VIEW.

absolute distinctness, resounded to the noble lines of Æschylus and Sophocles.

One hears much of the Taormina sunsets visible from this theatre, and they are indeed magnificent. But sunrise there presents, in my opinion, a much finer spectacle. The truth is, that Mount Etna rises too far west of Taormina for visitors there to witness at its best the alpenglow upon its summit. Moreover, the blue strait, four hundred feet below the town, is, at the ringing of the Angelus, already somewhat shadowed by Sicilian mountains. But since Mount Etna turns toward Taormina its northeastern slope, the *rising* sun imparts to it a splendor that is indescribable. Happily, too, one need not undergo the least real hardship to enjoy it. The southward-facing balconies of several hotels, notably at the southern end of the town, command the entire field of vision necessary for the glorious panorama. I can recall few more impressive sights

than that which I enjoyed here on the morning after my arrival. When I awoke, the eastern sky was brightening with the coming dawn; and, hastening to my balcony, I watched for nearly half an hour a vision never to be forgotten. Southward and westward rose in kingly majesty the mighty mass of Etna, whose cold white dome transformed itself by almost imperceptible degrees into the tenderest hues of pink and orange, as the morning light rose gradually from the violet mountains of Calabria, and flashed its gorgeous colors on the huge volcano opposite. Even when, at last, the glittering rim of the sun's golden disk peered over the Calabrian parapet, and the first wave of solar life and light rolled westward over the still sleeping world, Etna's colossal eastern slope swept downward through a scale of ever deepening colors, till its purple base-line touched the amethystine strait, which lay with tranquil face upturned toward heaven, as if awaiting breathlessly the benediction of the dawn. Meanwhile from the volcano's cone a slender shaft of smoke rose perpendicularly toward the empyrean, till, at a certain altitude, its summit delicately parted to the right and left, like an expanding

A WALK AT TAORMINA.

lily on a snow-white stem. A pagan might have fancied it a white-robed priestess of Apollo, worshiping the solar deity with outstretched hands.

Catania, situated almost midway between Taormina and Syracuse, is like a palimpsest, on which a series of great tragedies has been inscribed, each giving place to its successor, when the parchment had been once again scraped clean by the resistless lava floods of Etna. Its Greek name, signifying

THE KING OF EUROPEAN VOLCANOES.

"Under Etna," is a concise description of its situation and its history. For ever since its founding by Hellenic colonists more than seven centuries before the Christian era, it has been subject to repeated devastations from the great volcano, the intervals between the lava waves having been frequently enlivened by destructive earthquakes. As in Messina, therefore, there are not many ancient relics in Catania. The earthquake shocks of 1693, for example, so thoroughly destroyed the town that

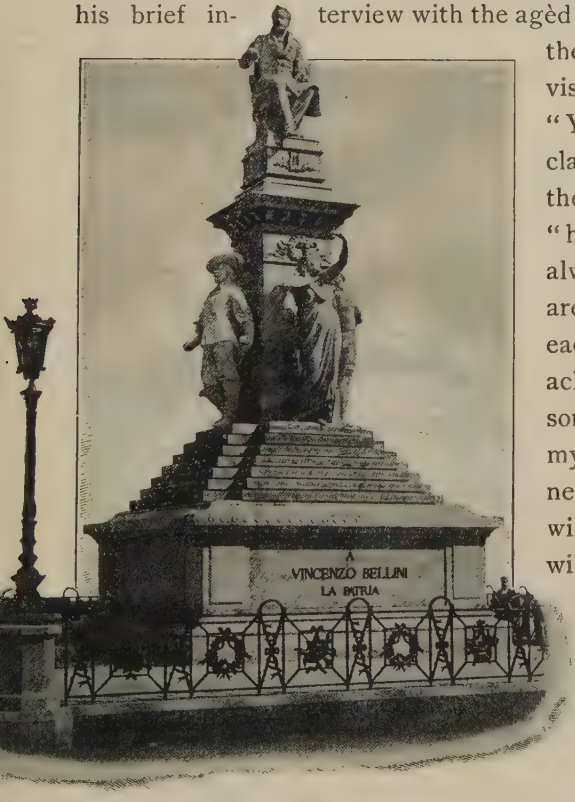
THE CATHEDRAL OF CATANIA.

practically all its buildings have been erected since that time. To that catastrophe, indeed, Catania owes its present regularity of plan, its wide streets, and its spacious squares. It is, in fact, the most modern city of Sicily in appearance; and, notwithstanding Etna's evident desire to destroy it, has now a population of one hundred and twenty thousand people. Hence it is next to Palermo in size, and hopes to rival her eventually in commerce.

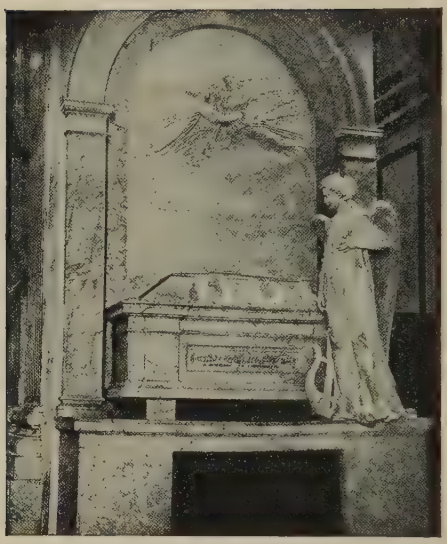
The fact that it already exports one hundred thousand tons of sulphur yearly, besides large quantities of wine and almonds, does not, however, give Catanians such pride as their ability to claim as a fellow-citizen Vincenzo Bellini, the composer of "Norma," "La Sonnambula," and "I Puritani." They are unwearied in their efforts to do honor to his memory. Not only is his tomb in the cathedral an elaborate work of art; a tablet also marks the house where he was born; an admirable theatre bears his name; his statue, with four allegorical figures of his

VILLA BELLINI, CATANIA.

greatest operas, adorns a public square; and the most beautiful garden of the city, commanding a delightful view, is named the "Villa Bellini," and contains his bust, together with those of Mazzini and Cavour. One thinks here of the touching incident, related by Dumas, of his brief interview with the agèd father of Bellini, when the author of Monte Cristo visited Catania in 1835. "You do not know," exclaimed the father of the composer to Dumas, "how good my son has always been to me. We are not rich; and after each success that he achieves, he sends to me some souvenir, to give to my old age a little happiness and comfort. If you will come to my house, I will show you a quantity of things for which I am indebted to his filial goodness. This watch is the result



MONUMENT TO BELLINI.



TOMB OF BELLINI, CATANIA.

of 'Norma'; this horse and carriage are a part of my souvenirs of 'I Puritani.' In every letter he tells me always that he is coming; but it is so far from Paris to Catania, that I am very much afraid that I shall die without seeing him again." Poor old man! The next news of his gifted son which he received announced his early death at thirty-three years of age! Fate had thus given to the memory of Bellini the halo of eternal youth.

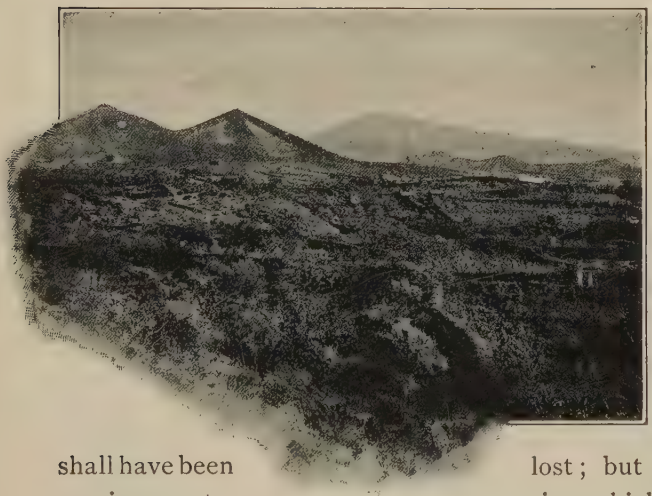
The omnipresent deity of Catania is Etna. Of course the wonderful volcano is visible in many other parts of Sicily, and it undoubtedly appears more beautiful when seen at a greater distance; but in no other city is its awful mass so overpowering as in Catania, from which indeed its crest is, in an air line, only twenty miles away. In fact, Catania's handsomest thoroughfare, two miles in length and called the "Street of Etna," appears to have the mighty mountain as its terminus.

Though somewhat less than eleven thousand feet in height,

THE "STREET OF ETNA," CATANIA.

CATANIA, LOOKING TOWARD THE SEA.

Etna surpasses in sublimity many loftier peaks in Switzerland, because, unlike those Alpine giants, whose bases rest already on a high plateau, it rises in one grand, majestic sweep directly from the sea, and dominates its island world without a rival. Geologists tell us that its first eruptions took place previous to the Glacial Age, when Frost and Fire were contending for the mastery of our planet. Though neither element has as yet succeeded in obtaining such supremacy, Fire has thus far proved the more disastrous to humanity. The glaciers shrank back gradually toward the frozen poles, to bide their time, until our globe's internal heat shall have been lost; but all the slowly moving centuries, which have elapsed since their retreat, have not yet quieted the fury of Mount Etna. Both History and Mythology have been its handmaids, — the one recording its terrific outbursts of destruction, the other weaving round its awful form a veil of legendary lore, explanatory of its floods of fire. The old beliefs regarding it were wonderfully weird and powerful. Many supposed that Etna was the forge of Vulcan, where he and his attendant Cyclops manufactured thunderbolts for Jove; but others thought that its stupendous mass held down Encéladus — one of the giants who made war upon the gods. His punishment for this offense was to be buried alive within



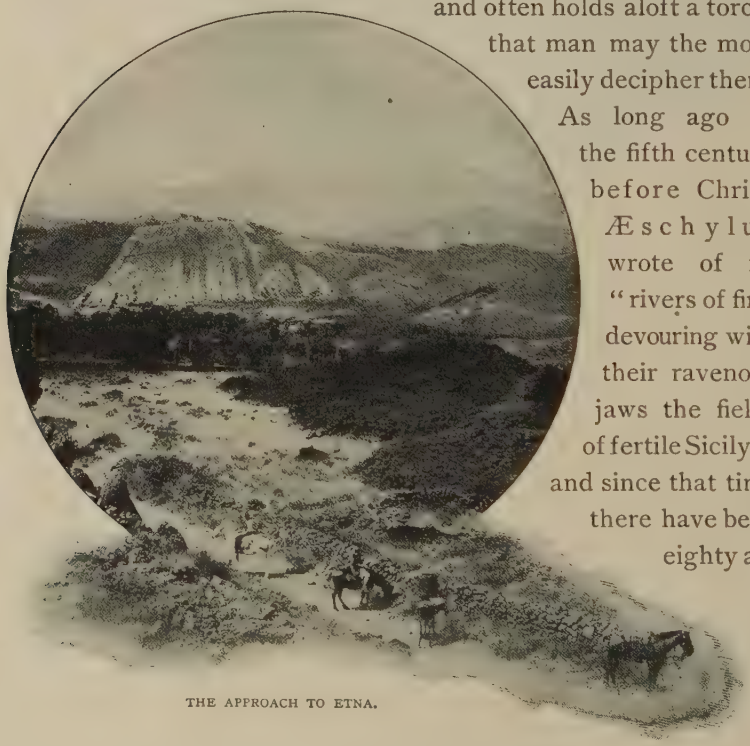
BETWEEN CATANIA AND ETNA.

the glowing heart of the volcano, which at the same time burned and crushed him. Hence, the appalling noises in the mountain were believed to be his groans; and all the fearful earthquakes which occasionally shook the island were caused by his convulsive efforts to arise.

"Under Mount Etna he lies,
It is slumber, it is not death;
For he struggles at times to arise,
And above him the lurid skies
Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast,
The earth is heaped on his head;
But the groans of his wild unrest,
Though smothered and half suppressed,
Are heard, and he is not dead."

Etna has written its own tragic history in gigantic letters, and often holds aloft a torch, that man may the more easily decipher them. As long ago as the fifth century before Christ, Æschylus wrote of its "rivers of fire, devouring with their ravenous jaws the fields of fertile Sicily"; and since that time there have been eighty au-



THE APPROACH TO ETNA.

thentic eruptions of the mountain — an average of about three a century. Where a volcano leaves so many records, the trails of many of them must be indistinct. But certainly the coast around Catania is black with relics of its awful power, and even the sea shows traces of invasion by its lava streams. Such are the seven black rocks, which rise out of the water near Catania, and were supposed to be the missiles hurled at Ulysses and his ships by Polyphemus

THE LAVA-BLACKENED COAST NEAR ETNA.

and the Cyclops. Vesuvius is a pygmy in comparison to Etna, and owes its reputation chiefly to the romantic resurrection of its principal victims, Herculaneum and Pompeii. But the Sicilian monster has destroyed unnumbered villages; while in a single earthquake, synchronous with one of its convulsions, no less than fifty towns were laid in ruins, and sixty thousand people killed. Its worst eruption was probably that of 1669, which covered fifty square miles with lava (in places to a depth of one hundred feet), and overwhelmed the homes of twenty-

THE ROCKS OF THE CYCLOPS.

seven thousand people. Even two years later, flames issued from this substance, if it were disturbed, and eight years subsequent to its ejection, vapor rose from it after rain. On this occasion, when the torrent reached a rampart of Catania, sixty feet in height, it mounted to the top, and pouring over it in a cataract of fire destroyed a portion of the city. At still another point a mass of seething lava, two miles wide, advanced into the sea, and pushing back the pliant water formed a promontory, half a mile from the original shore! During the progress of this molten stream, the sight of the terrific struggle between fire and water must have

AN OLD LAVA CURRENT FROM ETNA.

been sublime beyond description. Twenty-five hundred years ago the poet Pindar called Etna a "Pillar of Heaven"; and such it seems to-day, — a vast, symmetrical, and snow-crowned pyramid, whose base has a circumference of one hundred and twenty miles!

Its noble form is altitudinally divisible into three great zones. The first, in order of ascent, slopes gradually upward from the level of the sea to a height of about two thousand feet. This is

IN THE REGION OF DEATH.

the Cultivated Region, and is not only the most productive, but also the most thickly populated, part of Sicily. For, strange to say, the lava, which effects such terrible destruction here, and may remain for two or three centuries obdurate and sterile, becomes, when thoroughly pulverized by time, and filled with wind-blown germs of vegetation, extremely fertile. Accordingly, this lowest section of Mount Etna is covered with extensive vineyards, cornfields, olive groves, and countless orange, fig, and

lemon trees, among which live three hundred thousand people in comparative luxury, upon a soil of disintegrated lava. Above this cultivated area comes the Wooded Zone, which girds the mountain with a bright green belt, from six to eight miles wide, cut here and there by sinuous streams of cold, black lava, suggestive of the downward-reaching arms of some enormous octopus. These forests of Mount Etna are at present recklessly despoiled; but once they furnished Syracuse and other cities

ON THE FLANK OF ETNA.

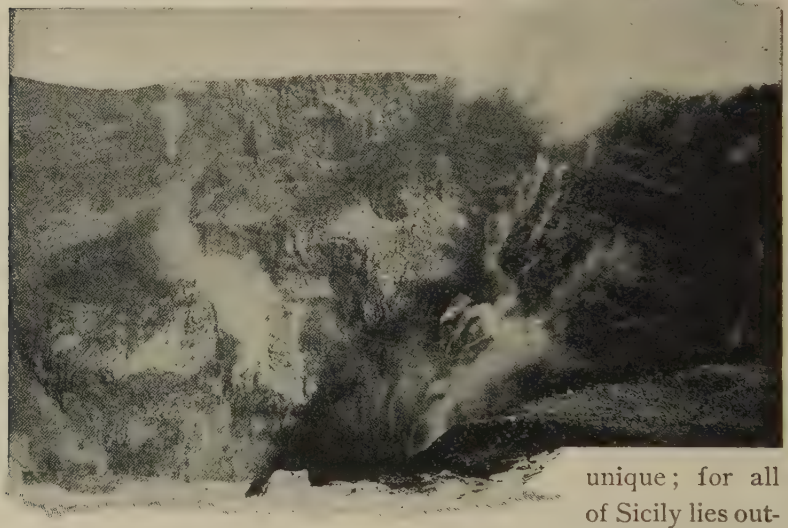
with material for their famous fleets; and even now among the timber growing there are chestnut-trees of mammoth size, and noble groves of beeches, oaks, and pines. To this broad sylvan belt succeeds the Desert Zone, five thousand feet in height, in all of whose black, desolate expanse is found no trace of animal or vegetable life. It is a dreary, wind-swept waste of ashes, sand, and lava blocks, from which rise several subsidiary cones, — black, horrible excrescences, which once were lateral craters.

For nine months of the year Nature conceals this hideous realm of death beneath a coverlet of snow, and warns intruders off, on peril of their lives. Only in summer, therefore, is the ascent of Etna possible; and even then it is a task requiring unusual strength of muscles, heart, and lungs, so steep is the volcano's slope, so difficult is it to secure a foothold in the sliding ashes, and so intensely cold is the thin air encountered in that upper world. The crater at the summit is a vast abyss,

APPROACHING THE CRATER.

with almost vertical walls about a thousand feet in depth and nearly three miles in circumference. At times this sulphurous bowl is full of lava; at others it appears comparatively empty; but from its awful pit are always rising noxious vapors, while from its sides spring hissing jets of steam. Most climbers of Mount Etna leave the foot of the monster in the evening, and make the ascent at night, in order to behold the wonderfully impressive view at sunrise from the summit. The sight of the

gigantic, purple shadow of the mountain, projected with the utmost accuracy by the rising sun across the entire island, — the apex of its huge penumbra resting on the mountains of Palermo, nearly a hundred miles away, — must surely rank among the most sublime of earthly visions. Aside from this, however, the view is glorious and



THE CRATER OF ETNA WHEN TRANQUIL.

unique; for all of Sicily lies outspread beneath the gaze of the exultant alpinist, and even Malta is at times discernible beyond the blue Ionian Sea.

Sicily has three mighty cities of the past, each corresponding to a different section of its sea-girt triangle. Palermo on the northern, Girgenti on the southern, and Syracuse upon the eastern, coast together represent the island's highest pinnacles of achievement. Each was most powerfully affected by the region opposite to it. Palermo represents especially the imprint of the Normans; Girgenti and the southern shore recall in language and physique the sojourn of the Saracens; while Syracuse, which looks toward Greece, owes all its glory to Hellenic genius. We are too liable to forget that Syracuse, for centuries, played

THE SMALL HARBOR, SYRACUSE.

a rôle in history scarcely inferior to that of Rome itself. As early as 485 B.C. it was able to offer thirty thousand men and three hundred vessels of war to Greece, to aid her to resist the Persians; and, but a few years later, its citizens crushed in one decisive battle the power of the Carthaginians in Sicily. Its population, in the period of its greatest prosperity, — the fifth century before Christ, — exceeded probably a million souls; its circuit measured fourteen miles; and in its noble harbor, three miles broad, was fought the greatest naval battle of antiquity. Even as late as seventy years before our era, Cicero called it not alone "the largest of Greek, but the loveliest of all, cities"; and such St. Paul may also have considered it, when he spent three days here on his way to Rome. With Syracuse also are associated some of the most illustrious personages of the past. Here Plato lived for years, as a most welcome guest; here Archimedes, first of ancient physicists and mathematicians, passed a life of usefulness; and here he met his well-known

SYRACUSE.

death, while too absorbed in an intricate problem to give a prompt reply to a Roman soldier, who accordingly killed him. Here Æschylus, the Athenian Shakespeare, reproduced a number of his stately tragedies, and was revered no less by Syracusans than by Greeks. Theocritus too, *facile princeps* among pastoral poets, was a native of Syracuse, where also lived his brother bards, Simonides and Pindar; while our old heroes of the drama, Damon and Pythias, here gave that touching proof of "Friendship, Charity, and Benevolence," which has made their names immortal. Among its most remarkable rulers, too, were Hieron I. (478–467 B.C.) and Hieron II. (270–216 B.C.), who rank among the ablest sovereigns of antiquity; the former having been an ardent patron of both literature and art, a frequent victor in the Olympian games, and the special subject of some of the finest odes of Pindar. The reign of the second Hieron, which lasted more than fifty years, was also one of wonderful prosperity and splendor. The patron of Theocritus and Archimedes, Hieron II. was also the ally of Rome in her repeated wars with Carthage, and an enthusiastic friend of that remarkable sovereign of Egypt, Ptolemy Philadelphus, whose court was one of the most intellectually brilliant that the world has ever seen; and back and forth between these centres of philosophy and art Theocritus was wont to pass, admired and honored equally beside the Nile and in Trinacria.

REPUTED TOMB OF ARCHIMEDES, SYRACUSE.

At present Syracuse is pitifully insignificant compared with its great predecessor; but it at least is not a heap of ruins like Selinus, nor a withered beggar like Girgenti. It has, indeed, shrunk to the original limits given it by its founders twenty-six centuries ago, — the little island called Ortygia, connected with the rest of Sicily by a causeway; yet this old sleepy town of less than thirty thousand inhabitants affords a pleasant place of residence in winter, where in the full enjoyment of a mild, agreeable climate and perennial sunshine, one can leisurely inspect the many interesting ruins which adjoin it on the mainland. What first appealed to me among these were its ancient quarries, which are still called by their old Greek name of *Latomie*. These were originally excavations out of which were drawn the blocks of stone of which old Syracuse was built, but they resemble now huge, sunken gardens, enclosed by perpendicular walls from eighty to one hundred and twenty feet in depth. Within them countless semi-tropical flowers, trees, and plants, completely sheltered from the winds, are growing in profusion

HIERON II., KING OF SYRACUSE.

in the warmth and splendor of Sicilian sunshine. One of them, in particular, appropriately named the "Latomía del Paradiso," is a veritable maze of orange, lemon, almond, pomegranate, olive, and wild fig trees, among which roses, bluebells, lilacs, heliotrope, geraniums, and many other fragrant plants contend for a supremacy of beauty, and show a wild exuberance of fruit and flower. Over the cliffs, surrounding these sweet labyrinths of foliage, sweep cataracts of ivy, clematis, and wistaria; for Nature here, as usual, has bravely tried to hide the gashes man has cut within her breast, and has succeeded thus in veiling these gigantic walls with pendent tapestries of luxuriant vegetation. Moreover, to complete their weird and unique aspect, enormous boulders, which have fallen from the towering cliffs, and detached masses which the excavators left untouched, lie scattered here and there amid a mass of floral beauty, like an archi-

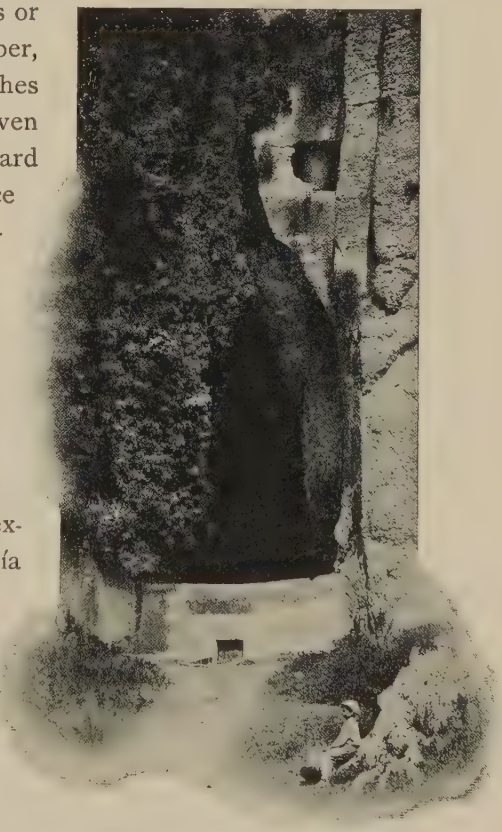
VIEW OF MODERN SYRACUSE (ORTYGIA) FROM THE STREET OF TOMBS.

A PORTION OF THE LATOMÍA DEL PARADISO.

FLORAL CANYONS AND SUNKEN GARDENS.

pelago of rocky islets in a lake of verdure. Into these mural precipices, also, many overhanging galleries have been cut, reminding one of caverns hollowed by the ocean waves.

One of these, which is seventy-four feet high, and burrows into the cliff for more than two hundred feet, has a remarkable resemblance to a monstrous human ear, and its acoustic properties are so extraordinary, that any noise at the entrance, such as the clapping of the hands or the tearing of a sheet of paper, reverberates through its arches like a peal of thunder, and even a whisper can be plainly heard at its upper extremity. Hence this is called the Ear of Dionysius, after the Syracusan tyrant, who is said to have confined political prisoners here, whose every word was audible to him, when seated in a secret hiding place above. The largest of these quarries, covering several acres in extent, is known as the Latomía of the Capuchins because of an ancient monastery which adjoins it. Descending into this cliff-locked area by a winding path, we found ourselves in what appeared to be, despite its wealth of vegetation, a monster prison open to the sky, and offering no other mode of egress than the path by which we had come down. It was, in fact, as a prison that the Syracusans used it, twenty-three



THE "EAR OF DIONYSIUS," SYRACUSE.

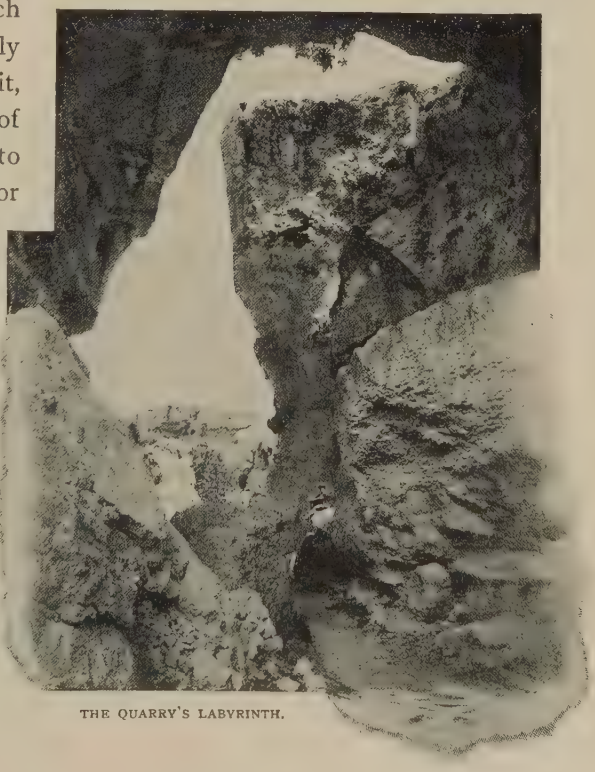
hundred years ago, when seven thousand captives perished there of hunger, thirst, and fever.

The year was the four hundred and thirteenth previous to the Christian era. Athens, then at the pinnacle of her glory, had been solicited by Segesta, to aid her in defeating not alone her immemorial enemy Selinus, but also Syracuse, which likewise was at war with her. Urged on by Alcibiades and other reckless Greeks, who saw in this an opportunity to exploit, if not actually

THE QUARRY OF THE CAPUCHINS.

to conquer, Sicily, the Athenian government sent one hundred and thirty-four warships and a powerful army to capture Syracuse. Their general Nicias, however, was hopelessly unequal to the task before him. Disasters multiplied, until he was compelled to call upon his native country for more troops. Athens responded favorably, and a second fleet of seventy-three warships soon arrived, commanded by Demosthenes. The story of the fight which thereupon ensued in the Great Harbor of Syracuse, when Greek met Greek in a tremendous naval duel, has

descended to us in the thrilling record written by that greatest of historians, Thucydides. To him, to Plutarch, and to modern writers of Greek history, like Grote, the student of the conflict is referred for all details. But the result, at least, of this great battle should be known to every traveler who looks upon this scene of the dénouement of the tragedy. The Athenian fleet having at last been hopelessly defeated, some forty thousand soldiers, who were thereby stranded in this foreign land, resolved to march through Sicily to their friends and allies in Segesta. It proved a terrible mistake. Many of them were sick and wounded, and the entire force had practically no provisions. At the end of a week, out of the forty thousand, only seven thousand remained. This broken and demoralized force was soon compelled to surrender; and then, like cattle in a slaughter-house, the wretched men were herded into this capacious quarry, which was at that time only a vast, naked pit, without a particle of mural shrubbery to mitigate its glare, or trees to shield the captives from the burning sun. Here the majority of them slowly died under the pitiless, indifferent stare of Syracusans, whose Greek blood only made them more relentless toward their former coun-



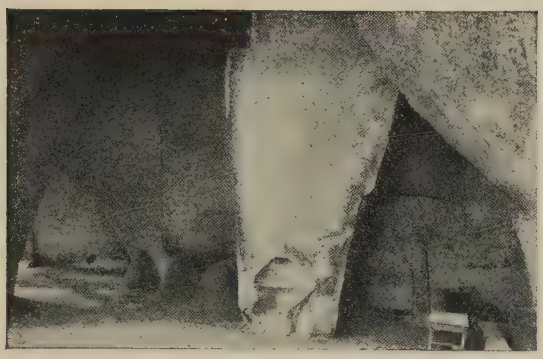
THE QUARRY'S LABYRINTH.

trymen. Both Nicias and Demosthenes are said to have committed suicide.

One singular fact is worth recording, as illustrative of the age. Among these hapless prisoners, wasting away in agony, those who were able to recite to their æsthetic conquerors passages from the plays of Euripides, were drawn up out of this appalling charnel house, and set at liberty, — a boon which they acknowledged to the dramatist by flinging themselves at his feet in gratitude when they again reached Athens. What a strange civilization, after all, was that of the Hellenic world! Upon the stage the Greeks could not endure the spectacle of suffering, and their tragedians merely announced the violent deaths, which were supposed to have overtaken characters behind the scenes. Yet these same men could stand upon the border of a shadeless quarry, and calmly watch the dying agonies of prisoners, whose haggard faces looked toward them imploringly, and whose emaciated hands fell slipping from the sterile cliffs in a last vain appeal, or in a gesture of supreme defiance and farewell! We shudder at our modern wars, and rightly execrate them as unspeakably absurd and shameful at this stage of man's development; but when we recollect the tender care bestowed now on the wounded of all armies by the noble agents of the Red Cross, and then compare this with the savage cruelty shown by the Syracusans to the troops of Nicias, we are encouraged to believe that, after all, mankind advances, even

THE QUARRY'S CLIFFS AND BOULDERS.

THE STREET OF TOMBS, SYRACUSE.



THE GRAVE OF AN AMERICAN SAILOR.

though its progress be so slow, that to appreciate it one must look back sadly over dreary intervals of time.

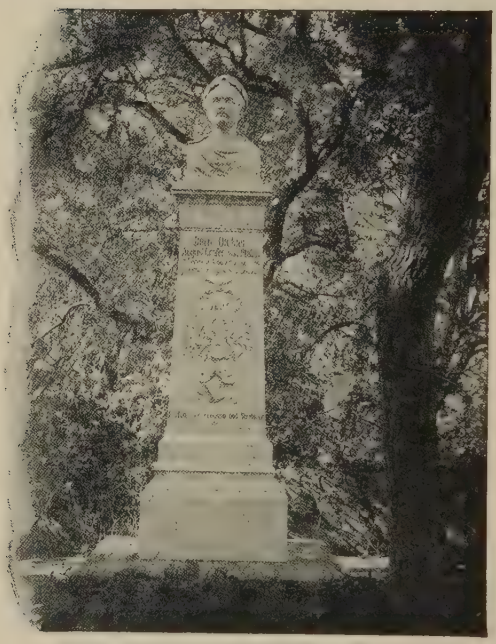
In one of the recesses of this cavernous limestone, my thoughts were suddenly recalled from Grecian to comparatively modern times, as I perceived, carved on the wall a foot or two above the ground, an inscription in the English language. Stooping a little to decipher it, I found that it marked the resting-place of

"William K. Nicholson, Midshipman in the Navy of the United States of America, who was cut off from society in the bloom of life and health on the 18th day of September, 1804, and in his eighteenth year."

It seemed to me at first a lonely, desolate spot in which to bury this young stranger. But on a second visit to the place, I realized that these grand, historic cliffs form one of the most sublime of earthly sepulchres, and guard his memory more se-

WHERE THE ATHENIANS DIED.

curely than would any ordinary cemetery. For hundreds of his countrymen and countrywomen annually pass through this renowned enclosure, and — moved by that instinctive sympathy which anything American awakens in a foreign land — none of them fails to give to him the homage of a gentle word, or the still tenderer tribute of a sigh.



TOMB OF THE GERMAN POET, A. VON PLATEN.

Not far away from this, within the beautiful gardens of the Villa Landolina, — open to all visitors, — I came upon the tombs of several other foreigners, whose bodies were received here by the owner of the property, and given honorable burial, when prejudice or legal barriers had excluded them from consecrated ground. To one of these, the German poet August von Platen, a handsome shaft and bust have been erected; while a still more impressive monument is the stately pyramid, upon whose marble portal — beside a beautiful figure in relief clasping a wreath-encircled funeral urn — I read the words:

"As a testimony of the Respect in which they hold the Memory of James S. Deblois, Purser of the United States Ship 'Constitution,' who departed this life at Syracuse on the 30th of Nov. 1803, this Monument is erected by his Brother Officers."

Below this, also in relief, is a circular medallion bearing the American Eagle surrounded by stars. More than a century has

elapsed since this pathetic
tribute of affec- tion was erected
here, and all the "Brother
Officers," who reared this tok-
en of their love, must have by
this time also "departed" on
that last, inevi- table voyage,
from which no traveler returns.
But the endur- ing pyramid still
stands here, shaded by wav-
ing trees, ca- ressed by cling-
ing vines, and robbed of every
trace of gloom by the warm
glow of Syra- cusan sunshine.

MONUMENT TO THE PURSER OF THE "CONSTITUTION."

Hence, it became for me a sacred moment, when I stood beside this stately monument and saw how, in the home of Damon and of Pythias, Love conquers death and triumphs over time.

There is, however, another source of interest to all Americans in this memorial of James Deblois; for the old ship on which he served as purser was none other than the famous "Constitution," popularly called "Old Ironsides," which made such a glorious record for her country and herself in the War of 1812. It was, indeed, the proposal of the Secretary of the

"OLD IRONSIDES."

Navy, in 1830, to dismantle and sell this stanch, old hero, that caused an outburst of indignant protest, and led the poet Holmes to pen his famous stanzas, commencing

"Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.
Beneath it rang the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more."

That this superbly patriotic poem contributed largely to the preservation of the gallant frigate there can be no doubt; and standing by that lonely grave in Syracuse, it was a comfort to remember that the "Constitution" still floats, "in ordinary," in the Boston Navy Yard.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Another relic of old Syracuse, suggesting happier memories than those which haunt the Quarry of the Capuchins, is its superb Greek Theatre. Well suited to the grandeur of the city, this was, with two exceptions, the largest building of its kind in the whole Grecian world; and, as I stood upon its ancient pavement and gazed up at the sweeping curve of its imposing auditorium, I marveled equally at its impressive architecture and its wonderful preservation. The five and twenty centuries which have passed since the first audience gathered in its stately semicircle have altered it so little, that one can still count forty-six of its original sixty tiers of seats, on some of which the names of their distinguished occupants are

legible to-day. Cut from the solid limestone of the hillside, they easily accommodated twenty-four thousand people. The lower rows, which were then faced with marble, were reserved for the aristocracy; and had they not been plundered of their precious coating, this portion of the theatre would be now almost as perfect as when Euripides himself produced his plays here to delighted audiences, and when the most illustrious poets of the golden age of Sicily recited their inspiring odes. How small and trivial appear our modern theatres, with their painted canvases, their jets of gas and burners of electric light, their folding chairs, and cramped proscenium boxes, compared with this majestic auditorium, hewn from the natural rock, roofed only by the dome of heaven, and lighted by the sun of Sicily! Slowly we made our way up to the highest row, pausing repeatedly at this point or at that, and trying to realize that we stood upon the very seats once crowded with so many thousands of attentive listeners, and which once echoed to the choicest specimens of Hellenic literature. We pictured also to ourselves the scene which must have been presented here, when thousands of Syracusans crowded every inch of stand-

STATUE OF EURIPIDES.

ing room upon these benches, and, in an agony of alternating hope and fear, watched, hour after hour, that momentous conflict in the harbor, in which at last their countrymen were conquerors, and the proud ships and naval power of Athens were destroyed forever. But now these seats, which, as the tide of battle fluctuated to and fro, resounded either to delirious cries of joy, or else to wails and lamentations, wait in pathetic solitude and silence for audiences that will never come; the grass-grown,

THE GREEK THEATRE.

limestone blocks give echo merely to the traveler's footsteps; and on the stage, where many of the masterpieces of Greek drama were performed, the only actors are the blithe chameleons, which, with their frequent transformations of bright colors and lightning-like rapidity of glance and movement, are playing here their little tragedies and comedies — as interesting doubtless to their world as those of Æschylus to ours. To an unseen spectator surveying our small planet's ceaseless panto-

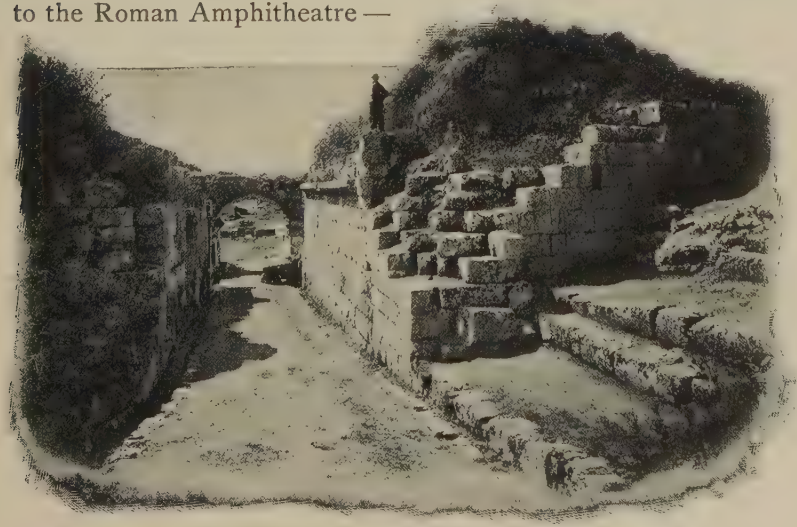
SYRACUSE AND THE HARBOR, FROM THE GREEK THEATRE.

mimes in animal and human lives, how much real difference between them is discernible?

A million more, a million less,
What matters it? The earth rolls on,
Unmindful of mankind's distress,
Or if the race be here, or gone.

Man, insect, earth, or distant star,
They differ only in degree;
Their transient lives, or near or far,
Are moments in eternity.

Leaving this noble relic of the past, a short walk brought us to the Roman Amphitheatre —



ENTRANCE TO THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE.

an edifice completed several centuries later than the Grecian theatre, and shortly before the commencement of the Christian era. It is a stately ruin, of the oval form peculiar to such buildings, with curving rows of moss-grown seats ascending, one above another, from the arena to the topmost rim, which is at present tapestried with grass and flowers. At either end of the ellipse a solitary arch still stands, like a decrepit, weary sentinel, forgotten and abandoned by a vanished world. The space between them is

THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE.

a quiet, peaceful spot, — such as the Roman Colosseum and the Baths of Caracalla used to be a quarter of a century ago, — where one can spend an afternoon alone, with nothing to disturb his reading or his reverie. Yet this vast auditorium could not rouse in me the same enthusiasm which the old Greek theatre always kindled, for its associations are not intellectual, but brutal. In one the most refined and cultivated citizens assembled to enjoy the elevating products of Athenian genius; but to the other

IN THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE, SYRACUSE.

came a multitude debased by gladiatorial combats introduced to the Syracusans by their Roman conquerors. The earlier Grecians here had no such tastes, despite the fact that only a few steps distant from this amphitheatre we may still behold a monstrous sacrificial altar, more than six hundred feet in length, where, it is said, four hundred and fifty oxen every year were offered to the gods in gratitude for their divine assistance in the popular revolution which ended in the expulsion of the

THE GREAT SACRIFICIAL ALTAR, BUILT BY HIERON II.

tyrant, Thrasybulus. But this by no means proves the ancient Syracusans to have been bloodthirsty; for sacrificial offerings of animals have formed a part of the ritual of all religions of antiquity at a certain stage of their development, and characterized particularly the religion of the Hebrews down to the very destruction of their Temple, and the dispersion of their race. There is a world-wide difference, therefore, between the blood shed on this altar in religious rites and that which flowed

in the Roman amphitheatre at the bidding of degenerate rulers, to gratify the tigerish lust of a degraded populace, which found delight in watching the destruction of their fellow-men between the jaws of famished beasts, or by the still more pitiless short sword of the gladiators.

THE SYRACUSAN VENUS.

Compared with the remains of ancient Syracuse upon the mainland, the relics of antiquity within the present town — that is to say, upon the island of Ortygia — are few in number, yet extremely interesting. Some of these are now sheltered in the Syracuse Museum, among them being a beautiful statue of Venus in Parian marble, which, although sadly mutilated, ranks undoubtedly among the loveliest representations of the female form which have come down to us. In this museum, too, is a remarkable collection of old Syracusan coins, which would elicit admiration even from those who usually take no interest in numismatics. For Syracuse produced the most beautiful coins in the world during its period of Grecian sovereignty, and skilled numismatists consider the Sicilian coins, made here in

the fifth century before Christ, the finest specimens of medallion art that the world has ever seen. Some of the heads of men and forms of horses, cast then in both gold and silver, are modeled with a technical perfection and delicacy of execution which have never been surpassed, and bear examination under a magnifying-glass.

But probably the relic of old Syracuse best known to every classical schoolboy is the famous Fountain of Arethusa, which Cicero described in prose, and Ovid and Virgil pictured in mellif-

THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

luous verse, before the advent of the Christian era. From some mysterious, unknown source it rises copiously through an opening in the natural rock, and forms a deep, clear pool, enclosed now by a semicircular marble wall, adorned with graceful vases. Within it many fish are swimming, just as when the first of Roman orators beheld it; and now as then a "wall of stone" protects its sacred contents from the sea. Unfortu-

nately, however, one very important change has taken place here; for, whereas Cicero called its water "sweet," it is now slightly brackish, an earthquake shock having broken down some subterranean barrier and given entrance to the sea. The pretty legend of this fountain which, immortalized in painting and in poetry, has survived two thousand years, relates that Arethusa, a lovely Grecian nymph, while bathing in a sheltered forest stream, was seen by the Arcadian river-god, Alpheus, who, when she fled from his approach, pursued her to a place considered sacred to Diana. There, too exhausted to run further, the maiden prayed for assistance from the goddess, who at once transformed her into a fountain, in the hope of baffling her pursuer. The river deity, however, recognized the change; and mingling his waters with her own, sank down with her into the earth, passed under the Ionian Sea to Sicily, and rose there, evermore united to her, in the island of Ortygia. Such is the charming myth which painters have portrayed on canvas and

THE ARETHUSA PROMENADE, SYRACUSE.

FORTIFICATIONS OF ANCIENT SYRACUSE.

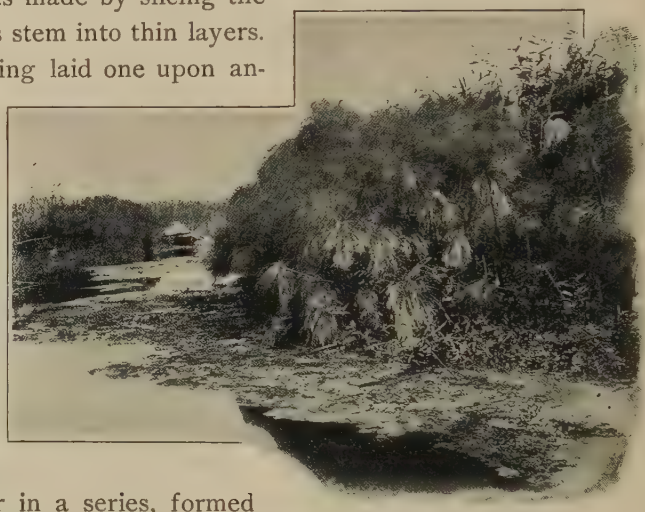
poets have described in graceful metaphor, from Virgil's day to that of Shelley.

In still another respect is this historic spring associated with the literature of the past, since in its waters grow some specimens of the old papyrus plant, from which was made, for centuries, the writing material of the ancient world. Strangely enough, the little river, Anapo, only a few miles south of Syracuse, is, with

THE PAPYRUS-BORDERED ANAPO.

its tiny tributary, the Cyane, the only place in Europe where the papyrus now grows wild; and though it is occasionally found in Abyssinia and Nubia, in Egypt itself, — the land from which it was originally brought to Syracuse, — it has died out completely. We made an excursion to the Anapo, as to some sacred source of early light and literature. The little boat in which we stemmed the rapid current of the narrow stream required the services of two men, one of whom rowed when there was space enough to do so, while his colleague either pushed with a long pole, or thrust back the papyrus reeds, when they bent over us too closely. This plant, which was so long the faithful guardian and preserver of the literature

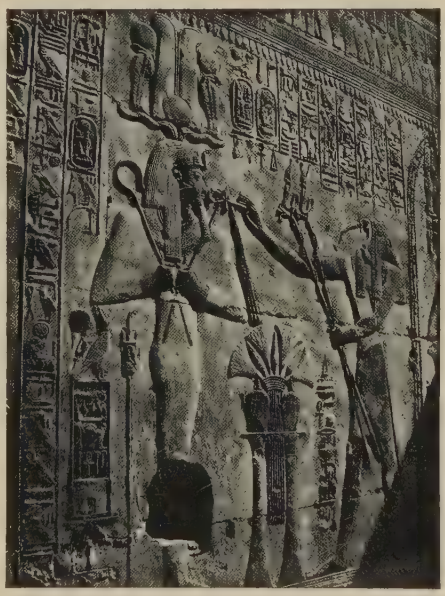
of the world, consists of several light green stalks that grow to a height of from twelve to fifteen feet, and spread out at the top into a tuft of threadlike fibres. The famous writing paper of antiquity was made by slicing the moist pith of its stem into thin layers. These, after being laid one upon another, were pressed together to form a sheet, which was eventually carefully dried, and polished smooth with ivory. A score or more of these sheets, pasted together in a series, formed a book, which for its better preservation was always rolled, and fastened at one end to a small, round stick. In writing on papyrus the Egyptians used two inks, of different colors. Most of the text was traced in black, while red (rubra) was used for marking the beginnings of paragraphs — a custom which originated not alone the mediæval fashion of illuminating manuscripts, but also gave to us the expression "rubric." Indeed, since we are led thus to consider etymology, we may as



ROWING UP THE ANAPO.

THE PLANT.

well recall the fact that the first leaf of such a manuscript, serving as a kind of preface to the rest, was known as "Protocollon," from which our "protocol" is derived. Moreover, the Romans gave to a sheet of this papyrus the name of Charta, which now repeats itself in our word "card"; while papyrus and byblus being merely different forms of the same word, the first has given us "paper," and the second "Bible."



WHERE PAPYRI ARE FOUND.

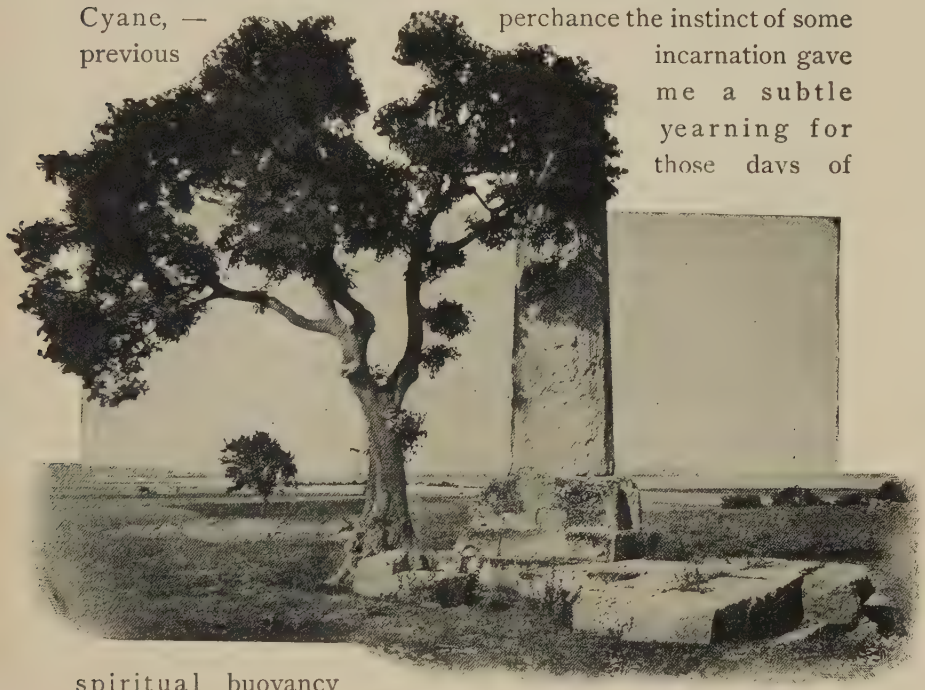
I must confess to being deeply moved in the presence of these last survivors of that once invaluable plant, which not alone suggested to Egyptian architects a graceful form of columns for their temples, but has brought down to us the treasures of Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek, and Roman thought. Papyrus rolls are represented on the walls of some of the oldest of Egyptian tombs; and many of the scrolls themselves have been discovered in the mummied hands of men who read them by the Nile five thousand years ago. For we must not forget that libraries existed many centuries before the invention of printing. In all the foremost cities of antiquity there were enormous libraries, containing hundreds of thousands of papyrus rolls, — frail barks in which the learning of the world had been confided to the stream of Time. All of the poetry that we prize, from Homer's time to that of Horace, was traced on this material. Papyrus also held the writings of Thucydides

and Xenophon, the books of Livy and the commentaries of Cæsar; while even the gospels, with their precious record of the life and words of Christ, were copied and recopied on the substance furnished by this very plant, whose silken threads now rustle only in the breeze that steals across the Syracusan bay.

About a mile from the entrance of the river, the tufted stalks of the papyrus parted, and we found ourselves upon the surface of a deep and limpid pool. It was the classic Fountain of Cyane. No spot in Sicily is mythologically more romantic, or more inseparably linked with Grecian gods; for here it was that Pluto cleft the earth, and carried fair Persephone down into the nether world; and here too, Cyane, the pretty nymph and playmate of the stolen girl, so mourned her loss, that she was mercifully transformed into the fountain, whose lustrous waters represent her tears. In such a charming spot, apparently consecrated to the Muses; beneath an exquisitely azure sky; surrounded by papyrus plants, and near the site of one of the most splendid temples of the past, — the famous Shrine of Jupiter, which Cicero described as one of the three most beautiful in the world, — who can be blamed for yielding to the fascinating spell of that old, classic age of myth and poetry, when on the brilliant loom of Nature men wove lovingly a golden-threaded veil of legend and romance, and when each natural force suggested to them the existence of a

THE FOUNTAIN OF CYANE.

secret soul? Certainly, as I floated reminiscently upon this charming fountain, — the source of the papyrus-bordered river, Cyane, — perchance the instinct of some previous incarnation gave me a subtle yearning for those days of spiritual buoyancy and joy in life which marked the youth of the Hellenic world; and basking in the amber radiance of the Sicilian sun, I felt inclined to murmur to the solar deity,



SOLE RELIC OF THE TEMPLE OF OLYMPIAN JOVE, NEAR THE RIVER ANAPO.

> Stupendous Source of life and light!
> As in thy warmth my pulses thrill,
> Before thy glory and thy might
> I feel myself a Pagan still,
> And in my spirit's inmost shrine
> I half adore thee as divine.

The greater part of Sicily's impressive ruins and historic cities lie on or near the coast. In all of them the sea — serene and lovely in its azure amplitude — forms the inseparable back-

ETNA, SEEN FROM SYRACUSE.

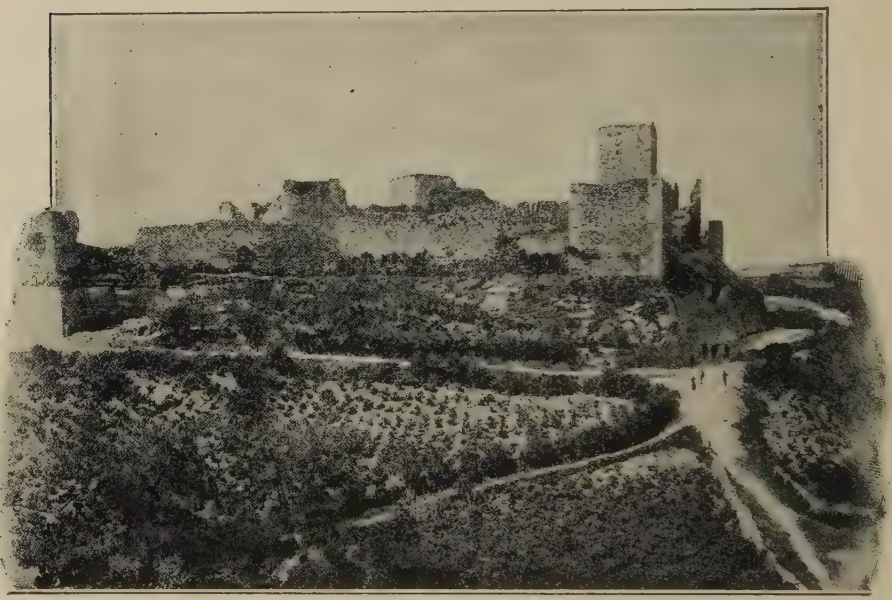
ground of Trinacria's relics of the past. Hence, when we left it for a journey through the centre of the island from Syracuse to Girgenti, I felt the loss of something beautiful which had become for me an indispensable adjunct to Sicilian scenery. Another notable feature of the landscape on this journey was a lack of forests. The blame for this is due, however, not to nature, but to man, who has improvidently cut down millions of fine trees which formerly abounded here, until Sicilian woodlands constitute but three per cent. of the island's total area. In fact, except upon the flanks of Etna, there are few forests now in Sicily, and even these are being ruthlessly destroyed. In 1850, in the vicinity of Palermo, there were more than twenty thousand acres of good woodland. At present the same region has but five thousand acres. As a result of this reckless spoliation, the traveler crosses countless river beds, which during most of the year are merely arid wastes of sand or

CASTROGIOVANNI, THE ANCIENT "ENNA."

channels of rough boulders, yet which are sometimes capable of becoming suddenly seething torrents of destruction.

The few Sicilian towns that one discerns are usually perched on rocky and precipitous heights. Thither the peasants, warned by long experience with banditti, return at night on mules and donkeys from the distant fields which they have cultivated through the day. Thus, though there are in Sicily numerous populous centres, the villages are few in number, and one sees very rarely any isolated houses. Moreover, so malarial are parts of the interior, that even peasants will not sleep there. Indeed, from a certain station on the line between Syracuse and Girgenti it is customary to send the railroad employees by special train each evening to the neighboring, healthful town of Castrogiovanni, and on the following morning to convey them back again! This town of Castrogiovanni, by the way, not only occupies the centre of the island, but, on account of its wonder-

ful situation on a mountain summit more than three thousand feet above the sea, is one of the most picturesquely located cities in the world. This was the celebrated "Enna" of the Greeks and Romans, and held for centuries the noble temple to Demē ter, patroness of Sicily, whose name and power were here espe-



CASTLE OF CASTROGIOVANNI.

cially revered. Opposite this, on the other side of the valley, rises another mountain crest, on which is built the town of Calascibetta. Between them is the railway station common to them both, and round them lie the fields, so famed for their fertility, where fair Persephone was gathering flowers, when carried off by Pluto. It is not strange that this remarkable legend should have had its origin here; for if the lands surrounding "Enna" formed in ancient times a mighty sea of undulating grain, they also had adjoining them a region so replete with sulphur that it suggested necessarily the close proximity of the nether world. In fact, the region lying between Castrogiovanni and Girgenti

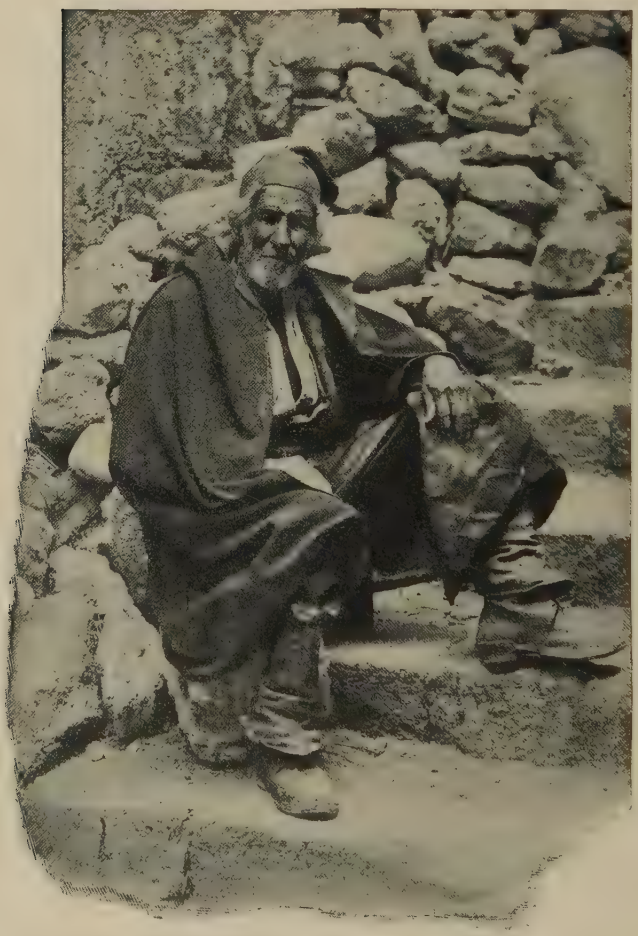
might be called the Yellow Country, for practically the only exportation from this portion of Trinacria is sulphur. One sees innumerable freight cars filled with amber blocks of it, and frequently the station platforms and the rails are covered with its yellow dust.

The importance of this industry to the country will be seen from the fact that out of the five hundred thousand tons of sulphur annually necessary for the world's consumption, no less than four hundred thousand (or four fifths of the whole amount) are now produced in Sicily. One might conclude from this that sulphur mining here would be remunerative. But now that sul-

CALASCIBETTA.

phur can be readily extracted, and sulphuric acid can be easily made from iron pyrites, keen competition has reduced the business to a painful struggle for existence. Of course the problem is how to reduce to a minimum the cost of its production. The mines are practically all alike. Steep, rock-hewn steps descend

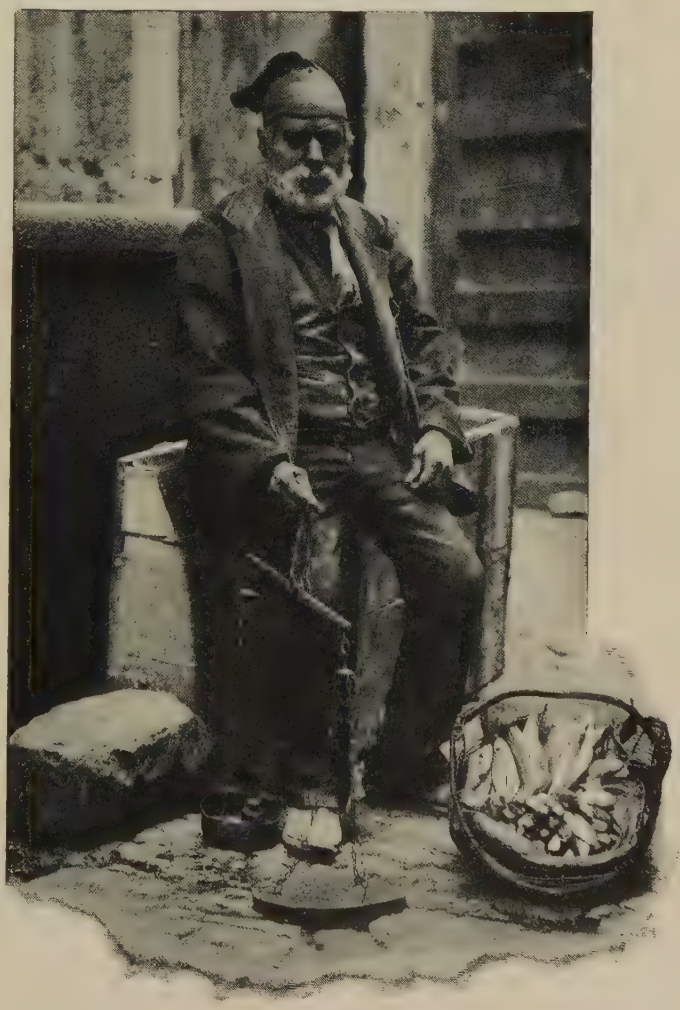
to depths at which the heat resembles that of a furnace, and nauseating odors make one's breathing difficult. The miners work below in a temperature of over one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, and earn for this exhausting labor about forty cents a day. But since their employer usually pays them only by the month or quarter, they are obliged meanwhile to live on credit at the manager's store. This means, of course, that owing to exorbitant charges and excessive rates of interest, the men have little or nothing finally to show for their unhealthful toil.



IN THE YELLOW COUNTRY.

But even this expenditure must be materially lessened! Accordingly, the managers of the mines employ a multitude of wretched children, who are virtually slaves, having been sold by their parents to the overseers for fifty or sixty dollars apiece, when eight or nine years old. The agonizing life led by these

children, who are called *carusi*, is said by those who have investigated their condition to be something horrible. Their duty is to bring to the surface sacks or baskets of the excavated ore, and up the steep and arduous ascent these youthful martyrs toil with well-nigh naked bodies, panting breath, and trembling limbs, looking like living skeletons, as, bathed in sweat, they mount the steps which are too high for their small legs. The wage which they receive for this is ten cents for twelve hours' labor! Theoretically, when they have thus worked off the money paid for them, they are free to go; but usually many years of almost insupportable suffering must be endured before that goal is reached, and during that long interval a large proportion of them die, or become physical wrecks. I saw a number of these sulphur mines from a distance, but I confess I did not have the



A FISH PEDDLER.

FROM HAND TO MOUTH.

heart to look upon the misery which a descent into those infernos would have certainly revealed. It was bad enough to hear descriptions of it from a man who had repeatedly visited the region, and explored it thoroughly. Yet, to confirm his statements, I quote from a report made on this subject by Signor Adolf Rossi, of the Roman "Tribuna," who with a member of the Italian Parliament made, a few years ago, a visit to one of these mines employing thirteen hundred laborers. He says:

"We began the descent, stooping over and holding with our hands to the vaulted roof. The steps, dug in the soil, are very irregular, sometimes low, sometimes high, now worn away, now dry and dusty, sometimes wet and slippery. We had gone a few yards when we distinguished a faint light. It came from the lamps of a few *carusi* who were coming up, bending under their loads of sulphur. Then we heard their sighs of anguish, growing more distinct as they drew nearer to

VENDER OF SNAILS.

THE AGE OF POVERTY, AND THE POVERTY OF AGE.

us, — the sighs of young children scarcely able to go forward, yet obliged to stagger on for fear that the miner should come to beat them with his stick, or burn their legs with his lamp. De Felice and I felt our hearts bursting, as we stepped to one side to let this procession of pariahs pass. As we saw them, bent under their burdens, trembling on their unsteady legs, pity so

seized on us that we ourselves wept like two children. We stopped some of them, and saw for ourselves that they had the skin of their shoulders and spines all the way down the back either red and raw, or callous where it had been abraded; and there were many scars and bruises. Farther on, in a gallery where the steps were higher and more difficult, we came on another procession of these *carusi*, bending under their terrible loads, which are from sixty to one hundred and fifty pounds; enough, one would think, to kill a child by exhaustion. I heard one say, weeping, to a companion, 'I can go on no more; I must let the sack fall.'

HARD TIMES IN GIRGENTI.

At a third turn there was another, with his burden on the ground. He wept as he crouched beside it. He had fair hair and blue eyes; but the eyes were reddened with weeping, and the tears fell over pale, hollow cheeks. In my career as a journalist I have seen men shot, hanged, lynched, and massacred; I have seen horrors of every kind and deaths in every way; but I have seen nothing which affected me like this."

In the city of Girgenti, but a few miles from these sulphur

mines, a young man of refined appearance, gentle manners, and appealing eyes begged me to take him with me, and to let him work for me in even the most menial capacity. For this he asked no wages whatsoever, but said that he would be both grateful and contented to have sufficient food, some clothing, and a decent home. In answer to inquiries, he told me, quite as a matter of course and as a thing too common to be mentioned with surprise, that many people in the neighborhood annually die of hunger. The character and limits of this sketch of Sicily do not permit me to dwell further on this painful subject, or to discuss at length the problem of such awful poverty. But since it positively is not due to drunkenness, or even to idleness, the blame must lie far more with the Government than with the governed. The principal causes seem to be the absentee-ownership of large estates, which are in consequence worked by heartless middlemen; and the oppressive taxes levied by a nation more ambitious to have fleets and armies and to play the rôle of one of the leading European Powers, than to protect her

CRIER OF DELINQUENT TAX SALES.

citizens from hunger, wretchedness, and the necessity of emigration. Under such circumstances can we wonder at the growth of socialism, or that the truest friends of Italy are begging her to make some changes in the social status of her people?

Wilt thou, Italia, spurn their prayers with scorn ?
Snatch the last morsel from thy serfs' white lips,
Ravish for murderous strife their eldest born,
And squander millions on thy useless ships ?

Make thine ill-paid officials banded knaves,
Drive thy starved sons by thousands from thy shore,
Send them to rot in Abyssinian graves,
And hide the cancer festering at thy core ?

Yet none the less shalt thou most dearly pay
For playing thus the war-lord's pompous part,
When thou shalt feel, at no far-distant day,
The people's dagger driven through thy heart.

AMERICA AND SICILY.

Notwithstanding the appalling misery of the Yellow Country, no part of Sicily was to me so interesting and impressive as the site of that illustrious city of antiquity, called by the Greeks Acragas, by the Romans Agrigentum, and by its present citizens Girgenti. This, like Selinus, its contemporary and rival, lies on the island's southern shore, and in full view of that majestic portion of the Mediterranean, called the Mare Africano. It was undoubtedly one of the most splendid cities of the ancient world. Pindar, the greatest of Greek lyric poets, sang of it as the loveliest of them all; and the most famous man whom it produced — the poet and philosopher, Empedocles — said of his fellow-citizens that they built as if they were to live forever, yet gave themselves to pleasure, as if they were to die upon the morrow. Gaining colossal fortunes by their trade in oil, corn, and wine with Carthage, only eighty miles away, the merchants of Acragas showed a luxury and splendor

THE MODERN GIRGENTI.

ANCIENT SARCOPHAGUS, FOUND AT GIRGENTI.

which became proverbial. Before the house of the millionaire Gellias, for example, slaves stood continually to invite all passing strangers to refresh themselves beneath his roof; and five hundred horsemen are said to have been received and lodged by him at one time. Within his cellars also were three hundred reservoirs of wine, hewn in the solid rock, each of which held about nine hundred gallons. Yet Gellias was only one of many such luxurious and hospitable plutocrats in Acragas. Some of them built elaborate monuments to horses which had won for them distinguished races. Others erected tombs for household pets. When one of the city's athletes returned vic-

torious from the Olympian games, three hundred chariots went out to welcome him, each drawn by snow-white horses. Moreover, some of the finest paintings and statues in the world were gathered in the temples and private dwellings of Acragas, among them being the famous painting of Venus, — the masterpiece of Zeuxis, who chose the five most beautiful maidens of the city for his models, and showed, as a result, a marvelous combination of their points of loveliness. In the gymnasiums of Acragas even the strigils were of gold, as were the jars containing oil for lubrication. Yet this renowned metropolis had even a shorter period of prosperity than Selinus; for in less than two centuries after its foundation, the Carthaginians captured and destroyed it, in 406 B.C., sending its works of art to Africa, and carrying off twenty-five thousand of its citizens to slavery. This really sealed its fate; for, though it subsequently played a minor rôle, as Agrigentum, under the Romans, it suffered cruel outrages at every new invasion of its tempting territory, and never could regain its ancient glory.

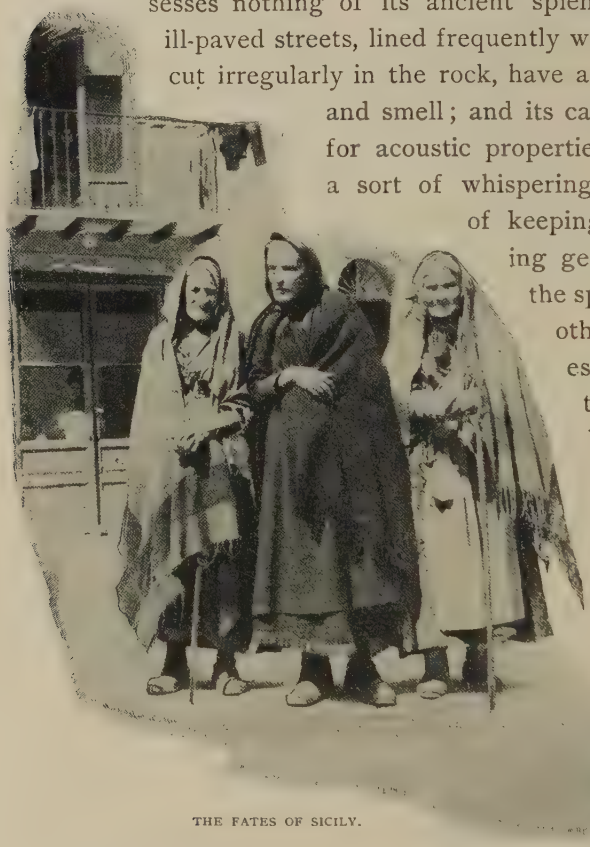
HEAD OF DEMĒTER. VATICAN.

The modern town, Girgenti, perched on the summit of a cliff twelve hundred feet above the sea, was formerly the

acropolis of Acragas; but the old city of the Greeks extended also over the adjoining slopes, and held within its walls, ten miles in circuit, those famous temples, whose remaining shafts and prostrate blocks alike bear witness

"To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome."

It is hardly worth while entering modern Girgenti, for it possesses nothing of its ancient splendor. Its steep and ill-paved streets, lined frequently with narrow dwellings cut irregularly in the rock, have an unwholesome look and smell; and its cathedral, famous only for acoustic properties which make of it a sort of whispering gallery, seems out of keeping with the dominating genius of the place — the spirit of antiquity. In other words, the interest of the traveler centres here upon a broad, high bluff, some two miles distant from the town, where not a modern habitation now exists, save one well-kept hotel, and where the ghosts of vanished greatness haunt the historic slopes, still dominated by the pale gray olive of Minerva.



THE FATES OF SICILY.

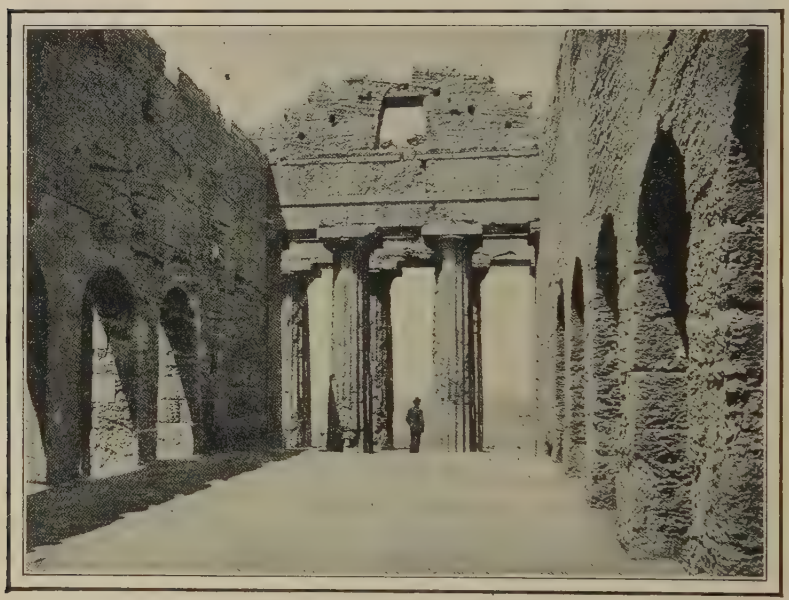
Here, overlooking the blue sea, where once the galleys of the Cæsars rode at anchor, stand in pathetic solitude the relics

HOTEL DES TEMPLES, NEAR GIRGENTI.

of five Doric temples, unique to-day among the ruins of the world. Their situation is enchanting, and forms an illustration of the perfect art with which the Greeks united architectural beauty with a natural background of impressive loveliness. They are in various stages of decay. The Temple of Concordia, for example, supports its weight of five and twenty centuries so

TEMPLE OF CONCORDIA, GIRGENTI.

lightly, that it suggests the Parthenon, and at a little distance one could almost fancy that a line of white-robed worshipers might step at any moment from its stately portico. The Temple of Hercules, on the contrary, consists now only of one solitary column, rising in grandeur from the verge of a steep cliff, while all its former comrades have been scattered here and there, like mutilated pages from a volume, sacred to the gods. In this, originally noble edifice, was hung



INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF CONCORDIA.

another celebrated work of Zeuxis, for which the artist had refused all payment, considering it as priceless, and which he therefore gave gratuitously to the city. Here also stood the grand bronze statue of Hercules, which the corrupt proconsul, Verres, tried to steal, with the result of being subsequently held up to the scorn and execration of mankind by Cicero. Of the superbly situated Temple of Juno no less than sixteen columns are still standing, although both they and their less for-

tunate companions were erected here before the year which saw the immortal exhibition of Greek valor on the plain of Marathon.

Grandest of all these architectural triumphs of Acragas was, however, the Temple of Jupiter — the largest Grecian sanctuary in the world, except Diana's splendid fane at Ephesus. We do not usually associate Grecian shrines with magnitude; but here at least are the ruins of a building, whose length was three hun-

TEMPLE OF JUNO, GIRGENTI.

dred and sixty-three feet, and the height of whose nave exceeded that of St. Paul's in London by eighteen feet. Moreover, some of the huge blocks weigh twenty tons, and into any of their flutings — as Diodorus certified more than two thousand years ago — a man can place himself with ease. Among the wreckage of this temple lies a monster figure, broken into thirteen pieces. In 1401 this was still standing with two comrades; but all of them were then pulled down, and in the subsequent century, the

other two, together with innumerable other fragments, were carried off to build a pier in the neighboring harbor of Girgenti.

A charming feature of these temples is the fact that they are made of yellow sandstone. Hence, at a little distance and in certain lights, their columns have a look of tawny gold. No photographic illustration, therefore, gives the least idea of the delight-

INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF JUNO.

ful coloring of these structures, whose stony masses, in the spring, rise, golden-hued, from the florescent fields. They teach us the inestimable lesson that it is only soul and character that really are of value, and abide. They have no glittering marbles or mosaics to appeal to us, yet their sublime proportions even in their bare, rough nakedness evoke, in hearts that feel and brains that think, a lofty reverence for the past. The bindings of these beautiful stone poems have been rudely torn away, but the immortal poetry still remains. Seated among their time-worn

shafts, one thinks with sadness on the slow and intermittent progress of humanity. Instead of one, unwavering advance along the entire line, the onward movement is irregular, relative, and local.

The course of human history reveals one country after another reaching an outpost in the march of civilization, far ahead of its contemporaries, but failing, after some decades or centuries, to hold the position thus acquired, and frequently relapsing into semi-barbarism. To make the circuit of the Mediterranean along the coasts of Asia Minor, Palestine, and Egypt, the Grecian Archipelago, the shores of Attica and Italy, the plain of Carthage, and the ill-fated island of Trinacria, is but to pass from one place to another where mighty nations have, in turn, attained the zenith of their splendor, only to sink ingloriously back into the twilight of degeneracy or the night of national annihilation. Thus if each age, at some points

TEMPLE OF JUPITER, GIRGENTI.

on our planet, has its own preëminent achievements and successes, it has at other points its retrogressions and defeats. At present we are proud of our astonishing inventions for the rapid manufacture of commodities, and the swift transportation of our thoughts, our bodies, and our merchandise from one part to another of our globe. Indeed, while engaged in writing these lines, the news has just been given me that a telegraphic signal sent from Washington has made the circuit of our earth in seven seconds, its course being meantime indicated on an enormous map by the successive lighting of electric lamps!

But, is the net result of this and many other instances of wonderful rapidity of movement a really higher type of character and a more refined mentality? In architecture, sculpture, painting, history, forensic eloquence, ethics, poetry, and the drama, is this, our twentieth century of the Christian era, superior in masterful achievements to those which marked the age of Athens and Acragas? Have we a single modern building in the Occident which, like the temple at Segesta, will outlive two

THE PROSTRATE GIANT IN THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER.

thousand years, or, if it does, will then elicit admiration? Where do we find to-day in their respective spheres the equals of Praxiteles, Phidias, Socrates, Demosthenes, Thucydides, Homer, Plato, Euripides, and Æschylus? What code of morals is nobler than that of Marcus Aurelius? What character in history surpasses in perfection that of Antoninus Pius? Such thoughts occur to one with indescribable intensity on such a memorable site as this of old Acragas.

TEMPLE OF CASTOR AND POLLUX, GIRGENTI.

HEAD OF JOVE. SYRACUSE MUSEUM.

How many worshipers have pressed these sacred steps with feet long since transformed not merely into dust, but possibly by this time into the very flowers, which now with every passing breeze exhale their perfume toward these empty halls! How many rulers, dynasties, and races have Girgenti's temples seen pass brilliantly before them on this sunlit cliff, and fade away! Yet Nature still remains the same as when the Greeks adored her manifold phenomena. Demēter, it is true, no longer haunts her hallowed home; Jove, Hercules, and Juno are no more; and their magnificent abodes are now but empty shells. But Spring, — the enchanting Spring of Sicily, — whose praises the Sicilian bard, Theocritus, sang more than twenty centuries ago, returns to-day with the same youth and

DEMĒTER, WITH TORCH LIT AT ETNA.

beauty it has always worn. Day after day the sun still smiles upon these broken columns; night after night the moon in silvery silence steals along these lonely corridors, and softens their austerity; and over their deserted altars rise and set against the background of eternity the faithful stars.

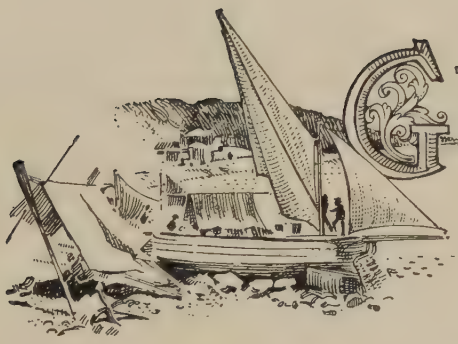
I never shall forget the last sweet moments of seclusion at Girgenti, when, lingering among its stately protégés of Time, I gazed in calm, delicious reverie through their steadfast arches toward the sapphire sea. It was the time of sunset — the hour of poetry and romantic sentiment. Across the purpling plateau the Angelus came stealing toward the radiant temples, calling the followers of the faith which has succeeded that of Greece and Rome to join in uttering that touching prayer which signals

the declining sun around the world, and marks the solemn closing of the day. Below me lay the tranquil sea, sweeping in opalescent splendor from this legend-land of Grecian gods toward the mysterious continent, on whose unseen shore Girgenti's ancient enemy, Carthage, now lies buried in a shroud of sand. The marvelous beauty and impressiveness of my surroundings hushed my voice and filled my eyes with tears; for the enchanting landscape and its ruined temples together formed the pure quintessence of the two great charms of Sicily, — the smile of Nature and the culture of the Greeks, — that is to say, the two best things that God and man have given to the world.

FAREWELL TO SICILY.

GENOA

GENOA'S CAMPO SANTO, FROM A DISTANCE.

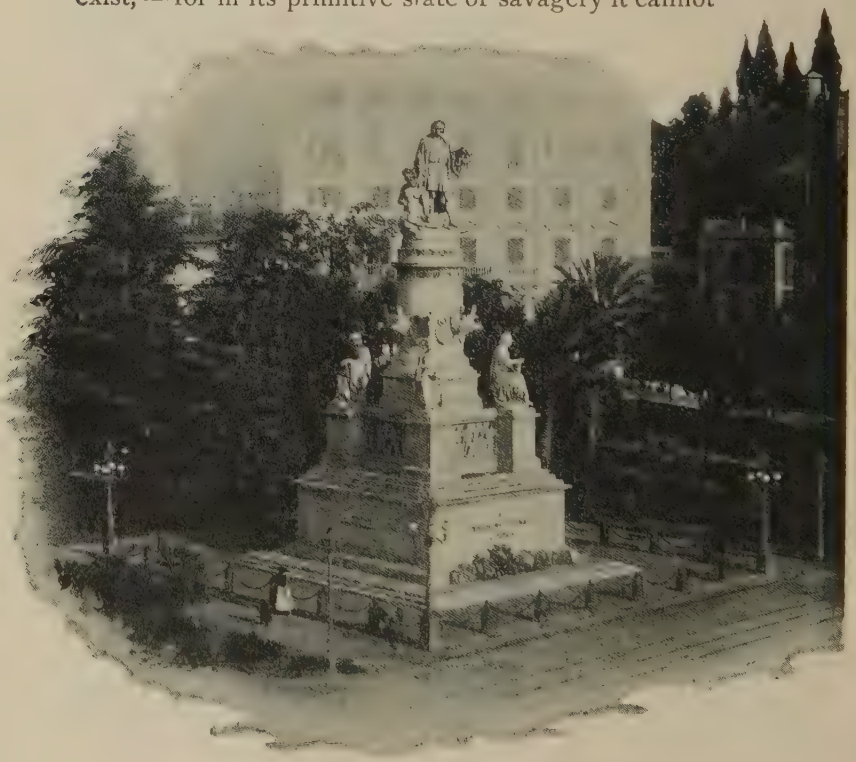


GENOA

IF Genoa in the person of Christopher Columbus discovered America, America in its turn may be said to have discovered Genoa. A dozen years ago comparatively few Americans ever visited the place, unless on the way to Italy from the Riviera. But now that steamers regularly run between the Mediterranean and New York or Boston, Genoa has become the favorite European port of entry or departure for thousands of American tourists yearly. Moreover, since the average traveler is not inclined to rush directly through the terminal of a voyage of fourteen days, and likes even less to start upon his homeward journey without a few last preparations and impressions at the point of embarkation, Genoa, for a time at least, attracts and holds a great majority of these arriving and departing guests.

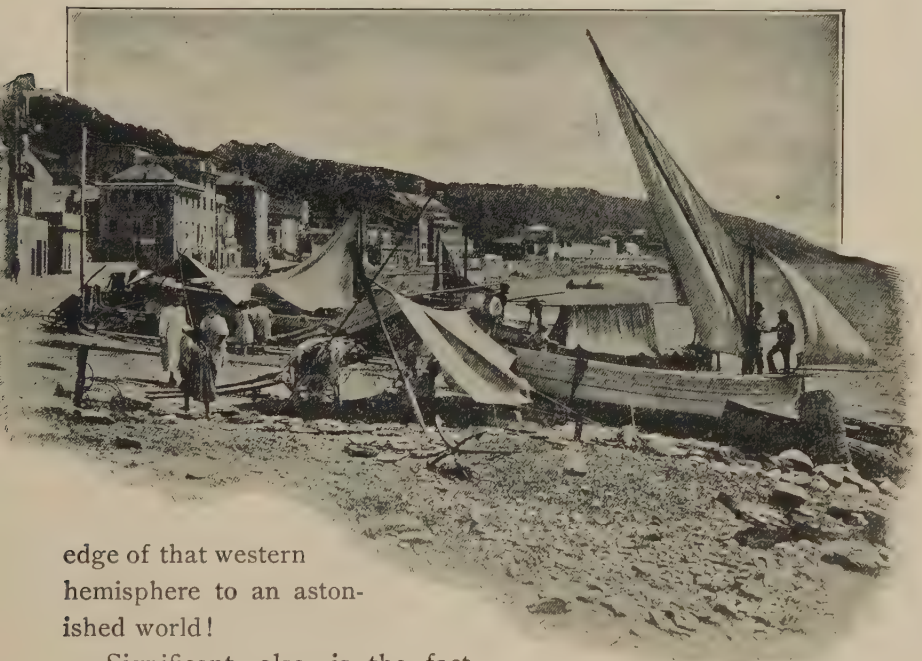
PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS, MUNICIPAL PALACE.

Whether one reaches it by land or water, the first conspicuous feature of the city which one usually notes — since it is near both port and railway station — is the impressive monument to Christopher Columbus. It gives a newly landed citizen of the Great Republic a curious sensation to look down from his hotel window on this stately figure, and let his thoughts roam backward over the waste of waters he has lately traversed. He thinks of the vast continent, now teeming with the energy of millions, girded from sea to sea by many lines of railway, and gemmed with cities rivaling in wealth and size the oldest in the world, and it is difficult for him to imagine that great area as ever having been other than it is. But this memorial of the great Discoverer reminds him that there was a time (and not so very long ago) when that huge western world did not exist, — for in its primitive state of savagery it cannot



MONUMENT TO CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, GENOA.

truthfully be said to have existed,—and when men walked these winding streets of Genoa and lived within its still imposing palaces with no conception of the continents of North and South America, sleeping in their gigantic solitude three thousand miles beyond the exit of the Inland Sea. And yet it was the man commemorated by this statue, whose probable birthplace is the neighboring village of Cogoleto, whose childhood's home is still preserved here, and whose eyes unquestionably looked on many of the edifices that we see to-day, who brought the knowledge of that western hemisphere to an astonished world!



COGOLETO, BIRTHPLACE OF COLUMBUS.

Significant, also, is the fact that Genoa has paid this tribute to Columbus, although, having been the first to receive from him the offer of his plans, she was the first — to decline them! Alas, how many other cities, either from a sense of shame or from a wish to share a little in the glory of their offspring, have been forced to honor, posthumously, those they

have in life rejected! What a fine theme for speculation is the question of how differently the course of human history might have run, had Genoa accepted the proposals of her gifted son, and if the New World had become thus the possession of his native state, instead of falling into the hands of Spain! For Genoa was not then, as now, a subordinate city of United Italy.

EARLY HOME OF COLUMBUS, GENOA.

Like Venice, its great enemy, it was for centuries an independent, prosperous Republic, governed by Doges or a powerful oligarchy, and guarded by its celebrated galleys, one hundred and seventy-four feet long and thirteen feet in breadth, which, with a well-trained crew of more than two hundred veterans for each vessel, furrowed the seas in all directions, and hurled themselves repeatedly against the ships of Venice, contending for the mastery of the Mediterranean. By means of these, in 1284, defeating Pisa — until then another fierce competitor — Genoa gained supremacy over Corsica and Sardinia, and founded numerous colonies in places like Marseilles and Nice in France, Tortosa and Almeria in Spain, and Tunis on the coast of Africa, as

well as on a series of important islands, from Cyprus in the east to Minorca in the west. Its symbol, meanwhile, was the griffin, — that grewsome creature of mythology, whose duty was to watch over hidden treasures, and which combined an

A CORNER OF GENOA'S HARBOR.

eagle's head and wings with the sharp claws and powerful body of a lion. Nor was this all; for in the thirteenth century the Emperor at Constantinople ceded to the Genoese the most important suburbs of that city, Galata and Pera, which they retained as bases for their commerce until the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, two centuries later. To Genoa also fell the valuable port of Smyrna, and her adventurous galleys penetrated the Black Sea, and carried colonists to the Crimea and the Caspian; while even on the banks of the Euphrates ambitious Genoese built massive fortresses to keep and to defend their city's trade with India.

With these advantages, Genoa naturally grew to be a finan-

cial centre of the first importance, and her once celebrated Banco di San Giorgio, founded in 1407, commanded for four hundred years the admiration of all Europe, and was the first bank in the world to issue circulating notes, negotiable by indorsement and not made merely payable to bearer. This was the place of registration, too, of Government loans, the interest and sinking fund of which were secured by a stated branch of the public revenue, so that the shares, which were always promptly paid, were as negotiable as United States bonds and English consols are to-day. In respect to national credit, therefore, Genoa was several centuries in advance of England, where market dealings in State funds began only in 1689. In fact, until the downfall of the Genoese Republic at the time of the French Revolution when it was not alone plundered by French troops, but when at one fell swoop the sponge was passed over all of its outstanding accounts, the Banco di San Giorgio

BRONZE STATUE OF COLUMBUS, PALAZZO ROSSO, GENOA.

had a credit no less solid and substantial than that which is enjoyed to-day by the Bank of England, and both the latter institution and the Bank of Amsterdam were practically modeled after Genoa's "St. George's." Within this ancient edifice still hangs the bell which formerly called the Council of Directors to their meetings; and this was presented to the bank, in the seventeenth century, by the Dutch Republic in return for a copy of its rules and regulations with which the Hollanders had asked to be supplied. But now this old, financial stronghold, which once administered to some extent the affairs of Corsica, as well as those of several ports in Asia Minor, and even of colonies in the Crimea, is no more. It has become an ordinary customhouse, with nothing to remind us of its ancient glory, save its handsome, monumental hall, made interesting by its numerous statues of Genoa's illustrious benefactors. The fact that some of these figures are seated and others standing is not, as might be fancied, due to a wish on the part of the sculptors to exhibit here variety, but to a rule established by the Council. Thus the distinction of a seated statue belonged exclusively to those who had contributed to the State a sum equivalent to

OLD BANK OF SAN GIORGIO.

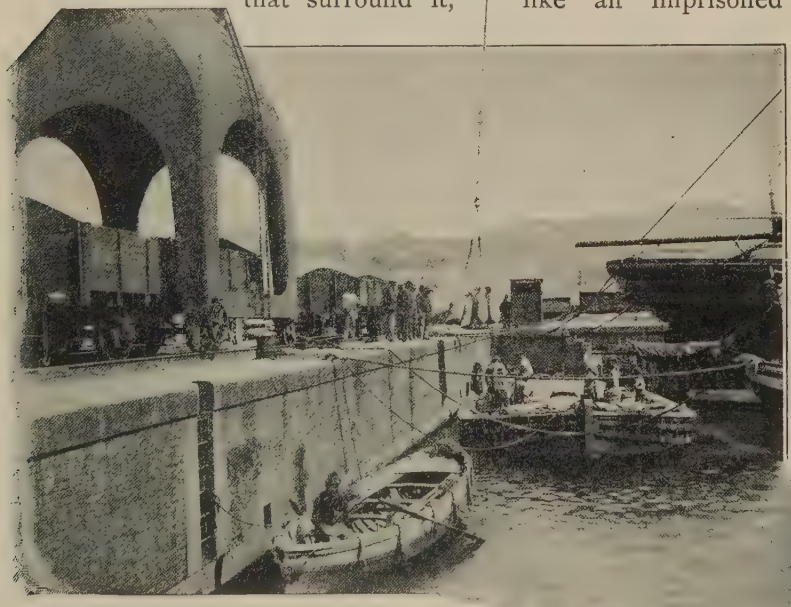
fifty thousand dollars; but standing statues could be gained by smaller gifts. In every case, however, the method of the donors was to leave their money in the bank *at compound interest* for at least half a century, and then, when the amounts had grown to very large proportions, to let them be applied to the removal or the diminution of some tax, which had weighed heavily upon the poor.

THE BOURSE, GENOA.

In this connection a curious feature of the olden times is called to mind by the ancient title "Banco di San Giorgio," as well as by the name of the Genoese Exchange, — the "Loggia de' Banchi," or the Portico of the Benches. For in the days when both these institutions flourished here, it was the custom in Italy for money lenders — principally Jews — to come together in the market places, where each one had his special bench, or "banco," which served at the same time as seat and counter. Whenever one of these bankers failed, his bench was broken, and he himself was called a "*Bancorotto*," or a "Broken Bench," the force of which expression still remains, though rarely borne in mind by those who use it, in our modern "Bankrupt." In view of this peculiar strength of Genoa in the past, it is interesting to remember that her banking business even now sur-

passes that of any other town in Italy. Moreover, since the opening of the St. Gotthard tunnel, Genoa has become not only the chief commercial city of the kingdom, but also, with the exception of Marseilles, the principal port in the Mediterranean. Indeed, if the recent lamentable strikes in Marseilles are repeated, the balance will perhaps be turned in favor of the Italian town.

One of the oldest and most interesting architectural souvenirs of ancient Genoa is the dark, square Tower of the Embriaci, which rises frowningly above the mass of ordinary buildings that surround it, like an imprisoned

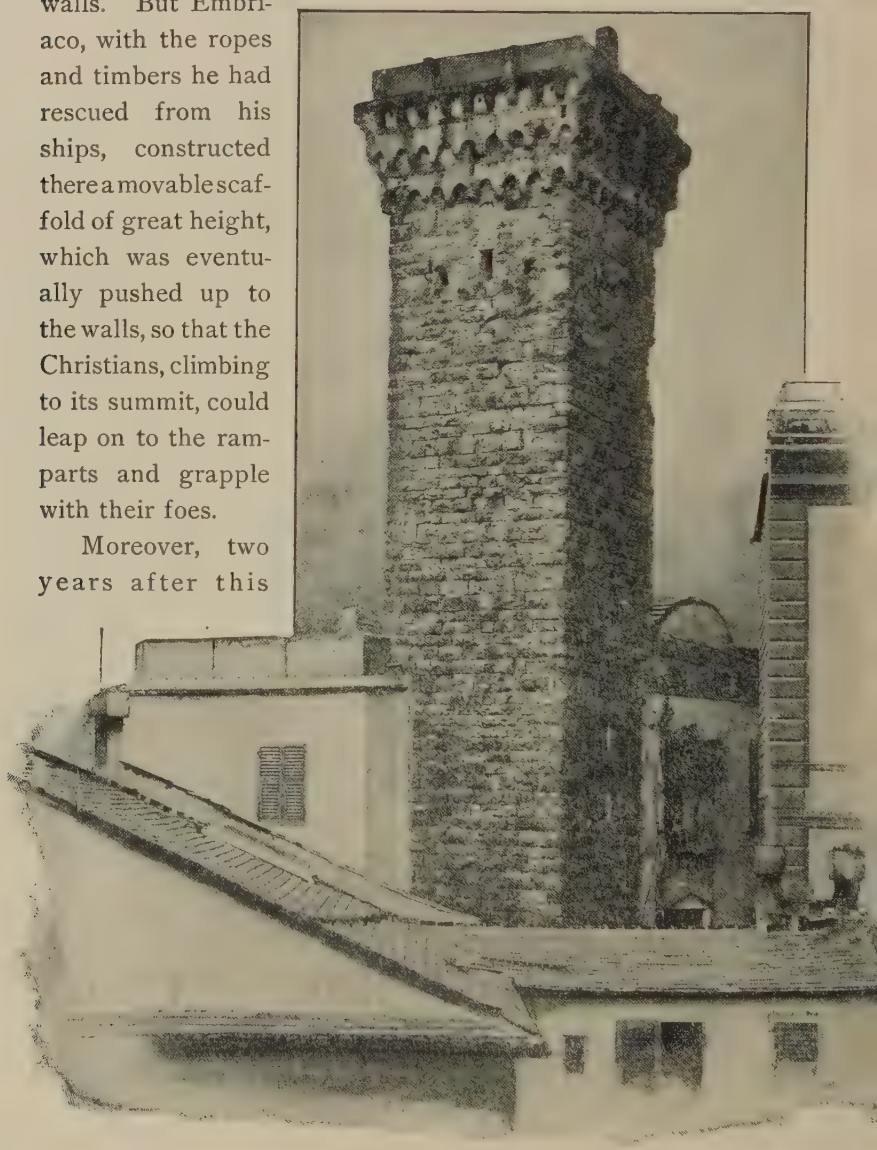


LOADING GRAIN AT GENOA.

giant, chained by lilliputians, or like a stern, old Puritan looking down disdainfully on a company of revelers in whose pleasures he can feel no interest. More than nine hundred years ago this formed the home of the Genoese captain, Embriaco, whose skill and valor did so much, in 1099, to achieve the conquest of Jerusalem. For, having burned his

ships at Joppa to prevent their falling into the hands of the Saracens, this hero led his followers to the Holy City, to assist a siege which was beginning to appear to the Crusaders almost hopeless, on account of the height and thickness of the walls. But Embriaco, with the ropes and timbers he had rescued from his ships, constructed there a movable scaffold of great height, which was eventually pushed up to the walls, so that the Christians, climbing to its summit, could leap on to the ramparts and grapple with their foes.

Moreover, two years after this



THE TOWER OF THE EMBRIACI.

achievement, with his Genalone, took by important rea in Palessecured an amount of native city. in 1196, when street feuds unbearable in when such were used by there as vanfrom which to stones and and boiling oil

AN OLD STREET ORNAMENT, GENOA.

mies, the Govdered all such be leveled to But this one, tion of the vices of Emfirst Crusade, and, as the stance of that

Embriaco, oese troops assault the town of Cæsatine, and thus enormous booty for his Accordingly, civil strife and had become Genoa, and towers as this rival nobles tage points hurl down pour hot lead on their eneernment orstructures to the ground. in considerasplendid serbriaco in the was spared; solitary instyle of architecture now in Genoa, remains a grand memorial of a mighty past.

One sees still further proofs of Genoa's former glory in walking down the Via Balbi and the Via Garibaldi, on either side of which rise marble palaces which are unsurpassed even by those of Florence. The difficulty is to get a suitable perspective of their grand façades, so narrow are the thoroughfares on which they front. Unfortunately, too, the Via Balbi, where

PALACE OF THE UNIVERSITY, VIA BALBI.

are the Palaces of the University and the Municipality, has been made positively dangerous for pedestrians by a double line of tramcars, the sides of which come perilously near the occupants of the restricted sidewalks. By standing on the opposite side of the street, however, in the shelter of a doorway, one gains some notion of the architecture of these palaces by leisurely observing their imposing entrances, their massive, decorated portals, grated windows, and thick marble walls. But even more impressive than their exteriors are their noble courtyards, which with their stately stairways, marble balustrades, and lofty, monolithic columns supporting two or more enormous galleries, seem worthy to be traversed only by the noblest of mankind. There is an air of amplitude and splendor in these spacious sunlit courts, surrounded by gigantic arches, that lifts one's thoughts above the pettiness and sordidness of common life. It should be quite impossible, for example, in such an edifice as the Municipal Palace to stoop to acts of baseness or corruption. Behind a number of these structures, also, are

retired gardens, where in the midst of orange-trees and flowers the roar of city traffic dies away to a soft murmur, almost silenced by a sweet-voiced fountain, and one looks out above the masts and funnels of the harbor to the glistening sea. The beauty of these structures formerly appealed to civic, as well as to individual, pride; and in consideration of the exceptional beauty of one of them its owners were declared exempt from all taxation evermore. Where could we find to-day Municipal Councils with so high an appreciation of æsthetics? In these magnificent mediæval dwellings, as in the old châteaux of France, one sees a grandeur and simplicity of form and an artistic sense of decoration, completely wanting in palatial houses of the present time, however lavishly adorned. The modern millionaire cannot conceive apparently of grand, harmonious proportions. Nor does his architect suggest them. In modern residential styles the marble lion has been largely superseded by the golden calf.

STAIRCASE IN THE PALACE OF THE UNIVERSITY.

One of these Genoese palaces, called

from the color of its walls the Palazzo Rosso, contains the most extensive picture gallery in the city, including many masterpieces of Vandyke and Rubens, both of whom once resided here. Not only is this fine collection opened gratis to all visitors daily, but the entire palace with its art treasures was, in 1874, presented to the municipality by its former owner, the Duchess of Galliera, together with a revenue sufficient to maintain it. This is, however, only one of many benefactions of this lady and her husband. Thus, but a few months after making this disposition of her splendid palace, the Duchess founded an asylum for the poor with an endowment of four hundred thousand dollars; and, a year later, gave two million dollars for the creation of three hospitals, — one for adults, another for children, and a third for convalescents. These have at present an endowment of more than five million dollars, and with their wonderful hydraulic and electrical conveniences rank among the finest

COURTYARD OF THE MUNICIPAL PALACE.

A ROOM IN THE PALAZZO ROSSO.

MONUMENT TO THE DUKE OF GALLIERA, GENOA.

of such institutions in the world. One of them, designed by the Duchess herself, is round in form, and has in the centre a circular apartment, well lighted and ventilated, which serves as a general sitting room for doctors, sisters, chaplains, and attendants, who at a glance command the entire length of all the wards which radiate from it like the spokes of a wheel. The slightest noise in them is heard, and the required aid can be immediately given.

Meanwhile, the Duke of Galliera, equally generous, pre-

STATUE OF THE DUCHESS OF GALLIERA, MUNICIPAL PALACE.

sented Genoa with four million dollars for the improvement and enlargement of its harbor, on the condition that the city should contribute for that purpose an equal sum. The result is seen in that remarkable series of dockyards, piers, and basins, equipped with the most modern appliances, which are the pride of Italy, and enable ocean steamers of the largest type to come directly to the land. Beyond them also massive break-

waters have been constructed, whose granite arms beat back the billows of the wildest storms, and make their fury powerless against the vessels gathered in their fold; while, towering over all, a monster lighthouse rises to a height of three hundred and eighty feet above the sea, and flashes its resplendent signal out upon the waters through a space of twenty miles.

In respect to treasures of historic interest, none of the Genoese palaces equals that of the municipality. Among its

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF GENOA.

contents is a well-preserved bronze tablet, whose legible inscription still records a boundary decision in the neighborhood, rendered by arbiters appointed by the Roman Senate more than a hundred years before the birth of Christ. This valuable relic was discovered several centuries ago by a peasant, plowing in a field near Genoa, who brought it to the city to dispose of it as a piece of metal! In the same room one sees facsimiles of letters written by Columbus, the originals being kept in the pedestal of his

MOSAIC PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS, MUNICIPAL PALACE.

bust, which stands in the anteroom of the Council Hall. In still another apartment hang two colossal portraits in mosaic. One represents Columbus, and was a gift to Genoa from Venice, when the former rivals became sister cities in the family of United Italy. The other is a likeness of his famous predecessor by two centuries, Marco Polo. The latter, as we know, was born in Venice, but on returning from his then unparalleled travels in Mongolia, India, and China, he was taken prisoner by the Genoese in one of the wars which raged so frequently between their city and the "Queen of the Adriatic." He, therefore, languished for a year or more in Genoa as a captive; and it was while thus helplessly imprisoned here that Polo dictated to a friend the precious record of his voyages and adventures, which no doubt had its influence on the active mind of the discoverer of America. Here is another proof of the tardy recognition of great genius on the part of Genoa. But now the city which

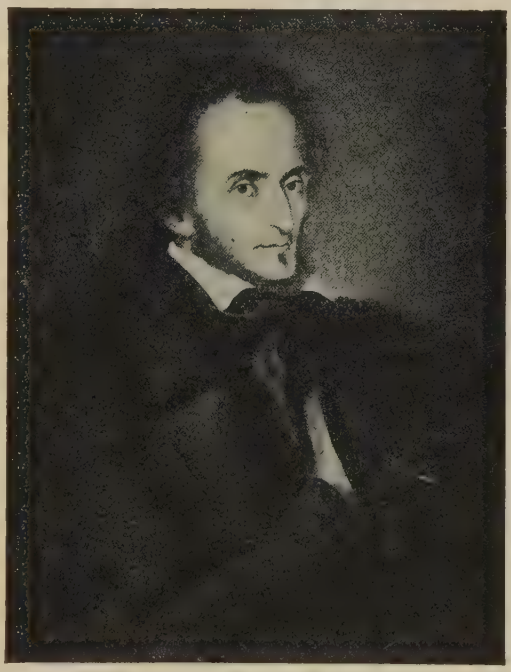
MOSAIC PORTRAIT OF MARCO POLO, MUNICIPAL PALACE.

ignored the one, and kept the other in a dungeon, treasures their portraits on a ground of gold! Time, after all, deals kindly with the memory of most great men. The chains they wear in life become the gilded links that bind them to posterity. Their prisons are transformed to expiatory chapels. Their fagots burn as beacon lights of history. Their Calvaries are holy ground. Their tombs are altars. The Cross becomes a symbol of Divinity.

In some respects a still more interesting relic in this palace is the violin of Paganini. Who can behold unmoved the instrument from which the wizard's hand evoked such subtle harmonies, but which a glass case now encloses, like a coffin? It is a "Stradivarius," and was no doubt the finest specimen that Paganini could procure of that rare, seventeenth-century workmanship which still remains the model for all time. How much he must have loved it! It was his one, inseparable comrade. It lay beside his chair by day and near his bed at night. He caused, moreover, to be printed on his concert bills, not "Paganini will appear" or "Paganini will play," on such an evening; but "*Paganini will cause his violin to be heard!*" Indeed, by making a literal translation of the word which he employed, *sentire*, this might be rendered "Paganini will cause his violin to be FELT." Could anything be more delicate and beautiful than this tribute of the master to his instrument?

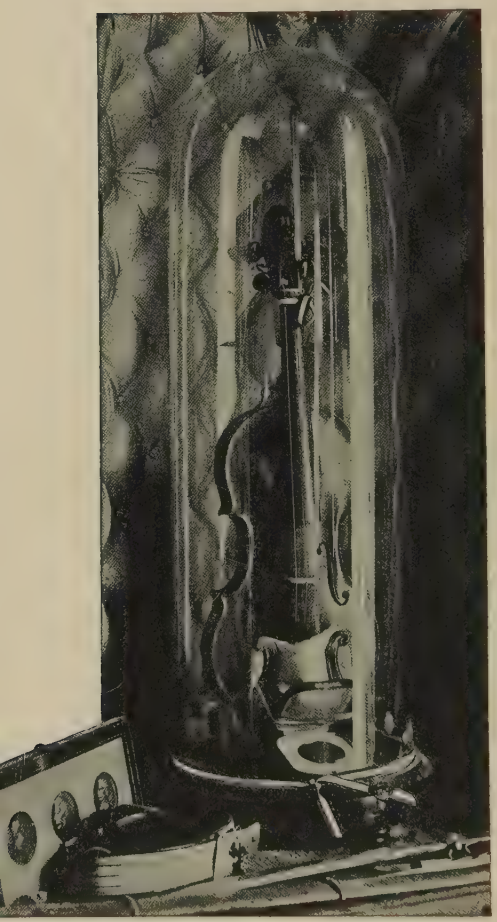
EXTERIOR OF THE MUNICIPAL PALACE.

For him that precious frame possessed a personality and character, if not an actual intelligence, and he was sufficiently loyal to the loved companion of his triumphs to make special mention of it to the world. As a performer, Paganini probably never has been equaled. Rossini said of him, "I have wept only thrice in my life; the first time when my earliest opera failed completely; . . . ; the third when I first listened to Paganini;" and Meyerbeer expressed himself as follows, "Imagine the most astonishing effects that it is possible to produce on the violin, and Paganini even then will go beyond your highest expectations." Indeed, so superhuman seemed his execution, especially when using the fourth string alone, that he was thought by many to be the offspring of the devil. Some went so far as to detect a fancied similarity in his countenance to that of Satan, and after one performance, a Viennese amateur declared that he had seen the devil standing at his side and aiding him! Accordingly, in many of the cities which he visited, he hardly dared to show himself in the streets, since his appearance always gathered round him curious and excited crowds. Among the less supernatural stories current in regard to him was one to the effect



PORTRAIT OF PAGANINI, GENOA.

that he had been a political prisoner for twenty years, during which time he had played continually on an old, discarded violin with but one string, thereby acquiring his marvelous dexterity. There was no truth in this romantic legend, for Paganini, born in Genoa, in 1784, of musical parents, had played the violin remarkably from childhood, and as a youth was wont to practice intricate passages for ten consecutive hours. He also was the author of music for the violin so difficult that no one but himself could play it. And yet behind his wonderful technique, and even his instrument, however admirably made, was Paganini's personality. This must have been surcharged with magnetism. For the first drawing of his bow across the strings is said to have sent a strange thrill through his auditors, which held them spellbound to the end. Here, then, is actually the fragile form from which he drew that pathos, tenderness, and passion, which made both men and women weep, at hearing music that seemed supernatural! What scenes of public triumph and of private sorrow in the master's life could not this violin describe, had it but voice and language! How often has his cheek



PAGANINI'S VIOLIN, MUNICIPAL PALACE.

pressed lovingly against its throbbing breast! How often have his fingers run with almost inconceivable celerity along its slender threads of tone! But now a silence, as of death, pervades it. Under another's touch would it, and could it, throb and pulsate as of yore? The skillful hand of the magician has been turned to dust, and his strange, restless spirit has departed from its earthly incarnation. May we not hope that also from his treasured violin, confined thus in its crystal sepulchre, the spirit he evoked from it has passed into another form, to gladden other lives?

THE HOUSE IN WHICH PAGANINI WAS BORN, GENOA.

Perhaps the most interesting spot in Genoa is the small Piazza of San Matteo. I do not know in any city a square that speaks so eloquently of a single family. It is almost entirely surrounded by the former palaces of the Dorias, who were to Genoa what the Scipios were to ancient Rome, and whose astonishing history is largely that of Genoa itself. Among these residences also stands the little church of San Matteo, founded by members of the Dorian family in 1125, and subsequently rebuilt and adorned by their successors. On

its façade one sees a number of inscriptions proudly placed there many centuries ago, to testify to the devotion of the Dorias to their native land. All who were honored thus were famous naval captains, who were not satisfied to shine at home in showy uniforms, but took an active part in hand-to-hand combats with redoubtable enemies, and came off victorious. Thus, in 1284, it was Oberto Doria who gained the celebrated victory over Pisa, in which he sank seven Pisan galleys, captured thirty-three, and brought home more than seven thousand prisoners. In 1290 Conrad Doria, commander of a second Genoese fleet, inflicted another crushing blow to the same enemy by breaking through the chain with which the Pisans closed the mouth of the Arno, and utterly destroying Pisa's port and fortifications. A few years later, Lamba Doria, with a fleet of seventy-two, completely routed in the Adriatic eighty-four Venetian galleys, of which he burned no less than sixty-six, and brought back eighteen to his native city. Among the prisoners taken by him in this battle was the trav-

PORTRAIT OF LAMBA DORIA, PALAZZO DORIA.

CHURCH OF SAN MATTEO, GENOA.

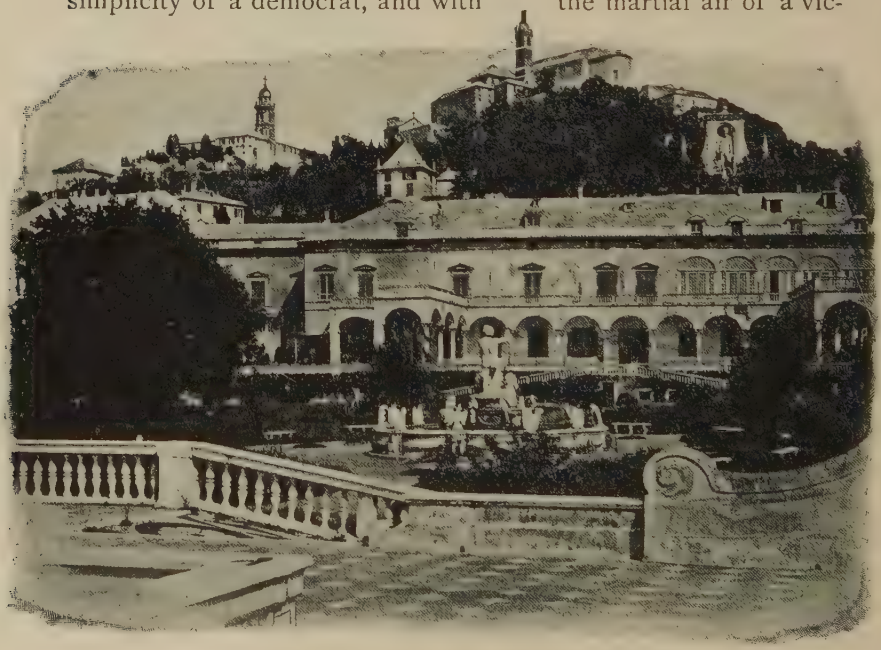
PORTRAIT OF ANDREA DORIA, PALAZZO DORIA, GENOA.

eler, Marco Polo. But this does not exhaust the list. Pagano Doria in 1353, and Lucian Doria in 1379, both gained remarkable triumphs over the Venetians, fully as advantageous and creditable to the Genoese as any of their predecessors; while even more renowned and capable than all the other members of this famous house was Andrea Doria, whose brilliant victories over the dreaded Turks and Barbary pirates gave him the rank and reputation of the greatest admiral of his time. Moreover, for having driven out of Genoa, in 1528, the hated French, his grateful countrymen presented him with a handsome palace in this same piazza, opposite the historic sanctuary of his ancestors. Of all the Genoese palaces, therefore, none so appealed to me as this. Above the door of the once noble structure we still can read the inscription stating that the Senate of the Republic gave this edifice to Andrea Doria, as the "Liberator of his Country," — a title which has ever since adhered to him, so that his name retains in Genoese history about the same distinguished rank as that of Washington in ours. Endowed with this prestige and as commander of the navy, he could have easily made himself

THE HOUSE OF ANDREA DORIA IN THE PIAZZA SAN MATTEO.

the sovereign of the State. But, far from doing so, he summoned an assembly of the people in this Piazza, disclaimed all right to such supremacy, and urged them to decide among themselves what form of government they preferred, and to elect impartially the man they wished to rule them.

Inspired by his disinterested spirit, the Genoese forgot their local differences, elected him as Doge, and chose a republican form of government, which lasted practically three hundred years. In his exalted station, however, Doria soon found this dwelling in the square of San Matteo far too small for the necessities of his State life. Accordingly his later residence was another Palazzo Doria, situated farther from the centre of the town, and overlooking both the harbor and the sea. Unfortunately now its handsome park has been invaded by the requirements of commerce, and from its celebrated fountain — said to be a portrait of Andrea in the character of Neptune — one can toss a stone upon the railway track, while standing within hailing distance of the steamships in the port. Personally, Andrea Doria seems to have combined the dignity of a prince with the simplicity of a democrat, and with the martial air of a vic-



PALAZZO DORIA, THE LATER RESIDENCE OF ANDREA DORIA.

torious soldier the manners of a polished gentleman. Yet though abstemious and modest in his private habits, he well knew how, as chief of State, to treat the sovereigns of Europe and their representatives with a liberality and splendor that eclipsed their own. Thus, he is said to have given here to the ambassadors of France and Spain banquets at which the silver dishes used in serving them were after each course thrown into the harbor. Did this display deceive his guests as to the wealth of the Republic, or did they possibly suspect that nets might have been placed below the surface by the wily Doge to catch the treasures seemingly discarded with indifferent recklessness? At all events, the residence of Doria was ever open to receive distinguished artists, who were entertained by him with almost royal honors; and these were usually glad to leave behind them here, as tokens of their gratitude, a charming fresco, handsome statue, or a well-turned sonnet.

STATUE OF ANDREA DORIA AS NEPTUNE, PALAZZO DORIA.

The conspiracy of Fiesco against this "Grand Old Man" of Genoa is a tragic and romantic incident, which forms the subject of one of Schiller's most impassioned plays. Of high rank, wealthy,

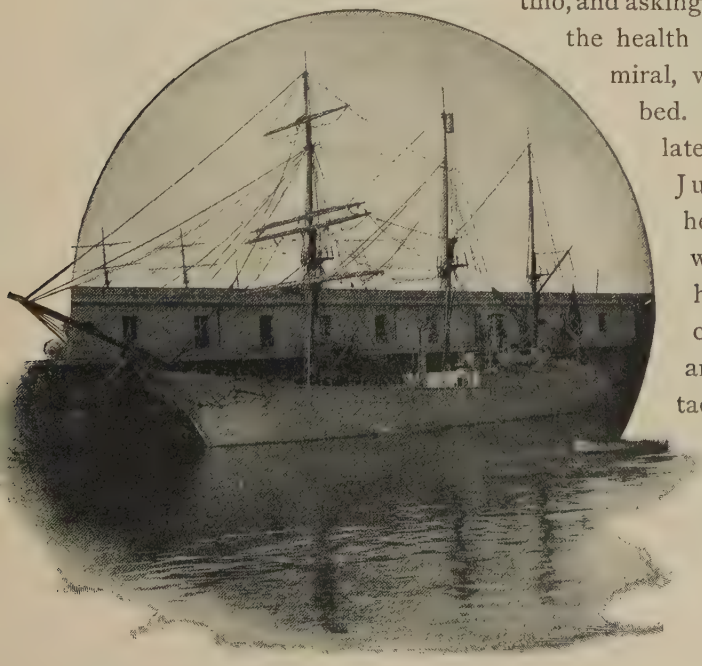
with engaging manners, and of striking beauty, Fiesco was the natural enemy and rival of the Dorian family, whose power and success eclipsed his own; and he especially hated Andrea's arrogant nephew Gianettino, who, as his heir, was likely to succeed him in the government. Political motives, also, urged him to this course. He saw that Genoa was a republic only in name; that Andrea had become its uncrowned king; and that the State itself was virtually dependent on the favor of the

VESTIBULE OF THE PALAZZO DORIA.

Spanish Emperor, Charles V. His plan was, therefore, to destroy the Dorias, and throw the weight of Genoa's influence into the scale with France, thereby effectively limiting the power of Spain. The King of France, as well as Doria's personal enemies, the Pope and the Duke of Piacenza, favored his scheme and secretly furnished him with men and galleys. Vague rumors of the intrigue had reached Doria, but he refused to entertain suspicions of Fiesco, whom he liked and trusted,

and, therefore, took no measures of precaution. On New Year's Day, 1547, the traitor, whose elaborate preparations were at last perfected, invited both the Dorias to a banquet at his palace, intending to assassinate them. Some trivial occurrence caused Andrea to decline the invitation, and another plan was necessary. Accordingly, on the following day, Fiesco visited Doria and his nephew with an ostentatious show of friendship, kissing repeatedly the two little boys of Gianettino, and asking tenderly after the health of the old admiral, who was ill in bed. A few hours later, this Genoese Judas, at the head of troops whose aid he had secured, captured the arsenal and attacked the ships. Gianettino was immediately slain,

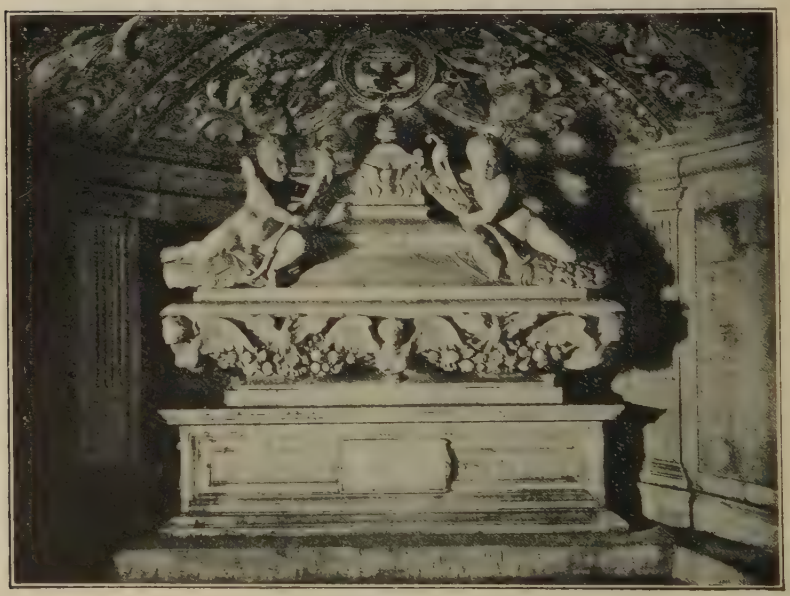
A CEILING IN THE PALAZZO DORIA.



THE DARSENA, WHERE FIESCO WAS DROWNED.

and so would probably have been the admiral, but that a speedy Nemesis overtook his would-be murderer; for, as he passed along a plank, laid from one galley to another, Fiesco made a false step in the darkness and, falling into the water of the Darsena, or dockyard, sank in his heavy armor to the bottom, like a stone, and drowned a few feet only from his own retainers, who in the uproar of the conflict could not hear his cries for help. His disappearance being speedily remarked, however, and his death proclaimed, his followers lost heart, and the conspiracy collapsed, with the result that Genoa heaped on Andrea still greater honors and additional proofs of her affection.

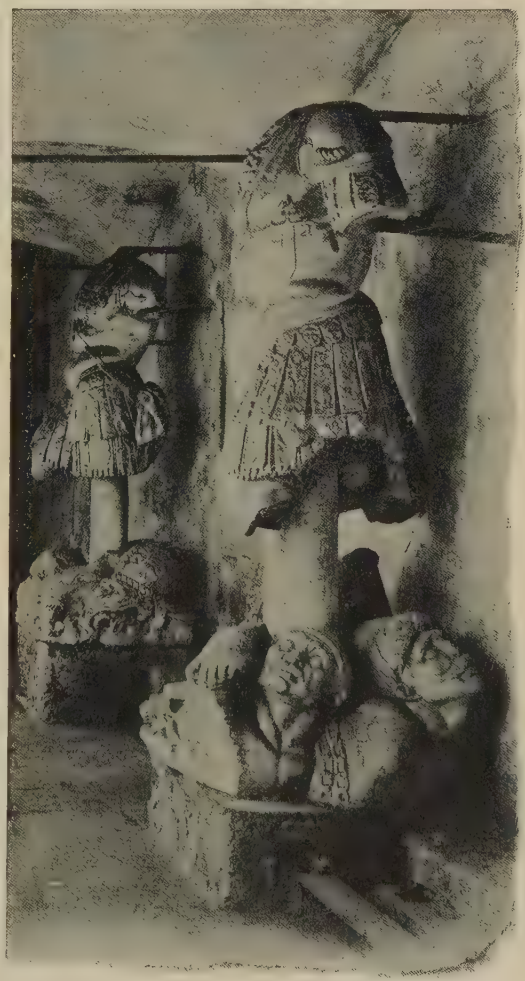
Thenceforth, in fact, his government was undisturbed, and he died finally, loved, honored, and revered, at the age of ninety-two. His tomb is, as it should be, in the crypt of the old church of San Matteo, directly opposite that early home of his, bestowed upon him by his countrymen. Above this in the church itself, and over its high altar — strange ornament for



TOMB OF ANDREA DORIA.

TOMBS OF THE DORIAS, PORTOFINO, NEAR GENOA.

such a place — still hangs the sword presented to him by Pope Paul III. in 1535. What most impressed me here, however, were two ruined statues of heroic size, now lying in the cloisters of the church. They represented once the famous Andrea and his ill-fated nephew, Gianettino; and, till the outbreak of the French Revolution here, both figures stood on lofty pedestals before the Ducal Palace. But they were then pulled down and broken by the populace, and now the mutilated torsos stand on columns at whose bases lie their heads, hands, feet, and fragments of their legs grotesquely heaped together. So weird and awful are their faces, looking up from this débris, as if protesting at the outrage, that one inevitably asks why no one has attempted to restore these statues. It seemed to me that I was looking at the evidence of a dreadful crime, and had to reassure myself by recollecting that in reality both these Dorias repose in honored graves.



RUINED STATUES OF THE DORIAS, CLOISTER OF SAN MATTEO.

Genoa's well-

known title, "La Superba," is not wholly due to her palatial residences. It may have been bestowed upon her also from her proudly dominant situation, which no one who has gazed upon it from the sea can possibly forget. No other urban gem in Italy, save Naples, has so glorious a setting. Her splendid semicircle of protecting mountains, crowned by frowning fortresses, is complemented by the ample curve of her majestic bay; and in the intervening space, between the noisy strand and tranquil mountain side, a multitude of stately edifices, terrace upon terrace, lift themselves in grandeur toward a radiant sky. These residential heights are usually reached by an electric railway or by modern streets, which make the ascent in sweeping serpentines. But such a situation necessarily called into existence long ago innumerable "short cuts" of communication. Hence up and down the slopes of Genoa wind steep, contracted flights of stairs, where donkeys are the only quadrupeds, and few adventurous tourists care to stroll. The dwellers on these Genoese hills might justly look upon themselves as well-trained alpinists, since climbing has become for them a second nature. Even their houses are enormous

GENOA, LA SUPERBA.

IN GENOA'S LABYRINTH OF LANES.

structures of at least six stories, the variegated colors of whose stuccoed walls make Genoa one of the most picturesque of cities, and add an element of gaiety to its grandeur. Down in the older portions of the town, as well, the buildings are unusually tall, and seem even higher than they really are because the streets between them are so narrow. These thoroughfares are paved with broad, flat, marble slabs, smooth as the surface of a tranquil stream; and as they wind about the bases of the ancient palaces, they seem so cool, so quiet, and so lonely, contrasted with the sunny and uproarious squares, that they remind one vaguely of the small canals of Venice. From many windows of these houses lovers could reach across the yawning gulf dividing them, and test the value of the proverb,

> "Take hands, and you part with laughter;
> Touch lips, and you part with tears."

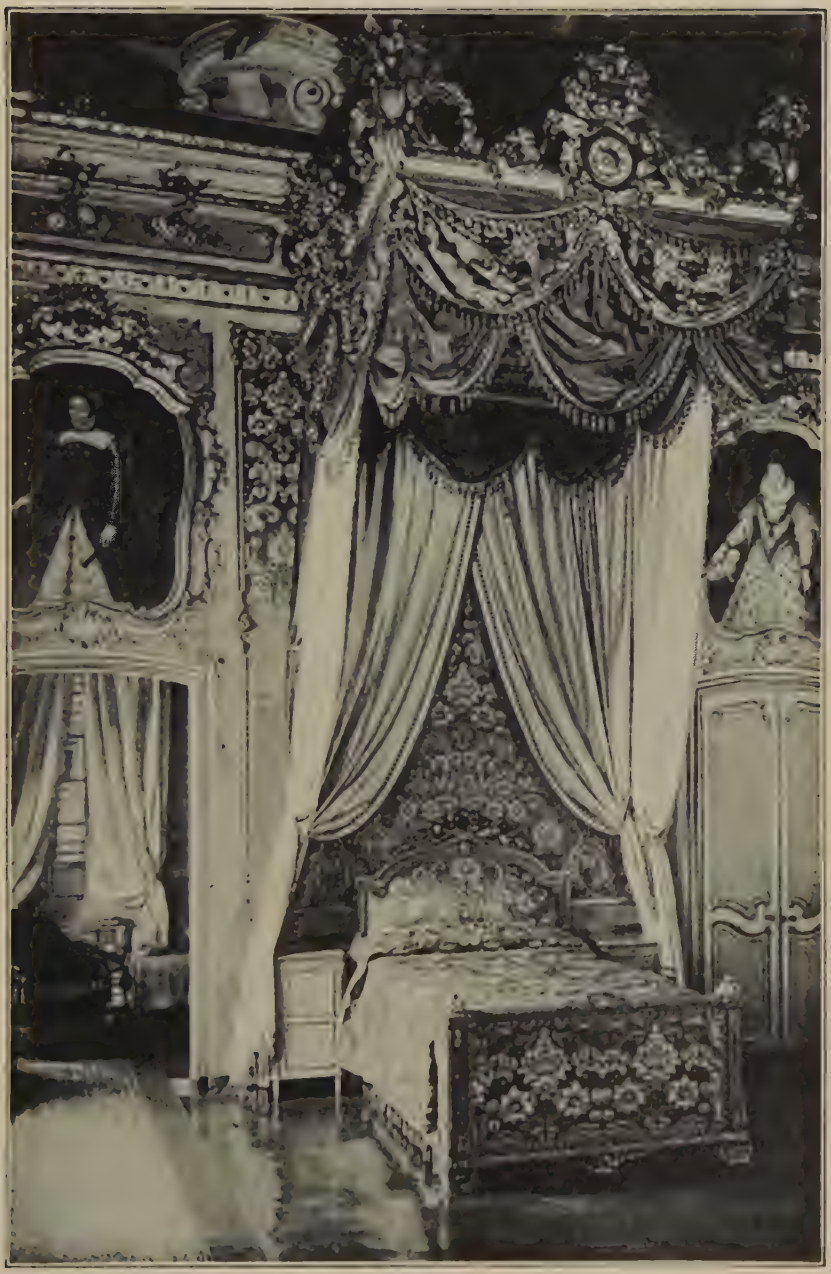
Only a vertical sun can gild the pavement of these Genoese canyons, and even that illumination is made rarer by the articles of clothing hung across them,

> "Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
> In Vallombrosa."

Despite their gloom, however, these alleys are not generally dirty or pestiferous. Nay, on a summer afternoon their twi-

light and tranquillity are refreshing; and there are many less agreeable occupations in the world than that of strolling at one's leisure through this labyrinth of lanes, pausing to notice here and there a once majestic doorway, or a bit of mediæval carving, or to reflect upon the time when through these streets the gilded sedan chairs of Genoese nobility, preceded by their torch-bearers, were wont to glide by like terrestrial gondolas. For here are many sombre palaces, which once were the abodes of merchant princes, but now stand half apologetically in the dimness of these shabby passageways, like fallen members of old, aristocratic families, still lingering in the shadow of forgetful patrons, and clinging to the outskirts of gentility. Dilapidated though they are, they still possess a certain dignity and air of better days, which call to mind the saying of the French King Louis XII.,

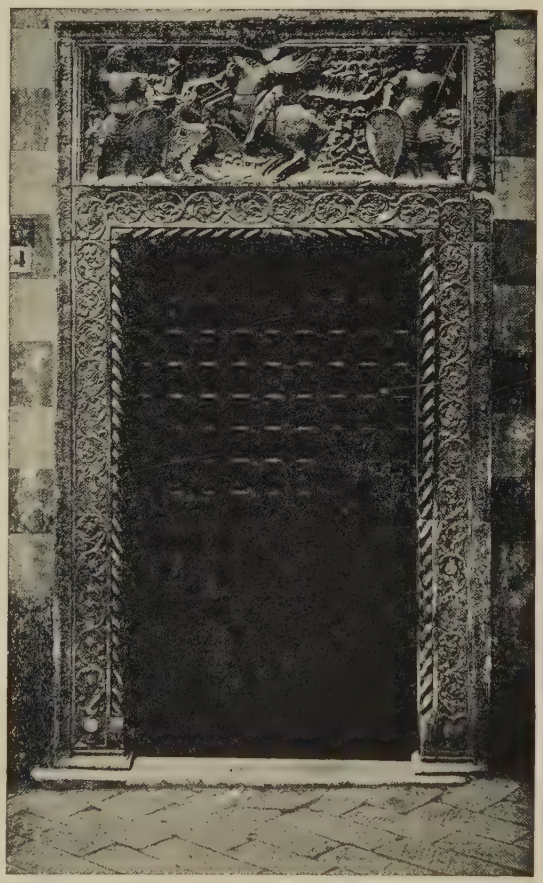
A HIGH WIND IN A HIGHWAY.



BEDROOM OF THE DOGE OF GENOA, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

that even the houses of the Genoese were more luxurious than his royal palace.

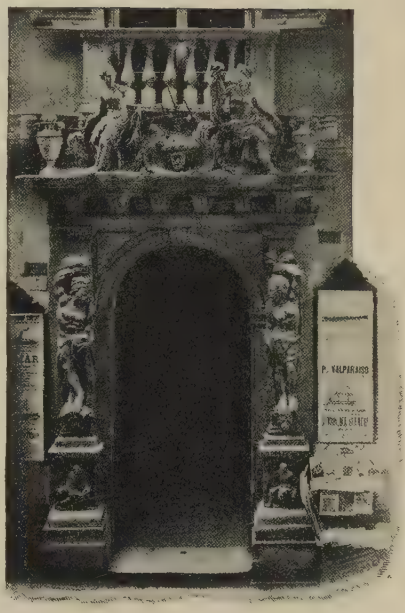
It is agreeable, too, in Genoa on a summer's day to leave the glare and tumult of the broader streets and enter such a church as that of the Annunziata, whose lavish decorations, it is said, were made at the expense of one of Genoa's old, noble families To saunter slowly through its vast enclosure, noting its ceilings radiant with paintings set in frames of gold, its lofty, fluted columns of red marble, and all the art and richness of its sumptuous chapels; to choose at last a seat in one of the cool aisles that stretch in dusky splendor from the heavy leathern curtain at the doorway to the gorgeous chancel; and then and there to read, for an hour or two, of Genoa's mighty past — is to enrich one's life with memories that can never die. But, above all, no haste in doing this! No "chatting" with



A RELIC OF BETTER DAYS.

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE ANNUNZIATA.

companions upon personalities! One sympathetic friend will be enough in such a place — perhaps too much. For profitable sight-seeing is spoiled by crowds, inane remarks, and a lack of suitable companionship; and many a priceless pilgrimage, dreamed of for years, and finally attained by sacrifice, is, in the realization, spoiled by mere gregariousness.



THE OLD AND NEW IN GENOA.

There is a little church in Genoa, called San Donato, which dates from the twelfth century, and calls to mind an even older Genoese conspiracy than that of Fiesco, since close beside this sacred edifice stood the palace of the chief intriguer, the Marquis of Raggio. That residence, however, like the palace of Fiesco, was long ago torn down by the Government, as the home of traitors. The plot of Raggio was discovered by a lucky stroke of fortune on the very eve of its accomplishment; and as the Marquis callously avowed his part in it, he was condemned to death. While on his way to execution near this church, he asked, as a last favor, that he might once more clasp a famous crucifix which one of his ancestors had brought back from the Holy Land. His prayer was granted, and a priest was sent to his palace to obtain it. Meanwhile the convoy of the prisoner halted in the street, surrounded by the populace. At length the desired crucifix was brought. The Marquis kissed it reverently in pres-

THE CHURCH OF SAN DONATO.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD, GENOA.

ence of the multitude; then with a sudden motion drew the upper part of it from the body of the cross, which, like the sheath of a sword-cane, really held a dagger. Plunging this poignard in his breast, before the amazed attendants could prevent it, the prisoner fell lifeless at their feet.

In a picturesque valley, nearly two miles from the city, lies the Campo Santo, or cemetery of Genoa, which in its number of magnificent funeral monuments has no equal in the world. It is unfortunate that both the Italian and German languages have much more beautiful names for the loved resting-places of their dead than has our own. The former's sweet, harmonious "Campo Santo," or the Hallowed Field, and the appropriate German title "Friedhof," or the Court of Peace, suggest a tenderness of sentiment, wholly lacking in our practical titles "Burial Ground" and "Graveyard," and the still colder and more formal "Cemetery." Akin to the meaning of "Campo

GENOA'S CAMPO SANTO, FROM A DISTANCE.

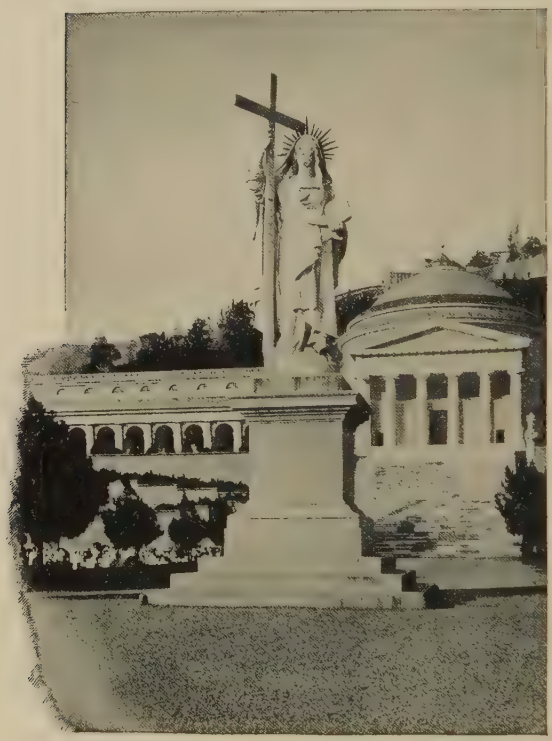
Santo" also is the touching German name "God's Acre," of which the poet Longfellow has sung:

> "I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
> The burial-ground God's Acre! It is just;
> It consecrates each grave within its walls,
> And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust."

Genoa's city of the dead is seen at a considerable distance up the valley, and, like the city of the living, has for its background an amphitheatre of majestic mountains, screening it from northern storms. It first reveals itself as a gigantic quadrangle surrounded by imposing colonnades. The farther wall, much higher than the rest, — with which it is connected nevertheless by steps and galleries, — is built upon a terrace; and in the centre of its white façade a circular temple stands in spotless purity, domed somewhat like the Pantheon at Rome. Within the square itself are multitudes of lowly graves, each designated by a slender cross, beside which often hangs a small memorial lamp. These snow-white crosses, from a distance, look like flowers blooming in a garden, and call to mind the legendary

MEMORIAL TO GIUSEPPE VENZANO, CAMPO SANTO.

asphodels whose pallid blossoms covered the Elysian fields. Moreover, in the centre of this hallowed area stands a noble figure of Religion, which, as it clasps the Bible and the Cross — the emblems of its faith in God and immortality — and gazes heavenward serenely from a scene of sorrow, otherwise unbearable, appears the guardian of the thousands sleeping near it, and the comforter of those who mourn. But there are other features of the Campo Santo more impressive than this vast enclosure. For what appear to be from a distance merely plain white walls and colonnades, prove upon closer inspection to be galleries of enormous length, bordered on either side by sculptured tombs and groups of statuary, bewildering in their number and variety.



THE FIGURE OF RELIGION, IN GENOA'S CAMPO SANTO.

Let me concede at once that all of their designs are not in perfect taste, and even that some of them are characterized by unpleasant realism. But of what gallery of painting or of sculpture in the world cannot the same be said? In all art exhibitions we are forced to make a selection, passing by works which have for us no interest, and choosing those which most appeal to us. This must be also done in Genoa's Campo Santo.

Nothing is easier (and alas! more common) than to make flippant criticisms upon mortuary monuments, unmindful of the aching hearts which they were reared to comfort; and many frivolous visitors, whose hands have never touched the sculptor's clay, and whose young lives have never yet been darkened by bereavement, will pass along these corridors, apparently intent on nothing save the pointing out of what they do not like. I heard here once contemptuous remarks about these works of art from those who had for years, to my certain knowledge, left the graves of their own parents in America without a headstone. At all events, the technical skill displayed here is astonishing, and I believe that any one, prepared to see, as usual, in every gallery of art some objects which offend him, but ready likewise to enjoy what really is of excellence, will find here much that is both beautiful and noble. Certainly nowhere else in the world have I beheld so much variety and originality in the portrayal of the sentiments of sorrow, hope, and constancy. Here it may be the figure of a widow turning sadly from her husband's tomb; or there the life-size statue of a monk engaged in reading prayers; but both are wonderful examples of the sculptor's skill. Yonder, upon a grand sarcophagus of sombre marble, sits the

A CORRIDOR IN THE CAMPO SANTO.

colossal form of Father Time, his folded arms, bowed head, and introspective look suggesting contemplation of the deeper mysteries of eternity. It is a masterpiece by Saccomanno, some of whose works within this Campo Santo I have rarely seen surpassed in modern sculpture. Another most impressive group is that of the Virgin Mother and her Child, enthroned within an alcove of dark marble — the former looking down with love and tenderness upon her babe, whose little hand already stretches forth in benediction. Not far from this, the monument of the Da Passano family especially attracted my attention by the beauty of the scene portrayed. The theme is a familiar one, but ah, how exquisitely it is treated! Relieved against a background of green, waving foliage, nothing excepting the dazzling white-ness of the marble here suggests the chill of death. Nor is there any hint of fear or trace of sickness visible in the fair, young girl, beside whose couch a youthful figure, symbolizing Faith, stands pointing heavenward. Beautiful also in its sweet submissiveness is the attitude of her who is about to die. Partially rising from her couch, she reaches forth to take without reluctance from the heavenly visitor the symbol of her consolation and her strength, —

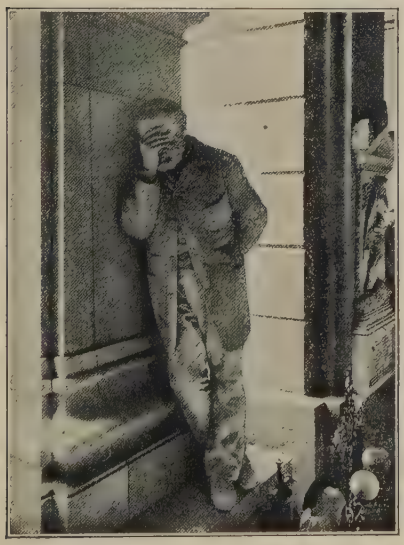
THE VIRGIN AND CHILD.

THE FIGURE OF FATHER TIME.

the Cross. The sculptured representation of what we all would fain believe, this group is not depressing but consoling in its solemn lesson. Yet few whose fate had been to lose a lovely daughter, blossoming into womanhood, could look upon it without tears.

THE DA PASSANO MONUMENT.

In one of these cool, shaded corridors, beside a marble shaft which marks the burial place of a belovèd wife, stands the pathetic figure of a man who leans against the tomb, his features partly covered by his hand. This is the type of monument that many criticize. They say it is too realistic, too prosaic — this statue of a common man, in ordinary clothes, without a trace of ideality in form or feature. But on the other hand, the genuine simplicity of his unstudied attitude and humble dress make this a veritable portraiture of life; while in that natural concealment of his face is shown a pitiful repression of his outward grief, which finds a ready sympathy in every manly heart.



SIMPLE GRIEF. THE DRAGO MONUMENT.

One of the most elaborate

and original designs within this Campo Santo is that of the family Montanara. Precisely what the sculptor here intended to express is not entirely clear to me. Perhaps his wish was to portray, above the tomb of one who may have been a convert from Judaism to Christianity, the subordination of the older faith, — here symbolized by the Seven-branched Golden Candlestick, — to the later dispensation, typified by a stately crucifix carved above it on the wall. Or it may merely signify the tireless devotion of that filial piety, found in all religions, tenderly ministrant and ever young. The proof of triumph over suffering is also present; for lying near the candlestick, enwreathed in flowers, is the victor's palm. To me, at least, this was suggestive of the lamp of Memory, kept forever burning by a loving child, above the grave, — Death's temporary conquest, — and beneath the Cross, — the emblem of Death's Conqueror.

THE MONTANARA MONUMENT.

Of all the works of art, however, which line these mortuary halls, that which impressed me most was the memorial to Carlo Erba — another masterpiece by Saccomanno. The general idea of it is seen at once. It is that of a lonely, broken-hearted woman leaning against the tomb's dark portal in despair. But

gradually, as one studies this remarkable figure, one realizes its consummate art. The helplessness and absolute abandon of the posture, the relaxation of the weary form, the upturned, anguish-laden face of one too crushed as yet to pray, and utterly oblivious of everything but sorrow, together form a picture of such mute despair and hopeless grief as I have never elsewhere seen in marble. Moreover, with a poet's instinct, the sculptor has suggested two great thoughts which may in time console this broken heart. For one hand holds a bunch of poppies — emblems of eternal sleep. The other rests upon the tiny model of a serpent, whose curving body, joined at head and tail, formed once the symbol of eternity and immortality. So far as other consolation goes, one feels that this majestic figure is typical of perfect constancy. Upon the awful tragedy of this separation the curtain of another drama of the heart can never rise. If her pale lips could speak, we may feel sure that she would say:

THE ANGUISH OF BEREAVEMENT. THE ERBA MONUMENT.

"I have loved as a woman may love
But once in her life. Hereafter
My heart shall pulse as a shell
To the throb of remembered seas."

THE MAZZINI MONUMENT.

The names of most of those who sleep in Genoa's Hallowed Field are unknown to the foreign visitor; but on the hillside, just outside the statue-bordered corridors, reposes one whose efforts in the cause of freedom long since gave him an immortal fame, — the great Italian patriot, Mazzini. Here, then, is still another gifted son of Genoa, who suffered persecution all his life, yet is now honored, as few men have ever been, by an adoring nation.

> "City superb, that hadst Columbus first
> For sovereign son;
> Be prouder that thy breast hath later nursed
> This mightier one."

And Genoa is proud of it. Hence, in addition to her monument to Christopher Columbus and the equestrian statues of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi which one finds in all Italian cities, there has been also reared in Genoa a memorial to the inspired Dreamer of United Italy. Upon a single Doric shaft, symbolic of his austere life of self-denial, he stands absorbed in contemplation, while allegorical statues, representing Thought and Action, ornament the pedestal. Sadness is outlined in his

marble lineaments, as it was really stamped upon his face; for, as Carlyle once said of him, his was "a martyr soul."

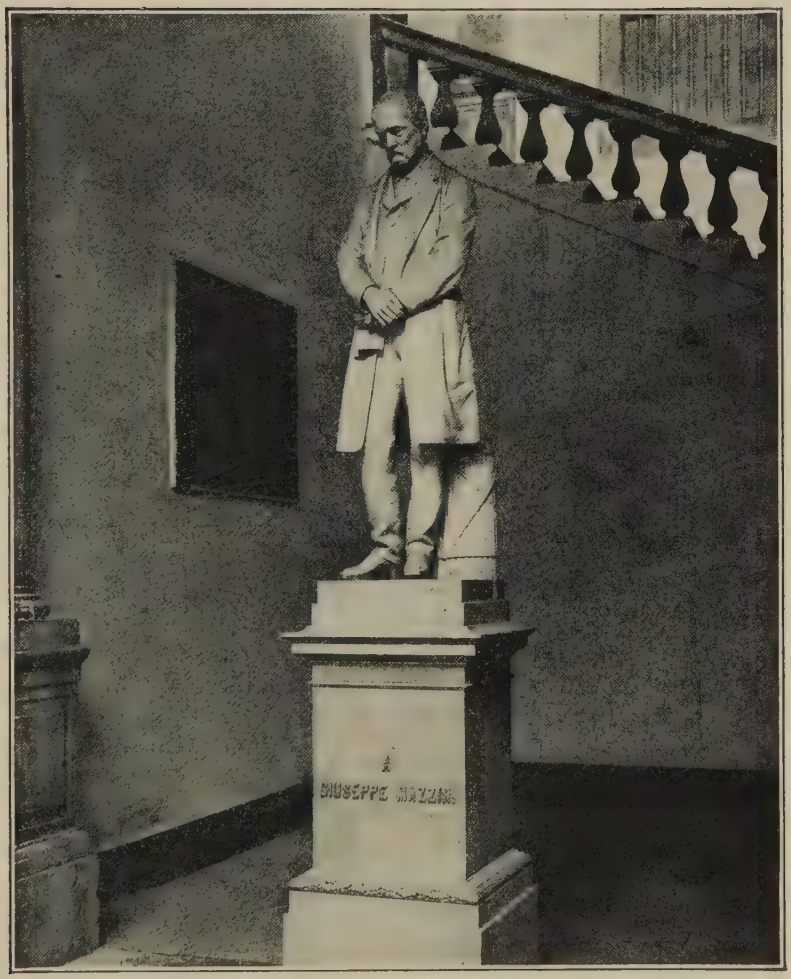
Every one knows what Italy was in the early part of the nineteenth century, when Metternich cynically called it nothing but "a geographical expression," when monarchy was there synonymous with despotism, and when the dungeons of the Spielberg, like those of Petropavlosk in St. Petersburg to-day, were tenanted by hundreds of heartbroken patriots. It was, indeed, the sight of some of his unhappy countrymen, dragged off from Genoa to exile and imprisonment, that led Mazzini, when but sixteen years of age, to dedicate his life to the liberation of his fatherland from foreign and domestic tyranny. Accordingly, in

THE MAZZINI MONUMENT AND STATUE OF VICTOR EMMANUEL.

A BEAUTIFUL MEMORIAL HALL.

1830, he organized the revolutionary party, called "Young Italy," which soon acquired such a dangerous notoriety. Its motto was "God and the People"; its method popular education and, if necessary, insurrection; its aim a unified Italy, under whatever form of government should be ultimately chosen. Mazzini himself desired only a republic; yet when his dream of unity had been fulfilled, and Italy instead of a republic had preferred a constitutional monarchy, he wrote: "I bow my head sorrowfully to the sovereignty of the popular will, but monarchy will never number me among its servants or its followers." But before seeing even this partial realization of his hopes, how many dreary years of suffering were necessary! For so convincing were his arguments, and so contagious was his enthusiasm, that he was feared by every State in Europe, and secure in none. His was a soul that knew no foolish vanity, and hence when living in London as an exile, and earning a precarious livelihood by writing for periodicals, he opened a night school for Italian waifs, mostly the boys employed by organ-grinders, and notwithstanding his small means mainly supported it for seven years. The records of the disappointments, failures, acts of treachery on the part of friends, and plots for his assassination, which filled his forty years of patient struggle, would have completely crushed a less courageous soul. Sorrow, sacrifice, and separation formed the trinity of his fate. But hope rose ever in his lonely life like a perennial foun-

THE BIRTHPLACE OF MAZZINI.



STATUE OF MAZZINI IN THE COURTYARD OF THE MUNICIPAL PALACE.

tain in the desert. The consciousness of Right sustained him; and even his enemies conceded the heroic grandeur of the man, the lofty elevation of his moral tone, and his unwavering faith in God. For he was always careful to distinguish between republicanism and atheistic socialism, and heartily condemned the acts of the Parisian Communists, and many of the aims of

Internationals and Anarchists. Driven from one land to another, and sentenced to the gallows in his own, if he returned, Mazzini nevertheless contrived to keep alive the hopes and aims of lovers of liberty everywhere in Europe.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF MAZZINI.

Thanks to his active propaganda, for example, one of his agents made of a young Italian, whom he met upon a sailing vessel, a convert to Mazzini's views and an enthusiastic member of "Young Italy." This new recruit was Garibaldi! With him, as with Cavour, Ledru-Rollin, Kossuth, and other patriots, Mazzini was for years in close alliance, and though his standard was too high for either Garibaldi or Cavour to adopt as practicable in Italian politics, still the sublime idealist had made success a possibility upon their lower plane of practical activity. He lived to see, if not the absolute fulfillment of his dream, at

STATUE OF GARIBALDI, GENOA.

least a liberated and united land; and multitudes of grateful pilgrims annually come to render homage to a man whose life was one long martyrdom for liberty. Mazzini was the Prophet of United Italy, as Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi were its champions in the field, and Cavour in the Cabinet; and this superb quaternity gave to Italy the national existence which it now enjoys. Nor are the Italians slow to recognize this fact. When, on returning from his life of exile, Mazzini died at last in

THE TOMB OF MAZZINI, CAMPO SANTO, GENOA.

Pisa, Italy rose *en masse* to do him honor. A hundred cities sent their representatives to his funeral in Genoa. Florence decreed for him a monument in her Hall of Fame, — the church of Santa Croce; Pisa enshrined his bust in her historic cloisters; and Rome, too, placed his sculptured face within her Pantheon of glory.

I do not know a nobler spot in which to take one's leave of Genoa the Proud than where Mazzini's heart, which beat so tire-

lessly in behalf of others, rests at last beyond the persecution of despotic power. He sleeps somewhat apart from other tombs, — yet near his mother, — in a sepulchre as simple and impressive as his life.

"That he is dead the sons of kings are glad;
And in their beds the tyrants sounder sleep.
Now he is dead, his martyrdom will reap
Late harvest of the palms it should have had
In life. Too late the tardy lands are sad.
. . . O glorious soul! there is no dearth
Of worlds. There must be many better worth
Thy presence and thy leadership than this.
No doubt, on some great sun to-day, thy birth
Is for a race the dawn of Freedom's bliss,
Which but for thee it might for ages miss."

THE YOUTHFUL COLUMBUS, GENOA.

A DRIVE THROUGH THE ENGADINE

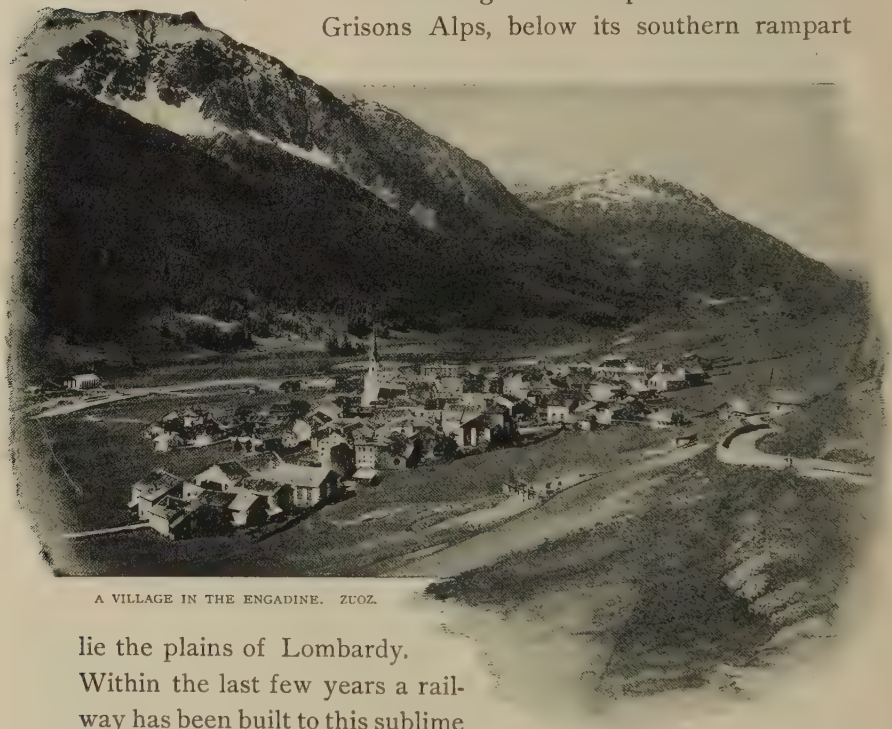
SILS, NEAR ST. MORITZ.

A DRIVE THROUGH THE ENGADINE

IF a straight line were drawn through Switzerland from Zurich to the foot of Lake Lucerne and over the St. Gotthard Pass to Lake Maggiore, the western section of the Swiss Republic, thus divided, would contain the most renowned and popular of its centres of attraction, including Lake Geneva, Chamounix, Zermatt, Interlaken, and the Bernese Oberland. East of the line, however, there would still remain a province of supreme distinction, called the Grisons, whose giant glaciers form the birthplace of the Rhine and Inn, and whose imposing mountains hold in their embrace the far-famed valley of the Engadine. This valley, sixty miles in length and on an average one and a half miles broad, cuts through the canton like a deep-grooved

THE BABY INN.

furrow, turned by God's plowshare when the earth was young. Uplifted to an elevation of about six thousand feet, it feels the warmth of almost cloudless sunshine tempered by an air of peerless purity. Westward, the mighty systems of the St. Gotthard and Splügen tower between it and the setting sun; eastward, the sunrise greets it from the mountains of Tyrōl; and while upon its northern border surge the crumpled masses of the Grisons Alps, below its southern rampart



A VILLAGE IN THE ENGADINE. ZUOZ.

lie the plains of Lombardy. Within the last few years a railway has been built to this sublime retreat, and now increasing thousands annually journey thither by a path of steel, which crosses numerous stilt-like viaducts, and burrows through no less than forty tunnels up from the town of Thusis, at the portal of the Via Mala, to fashionable St. Moritz. Far be it from me to question the financial benefit and practical utility of this expensive proof of engineering skill. In general both the traveling

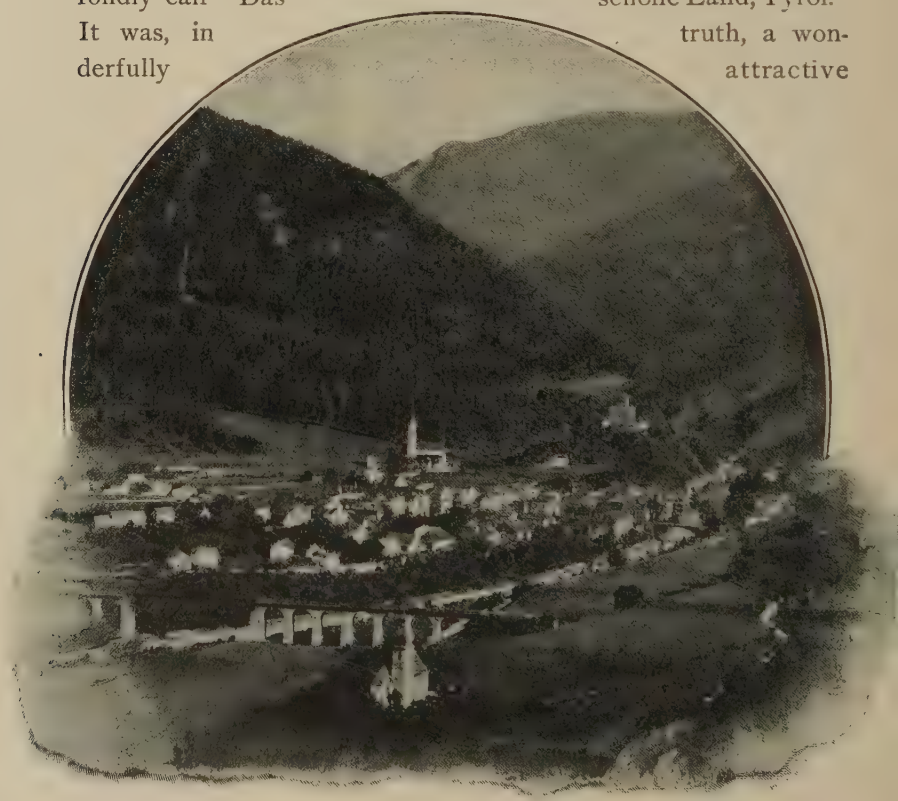
MEETING THE MAIL COACH.

public and the landlords will undoubtedly gain by it. But, personally, I was glad last summer to avoid it; and turning with relief from the old, nerve-exhausting task of registering luggage in a tourist's pandæmonium, and the still more annoying rush for seats in over-crowded cars, I chose for an excursion through the Engadine the peace and independence of a private carriage. The freedom thus secured from crowds and fixed adherence to a time-table abundantly repays the increase of expenditure, which certainly is not excessive. Thus for a landau and a pair of horses on a drive through Switzerland or the Tyrōl one usually pays ten dollars a day. But this includes the food and lodging of both team and driver, though not as a rule the "trinkgeld" of the latter, which may be fairly reckoned at ten per cent. of the hiring price.

A VIADUCT ON THE NEW RAILWAY.

AN ENGADINE VILLAGE.

A little more than an hour's railway journey west of Innsbruck lies the Austrian town of Landeck, — a favorite point of departure for both South Tyrōl and the Engadine, the boundaries of which frown grimly on each other in a sun-starved gorge not far away. Here, early in July, alighting from the morning train, we found awaiting us our previously ordered carriage, beside which — hat in hand, his features wreathed in smiles — stood honest Franz, with whom we had already driven over many an Alpine pass. In half an hour we had left the town, with its huge, ruined castle bristling on the height, and were beginning the ascent toward mountains on whose snowy summits lay a realm of grandeur and repose. What wonder, therefore, that at every upward turning of the road our spirits rose, so happy were we once more to be driving through that favored portion of our earth, which its inhabitants fondly call "Das schöne Land, Tyrōl." It was, in truth, a wonderfully attractive



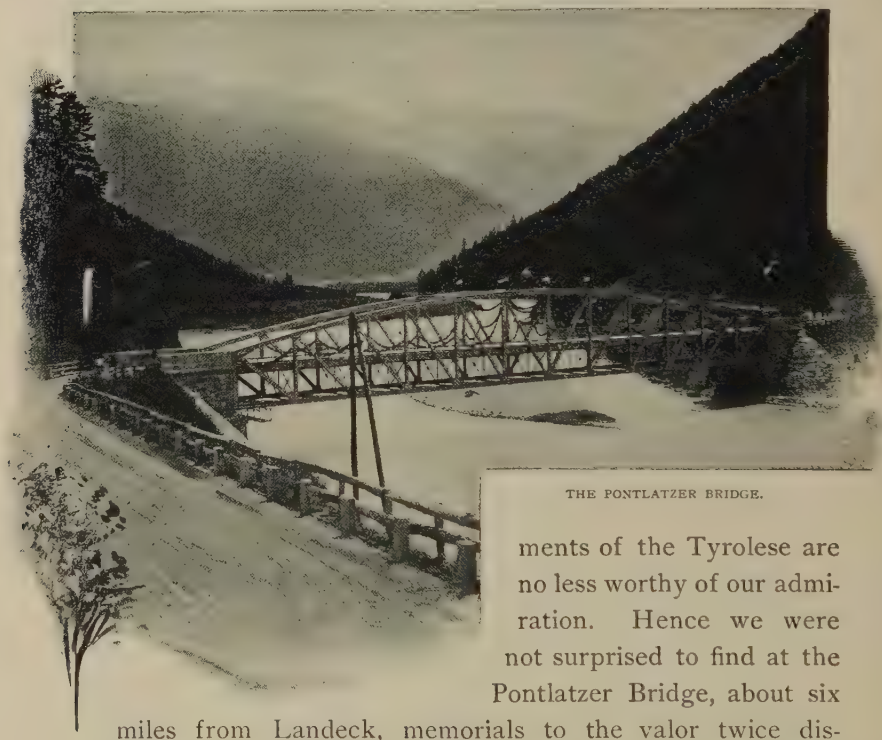
LANDECK.

valley. Sublimity unquestionably lay beyond, but beauty and fertility enclosed us here, and won our hearts. The ever-present, moving, sparkling feature of the landscape was the river Inn, whose gay companionship we were to enjoy continuously on our journey; for, rising at the western limit of the Engadine, it runs through its entire length. Then entering Tyrolese territory, it sweeps impetuously down past Landeck, and presently gives its name to the Tyrolean capital, Innsbruck. Still later, at the Austrian city, Passau, more than three hundred miles from its Swiss source, it joins the Danube, as its largest Alpine tributary, and thenceforth merging its identity in that of its ally, flows eastward to its fluvial Nirvana, the Black Sea.

BESIDE THE INN.

In this particular portion of its course the Inn seems jubilant over the historic memories which throng its banks. River and rocks are eloquent of valiant deeds. And this is as it

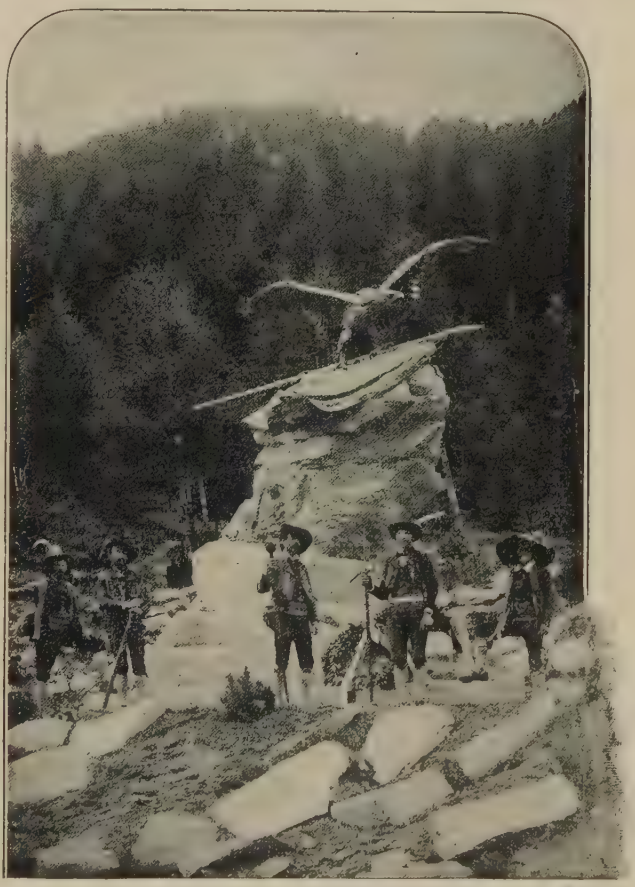
should be; for though mountaineers have no monopoly of patriotic courage, — as the defenders of the Netherlands so nobly proved, — yet somehow we expect that those who dwell among inspiring snow-peaks, fearful avalanches, and the roar of rushing torrents should be preëminently daring and devoted to their fatherland. We know what prodigies the land of William Tell has shown in these respects, and the achieve-



THE PONTLATZER BRIDGE.

ments of the Tyrolese are no less worthy of our admiration. Hence we were not surprised to find at the Pontlatzer Bridge, about six miles from Landeck, memorials to the valor twice displayed here by the stalwart peasantry. At one end of the iron bridge, constructed here in 1898 in place of the historic wooden one, a metal tablet has been sunk into the cliff, to call attention to those deeds which make the place immortal; and on the other shore, erected for a similar purpose, stands a simple monument consisting of a mighty boulder, surmounted by

a threatening eagle holding in its claws the banner of Tyrōl. Upon this rock, which may have crushed or mangled more than one invader in its well-directed course, are carved the dates of 1703 and 1809, — those fateful years for the Tyrōl, when the Bavarians and French essayed its conquest, but were repeatedly driven back by victories which left the land as free as its pure mountain air. On both occasions when their foes attempted to march through this valley, the Tyrolese waited till the foreign soldiers, who disdained to take precautions against mere militia, had passed within the gorge whose banks this bridge unites. Then, suddenly, from rocks and trees on every side, burst forth a perfect storm of bullets, aimed by men accustomed to bring down the chamois. While, simultaneously, old men, youths, and



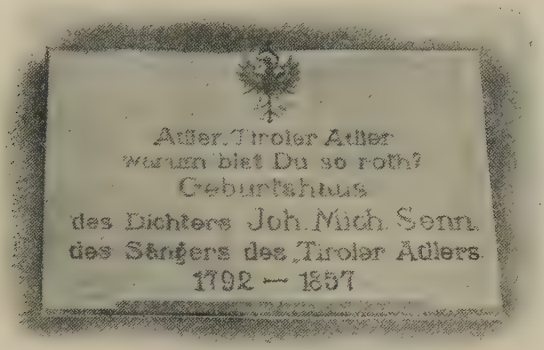
THE MONUMENT TO TYROLESE HEROISM.

HILLSIDE SENTINELS.

women, stationed far above, cut loose the ropes and slings, which until then had held back heaps of rocks and boulders. These with the thunder of the avalanche plunged down the well-nigh perpendicular cliffs, and either crushed their victims to a pulp, or tore huge gaps in the dense ranks by sweeping frequently a score at once into the seething stream. Then down upon this writhing mass of mutilated men and maddened horses rushed the triumphant Tyrolese with scythes, clubbed muskets, and long pikes, and literally mowed and beat them down, shouting meanwhile their terrifying war-cry, — "Schlagen! Zuschlagen!! Niederschlagen!!!" (Strike! Strike home!! Strike down!!!) In 1703 the destruction was complete, and not a man escaped to tell the tale. In 1809 — the year of the great leader, Andreas Hofer[1] — the victory was no less brilliant, but in this case eight hundred of the enemy, cut off from all retreat, and overwhelmed by what appeared to them a conflict not alone with men, but with the elements, surrendered ignominiously, and gave up cannon, horses, and accoutrements to the embattled farmers, whom but an hour

[1] See Volume "South Tyrol."

before they had considered no more dangerous than cattle in the fields. A land which can inspire such heroic deeds is sure to produce poets or historians to record them; and we were, therefore, not surprised to find, a few miles distant from this bridge, a house, above the door of which was the inscription:



It is not strange that almost every traveler lifts his hat before the birthplace of the author of the best-known and most popular poem in Tyrōl, especially since its spirited stanzas are addressed to the Tyrolean Eagle, which figures, always in a deep red color, in so many paintings, coats of arms, and frescos in this land of heroes. Had not its verses been already given in a previous volume of this series, they would be reproduced upon this page. It is, however, worthy of notice that, according to this inscription, the poet was already seventeen years old when the great battle of 1809 was fought so near his home, and there can, therefore, hardly be a doubt that he participated in it.

Two hours' drive from this historic region brought us to the portal of the Lower Engadine, — the sombre gorge of Finstermünz, through one of whose vast mountain walls, which rise in almost vertical height for several thousand feet, the route is carried on by means of "avalanche galleries" hewn

HOTEL AT HOCH FINSTERMUNZ

and blasted from the cliffs themselves. Below, the Inn raves furiously at the obstacles which check its entrance into the Tyrōl; but on the road, four hundred feet above it, at Hoch Finstermünz, the tumult of its foaming waves is scarcely heard; and there, within a sheltered nook looking directly into Switzerland, stands one of the neatest, best-kept, homelike little inns that I have seen in many a day. It is a place to which, each time I visit it, I make a firm resolve to come again for a week. As yet, unfortunately, I have not been able to accomplish this; but I at least have often spent a night within the dainty hostelry, while — to my great surprise — I have observed that tourists generally halt there merely for a hasty meal.

Our drive next day from Finstermünz

ON THE ROAD TO FINSTERMÜNZ.

VIEW FROM HOCH FINSTERMÜNZ TOWARDS THE ENGADINE.

across the frontier into the Engadine will ever be a treasured memory. The fact that it was only six o'clock in the morning when our faithful Franz awoke the slumbering echoes of the canyon with his cracking whip, and our good horses, shaking musical responses from their bells, set gaily forth upon the road, is not an unimportant one to chronicle, since early driving is essential for the best enjoyment of a carriage tour. The most inveterate sluggard — once the first inertia has been overcome — finds many compensations for the sacrifice of his accustomed morning nap, and revels in what seems to him a new-discovered world. So charming is it to behold the last, thin remnants of night's fleecy veils dissolve along the sun-kissed mountain peaks; so stimulating is the air, still fresh from sparkling dew on leaf and flower; so buoyant and exhilarated does one feel, in breathing the crisp ozone of the Alps at dawn! Yet such a start necessitates a somewhat lengthy nooning in midsummer, — when, even in the Engadine, it is more prudent to be sheltered from the

A PORTION OF THE ROAD NEAR FINSTERMÜNZ.

zenithed sun, — and travelers find a wait of two or more hours in the dining room or "parlor" of a wayside inn so tedious, that often-times the golden apples of the morning turn to ashes on their lips at noon. Far better is it, therefore, resolutely to prolong the midday halt, and to engage a room in which one's rest can be enjoyed in privacy, with the bright book or interesting magazine that one will not forget to have conveniently at hand in roll or satchel. Thus fortified,—especially if sleep has smoothed away the least suspicion of fatigue, — when the first hint of evening's coolness is perceptible, and lengthening shadows make the landscape infinitely more attractive than it ever looks in the full solar glare, one steps again into his carriage with all the elasticity inspired by the dawn. This may appear self-evident, and therefore needless counsel. But observation has convinced me that few travelers act thus; so many have I seen who, having thought it "not worth while" to hire a

A MOUNTAIN MILK CART.

room in which to rest, were sitting discontentedly in dining room or corridor, counting the moments till the earliest instant of departure. Such tourists, starting off again in the still ardent sun, to suffer the annoyances of heat and possibly of persistent flies, which sometimes through the midday hours torment both man and beast, are sure to miss the joy which mountain-driving under the protection of Aurora or of Hesperus is wont to give.

AFTER A SHOWER.

One must be painfully near-sighted or indifferent not to note the flora of these Alpine valleys. It has a beauty all the more remarkable from its high altitude and the proximity of glaciers and slow-melting snow, and in the early morning all the floreated

fields glitter with countless diamond points, as their prismatic sheen of dew reflects the glory of the rising sun. In the Tyrolean valley of the Inn the flowery phenomena are more familiar. The snow lies usually far away, and the broad, open meadows, basking all day in the solar rays, reveal a splendid opulence of vegetation. The grain fields — wheat, rye, oats, and barley — show frequently a vigorous growth six feet in height, such as is rarely met with, save on the alluvial plains

POPPIES AND CORNFLOWERS.

of the United States and Canada. Nature in these high regions seems especially gracious to the husbandman, endowing him not only with the useful, but the beautiful. Thus, underneath the yellowing expanses of the heavy grain-heads, billowing in the breeze, lies still another world of growth and loveliness. The realm of Ceres flourishes six feet from the soil; but Flora, nearer earth, rules unobtrusively yet none the less triumphantly her own *imperium in imperio*, where countless

poppies gleam in scarlet rows, and graceful cornflower tassels show a blue so pure, that only that of the gentian can be likened to it. The humbler daisy, too, is there, completing with its snow-white petals both the trio and the tricolor, while opening to heaven its heart of gold, — the miniature symbol of the sun. For what is, after all, the daisy but the Day's Eye? Nor is the record yet complete; for tiny white and yellow pansies — the aboriginal ancestors of all the royal

THE REALM OF FLORA.

beauties that spread their rich, embroidered velvets in our gardens — grow also in profusion in the heaving bosom of the grain, making a gorgeous study, in themselves, of gold and yellow, and forming with their neighbors an enchanting spectacle of varied tints. Wild roses also at a greater height become a revelation to the flower-lover. Clinging perhaps to a rough group of boulders, or trooping over some old wall, or forming self-appointed hedges of delicious fragrance, they

paint the mountain side with crimson patches, and smile upon the traveler from bleak and stony places, like the cheerful greeting in adversity of a faithful friend; while the belovèd sweet briar, with its delicate pink cups and clean-cut, scented foliage, nestles among the lowliest, yet, despite its modesty, betrays itself by its distinctive perfume. How lavish nature is in these unlimited displays of beauty, vast areas of which the soft-eyed cattle and the sad-eyed peasantry alone behold! I have seen miles of mountain

THE ROSY FOAM OF FLOWERS.

meadows covered with the rosy foam of flowers resembling our crocuses in all save color, and growing there so thickly that the short, thin grass was almost hidden by their bloom. Moreover, up to the very snow, forget-me-nots are visible, blue as the dome surmounting them, like tiny pools of limpid water mirroring the sky, and many unknown species with new forms and colors arabesque the uplands, on whose shelving slopes cattle and flocks of sheep find forage and precarious foothold.

If the short section of the river Inn which flows through high-walled Finstermünz had been transformed into the solid pavement of pure jade which it resembles, looked on from the heights, we could have driven on its surface through the canyon to the Engadine in half an hour. As such a miracle, however, was impossible, we went by the circuitous route which turns the flank of the ravine, and finally by a series of long, sweeping serpentines winds down a forest-covered mountain into Switzerland. Just at the crest a crucifix, surrounded by a neat enclosure, attests the piety of those to whom this pass is more than a summer promenade. The road means much to them. For they must climb it, often footsore and with heavy burdens, not only when light zephyrs stir its leafy screen, but also when fierce, wintry gales are howling through the ice-clad gorge like hungry

CATTLE HERDERS ON THE HEIGHTS.

EDELWEISS, FROM THE ENGADINE.

wolves, and snow and sleet may make exposure here a tragedy. How little do we understand the real lives of these peasants, — we who flit gaily through their hamlets with the butterflies! As little as the winter idler on the Nile appreciates the withering heat of Assouan beneath the Dog Star, or the scorching breath of the khamsin.

The noble trees on either hand could tell us of the fury of the elements; but they perhaps regard us as scarcely less ephemeral than the insects flitting through their boughs, and are too conscious of their own stern strength and steadfastness to hint of what they have en-

YOUNG LARCHES AND OLD BOULDERS.

AMONG THE LARCHES.

dured. The first of these arboreal heroes in attractiveness are the larches, — those handsome, mailèd warriors of the Alps, which proudly toss their plumes or brandish their long arms alike in face of friendly sun and hostile storm. I love the European specimens of the larch, the softness of whose airy drapery gives them a unique distinction. They are deciduous, — an unusual quality among the conifers, — and since they thus enjoy at intervals a rest from nourishing their foliage, their strength goes into stem and branch-making. One sees upon this drive a multitude of stately, individual larches, truly royal in the arrowy straightness of their tapering trunks, which sometimes reach a height of one hundred and forty feet. Possibly nowhere else could they be viewed to better advantage, for they grow best precisely on such

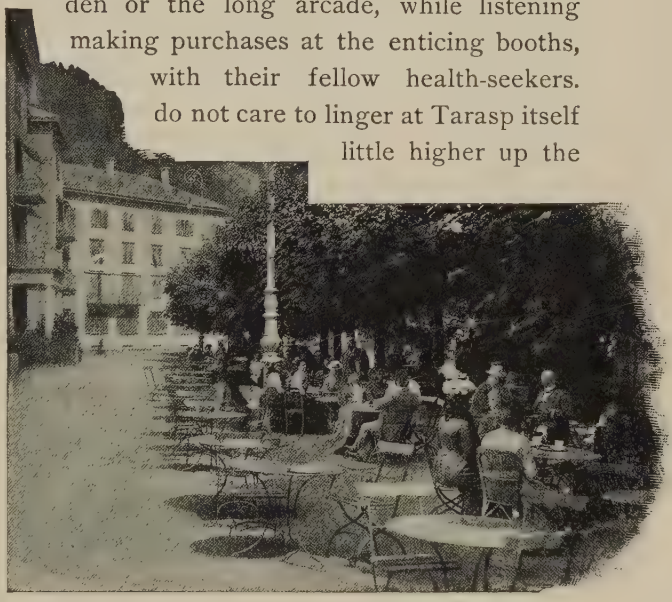
Alpine passes and in steep ravines, with plenty of pure air above them, and perfect drainage of the soil on which they stand. Moreover, although really old, they seem to have acquired the secret of perpetual youth, so light and juvenile do they appear in contrast to the heavier masses of the firs and pines; while their fresh, light-green sprays, acquired in the spring, stand out in picturesque relief among the sombre hues of the adjoining evergreens.

Our first real halting place within the Engadine was Tarasp,

THE KURHAUS, TARASP.

— a health-resort beside the Inn, comparatively unknown to Americans, so greatly have the charms of St. Moritz, a few miles further up the valley, overshadowed it. It is, however, evident that other nationalities know it well; for the Kurhaus Hotel is an enormous structure, five storeys high and nearly six hundred feet in length. Built on a curving line, this forms a kind of stately bow, of which the river is the silver cord, the space between the two "Inns" being occupied by a beautifully

planted, shady park, where a good orchestra, recruited largely from the winter "Kur-Kapelle" of Meran, gives concerts afternoon and evening. A little further down the stream extends the pretty Trinkhalle, where patients every morning, as is usual in such resorts all over Europe, imbibe a glass or two of Tarasp's celebrated waters, and take the exercise prescribed for them within the garden or the long arcade, while listening to the music, making purchases at the enticing booths, or chatting with their fellow health-seekers. For those who do not care to linger at Tarasp itself there is, a little higher up the mountain, and reached by a walk of fifteen minutes from the Kurhaus, a lovely settlement, called Vulpera. Here, too, are several other hostelries, replete with every comfort, commanding noble views, and in immediate proximity to a vast pine forest, threaded with delightful paths. It fills a stranger with surprise to find in such remote localities as this some of the best-built, best-appointed, and best-managed hotels in the world; but every traveler in Switzerland knows that such establishments are met with now in almost every noted habitable spot among the Alps. How they can pay, when the real "season" is so short, and competition is so keen, must always be a mystery to the layman; for, as a rule, the first-class Swiss hotels are furnished more than comfortably, and managed on a generous plan.



THE KURHAUS GARDEN.

Aside from all material conveniences, however, Vulpera seemed to me a most desirable region for a summer sojourn, especially as its air, while having, at this height of more than four thousand feet, the purity and bracing qualities for which the Engadine is so renowned, is not so stimulating to the nerves or subject to quick, violent changes, as is the atmosphere of the upper end of the valley, nearly two thousand feet higher still.

The villages through which we passed in driving up the Engadine, though often interesting architecturally and historically, can hardly be called beautiful. Their houses, some of which bear dates as old as 1498 and 1506, are always built of

AT VULPERA, NEAR TARASP.

stone, with a smooth stucco coating, usually painted white. There is an air of stern reserve about them, not to say exclusiveness, due partly to their small and deep-set windows, which resemble sunken coffers in a ceiling, and partly to the fact that many of them turn a long and narrow side to the main street,

SCHULS, WITH VULPERA IN THE DISTANCE.

suggestive of a man who will not look his neighbors in the face. Still, they are clean and well-kept in appearance, and even the poorest have their window-sills adorned with flowers. These stuccoed dwellings are occasionally decorated with the family coat of arms or strangely sculptured figures, but on the whole have fewer mural ornamentations than similar houses in Bavaria or the Tyrōl. Yet the inhabitants of this valley are passionately fond of their plain homes, and one at least has published to the world on the façade of his attractive dwelling that his particular plot of earth is pleasanter to him than any other in the world; for over his front door I read the following well-known line from Horace:

AN OLD ENGADINE HOUSE.

"Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes angulus ridet."

That an intelligent Engadiner should know something of the Latin tongue, if not of its old, classic poets, is not surprising when one learns that the vernacular of this valley is not German, but "Romantsch," — an offspring of the *lingua rustica* of the Roman empire. It is akin to the "Ladin" language spoken in the Tyrolese Grödner Thal,[1] and is an eloquent reminder of the time when almost all that part of Europe occupied at present by the Grisons and Tyrōl was con-

[1] See Volume "South Tyrōl."

quered by Tiberius and Drusus, — stepsons of Augustus, shortly before the advent of the Christian era. The warlike Rhætians, who till then had been the masters of that region, were thenceforth gradually absorbed into Rome's mighty sovereignty, and came at last to speak the language of their conquerors; and this, in its turn, isolated for so many years in these remote and almost inaccessible valleys, has held its own against the subsequent invasion of the German tongue. One finds odd traces of it everywhere, in signs on public buildings, on tombstones in the cemeteries, and in the names of rivers, towns, and mountains. Thus the word "Inn" is a derivation of the Latin *Œnus;* the Silveretta forest is but a transformation of the *Silva Rhætiæ;* Trafoi is a contraction of *Tres Fontes; Pons Rhætiæ* has been changed to Pontresina; and old Samaden, at the junction of the Inn and its first glacial tributary, was formerly *Ad Summum Œni.*

The temperament of the Engadiners seemed to me rather sad and reticent. Itinerant Italians sought, apparently in vain, to brighten them with music. Sometimes a row of people, sitting in the sunshine, lined a house-wall, motionless and silent as a sculptured frieze. Even among the younger peasants there was rarely any show of friendliness. Singularly enough, however, their manner often changed somewhat in outward manifestation toward us with the time of day! Thus, in

INTERIOR OF AN ENGADINE HOUSE.

the early morning, when only nature's peaceful sounds were audible, and the successive crowds of tourists had not yet begun to claim the right of way, the peasants whom we met would give us usually a cordial "God be with you," or "Good day." But at a later hour this greeting would be rarely uttered, even in response to ours. Apparently the fact that we, too, were astir soon after sunrise led them to recognize in us one element at least in harmony with themselves, and possibly this consoled and pleased them. They had been forced to rise thus early for their work; but if the rich and leisured did the same from preference, then surely the necessity which drives a peasant from his own poor bed betimes could not be, after all, the hardship they had always thought it. The coolness of the morning also may have made less poignant the contrast between seeming idlers and toilers trudging to their distant tasks. But with the fervent heat of noon why should we be surprised, if we encounter sullen and averted faces? Fancy men, women, and children, who know practically nothing of existence save a

HAYING IN THE ENGADINE.

bitter struggle for their daily bread, being taxed heavily for the making of fine carriage roads, on which they never have a chance to drive for pleasure, and being forced to leap into the gutter many times an hour, or haul aside their carts and loaded teams, and wait there, stifled by a cloud of dust, until a landau or a motor car has insolently

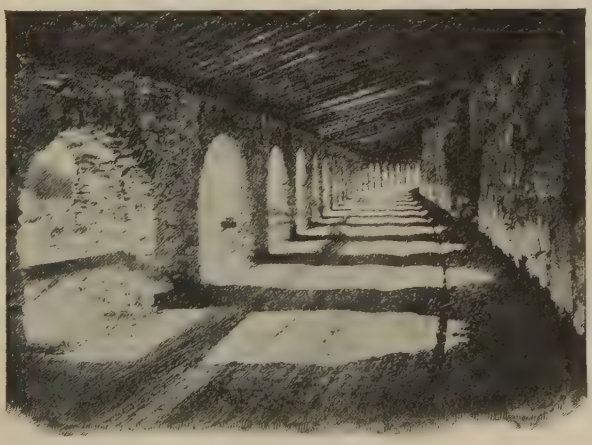
AN UPLAND PASTURE.

swept along, with no consideration shown them by its occupants save a haughty stare. Small wonder then, in view of the increasing number of luxurious hotels, and all the sumptuous toilettes and magnificent jewels lavishly displayed in them, that even here the socialistic spirit is perceptible, and that the ostentatious pleasure-seekers, as a class, are almost hated by the peasantry? Would it not be the part of prudence, — not to mention any higher motives, — for travelers to show, not patronizing con-

THE BERNINA GROUP, FROM SAMADEN.

descension, but genuine courtesy and kindness to these toilers of the fields? The effort may not always be rewarded; but to see even one worn, poverty-saddened face light up with pleasure and a friendly smile, or to detect the kindly ring of even one sincere response to an unlooked-for greeting, will leave a warmth within the heart all day, and more than compensate for any previous surliness or subsequent reserve.

Samaden is a prettily situated village at the junction of two routes, one of which leads to St. Moritz, the other to Pontresina. Impatient though I was to visit both these celebrated features of the Engadine, I halted here that I might climb the hill which over-



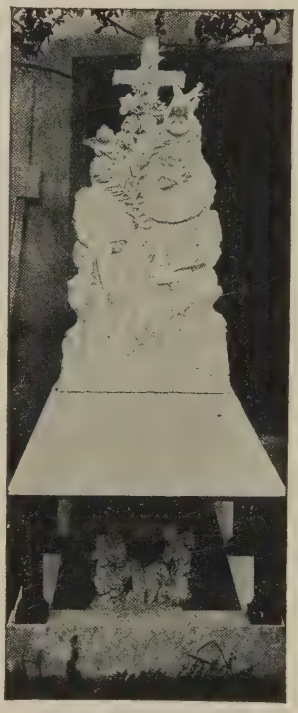
AVALANCHE GALLERIES ON THE BERNINA PASS.

MY FRIEND, FRANÇOIS BARBERAT.

looks the town, and stand within the little sunlit Court of Peace, where rests a friend whom I admired and loved. Some years ago, I first heard at a concert in an Austrian health-resort an artist whose superb bass voice had once filled Europe with its fame. A pupil of the conservatories of Geneva and Paris, he had begun with brilliant triumphs at La Scala in Milan, and had in his career achieved success in more than forty rôles. Auber, Halévy, and Gounod had recognized his talents, and one of them said of him at his graduation, — "He has the finest voice in France. What a pity that he is not French, but Swiss, by birth!" Verdi also called him his *Gran' Fraseggiatore*, and he was known at one time as the "Samson" among bassos. But when I heard him, illness and misfortune, though they left his marvelous voice intact, had long since rendered his appearance on the stage impossible. The audience, though appreciative, was pathetically small, and as he sang a final aria from "La Favorita," his sad face, noble dignity, and wonderfully vibrant tones made on my heart an ineffaceable impression. It seemed to me the swan-song of a mighty

THE COURT OF PEACE, SAMADEN.

artist; — his farewell salutation to a heartless world. Impelled to speak to him at the conclusion of his work, a friendship then and there was formed between us, which lasted till his recent death. Since then his widow — herself a gifted Russian pianist, trained by Rubinstein — has, at a sacrifice of health and means too sacred to be more than hinted at, caused to be made for him a beautiful, artistic monument. Beneath it she will place some precious souvenirs of his successes in both Europe and America, as well as copies of the music which he loved especially to sing. There, every summer now, beside his grave, forever bright with flowers, is seen each day the lonely figure of this faithful wife, gazing at times from her immediate surroundings toward the snow-crowned peaks of the Bernina, whose glaciers seem the pathways to a brighter world. Upon the monument designed to mark the resting place of one whose character was no less noble than his voice, have been inscribed these lines:



THE MONUMENT.

Sleep, noble soul! Thy clarion voice no more
Shall thrill enraptured thousands with delight;
No whisper greets us from the silent shore
Whereto thy gentle spirit took its flight;

Yet something tells us we shall hear again
Those seraph tones, — a nation's joy and pride;
Love would not call thee back to earthly pain,
Yet ah! if love could save, thou hadst not died!

Less than an hour's drive beyond Samaden lies the health-

ST. MORITZ, UPPER ENGADINE.

and pleasure-resort of St. Moritz. Perhaps I should have said resorts; for under the one saintly name are grouped two separate localities, — the Village and the Baths. The former, built upon a bluff above the northern border of a pretty lake, enjoys the proud distinction of occupying the loftiest site in the whole Engadine valley. The latter, on the lake's southwestern shore, seems somewhat humbled by a realization of the fact that it is more than two hundred feet nearer the sea level. This difference truly is not great, but it enables St. Moritz the Village to look down on St. Moritz the Baths, and no less certainly compels the Baths to look up at the Village. The latter way of looking is proverbially the harder; and hence the low-

THE VILLAGE.

SILS, NEAR ST. MORITZ.

THE LAKE OF ST. MORITZ

lier hamlet, in the autumn, — possibly stared out of countenance, — shuts its myriad eyes, and hibernates, while the superior Village, always wide awake, boasts of receiving even in winter more than a thousand guests. So far as business methods are concerned, these settlements represent

"Two souls with but a single thought"
(The exploitation of the foreigner),
"Two hearts that beat as one"
(At his approach).

Moreover, they are now united not only by this tie of interest, but by a thousand railroad ties, which underlie a trolley line, — a fact which pleases those who like electric trams among the Alps. The Smart Set is especially in evidence at St. Moritz. The hotels are enormous and luxurious; the amount of clothing

LAKE SILVAPLANA, NEAR ST. MORITZ.

worn — and not worn — by the guests affords abundant opportunity to study art and nature; the corridors and drawing-rooms at night gleam scarcely less with diamonds than with electricity; and lest a single entertainment should be lost, the hotels furnish blotting pads for every bedroom, containing lists of all the balls which are to take place during the week. If, therefore, this is what one seeks amid the awful majesty of Switzerland, one should assuredly go to St. Moritz. To some extent, indeed, a quiet traveler can escape it by gliding out upon the lake in one of the cushioned boats with dainty awnings, which wait all day along the shore; but the fair sheet of water is not large enough for one to get entirely beyond the sight and sound of what he fled from on the land; and on this bit of liquid emerald breezes are not always zephyrs. Of course there is another side to St. Moritz. Its stainless, vivifying air brings to it invalids as well as idlers, and its remarkable iron springs are blessings just as permanent and potent as its shel-

tering hills. In fact, the serious health-seekers, who in the handsome, well-appointed Kurhaus test the efficacy of these waters, find themselves strengthened and exhilarated by their use. But quest of health alone would never bring to St. Moritz the crowds that flock there in such numbers. The deity of the place is Sport, which is so firmly seated here upon its throne, that it no longer goes away in winter, but reigns here practically the entire year. The "cold-air cure" for lung diseases had already brought for many winters numerous visitors to Davos — the scene of Beatrice Harraden's well-known story, "Ships that pass in the Night" — before the hotel managers of St. Moritz awoke to the advantage of having winter seasons of their own. At last, however, they bestirred themselves to provide double windows and steam heating, whereby their patrons could be comfortable, even when the outdoor temperature might be twenty degrees below zero; and such, indeed, was their activity, that St. Moritz has now more winter visitors than its neighboring rival. Unquestionably life at Davos, although not without its pleasures, is taken much more seriously than at St. Moritz, where more than a thousand people, mostly English, spend the winter merely for the sake of outdoor pastimes. The skater's rhythmic movement through the crystal air on ring-

THE ENGADINE IN WINTER.

COASTING AT ST. MORITZ.

ing blades of steel; and the tobogganer's exciting plunge, with savage zest and breathless swiftness, down a frozen track, athrill with the intoxicating sense of pleasure purchased at a risk of peril; these, and the still more hazardous sport of "skee-ing" down a mountain side, are practiced here with a persistency and rapture almost inconceivable to most American adults. In pleasant weather people spend the entire day here in the open air. It is true, the days in winter are extremely brief, their minimum duration being four and a quarter hours. Hence one must make sport while the sun shines, and a moment's loss of solar warmth is so regretted, that lunch is often served *al fresco* to those who will not go for it to their hotels. On stormy days, of course, and after dinner, these outdoor games must be replaced by indoor entertainments such as "bridge" and dancing. Occasionally an arm or leg is broken in the day, a reputation shattered in the evening; but *que voulez-vous?* "What else," one asks, "can be expected?" It may be a surprise to most Americans to know that there exist in Europe literally thousands of adults who make such outdoor sports the principal object of their lives, and who select their place of residence, their associates, and even

"SKEE-ING."

APPROACHING A CURVE.

their modes of living, chiefly with reference to the possibility of finding and enjoying "Sport," to which both gray-haired men and women often give themselves with the enthusiasm shown by children for their tops and marbles. These champions of hockey, tennis, football, "curling," "skee-ing," and a host of other outdoor pleasures, regard us in the United States as either too absorbed in money-getting, or too lazy to take a necessary amount of exercise. There is some truth in this; but if we go too far in one direction, our English cousins go as far in the other; and it

THE CHAIN OF LAKES BETWEEN ST. MORITZ AND MALOYA.

is not impossible that their excessive zeal for sport has much to do with that alleged decadence in commercial energy and individual enterprise, which their own journals constantly deplore.

I should, myself, select as a more sympathetic halting place than St. Moritz some village further up the valley, near one of the enchanting lakes which link themselves like gems of malachite from St. Moritz, through Sils and Silvaplana to Maloya. The music in the names of these two latter places is suggestive of their peace and beauty; and, though the scenery is not so grand as in some parts of Switzerland, it would be difficult anywhere in the world to find more exquisite effects of coloring than can be seen here in the early morning and especially toward sunset. Maloya, in particular, — a favorite resort of the late Professor Huxley, — has a unique position at the head of the sweet chain of lakes, and hence commands a charming view of that long section of the Engadine. While, since it also stands on what might well be called the *brink* of Italy, one looks thence down upon a marvelously steep and picturesque descent into the Val Bregaglia, on the way to Chiavenna and Lake Como.

MALOYA.

For me, however, the fairest jewel of the Engadine is Pontresina. Reached by an hour's drive, and even by a shorter walk across the fields, from St. Moritz, this wonderfully situated village lies at the foot of the Bernina Pass to Italy. Here one at last comes face to face with splendid snow-clad peaks and

LAKE FONTANA, IN THE ENGADINE.

glaciers, toward which the genuine nature lover — especially if the tinsel screen of artificial life has for a time concealed from him the *actual* universe — turns, like a long-imprisoned flower, to the light and air. The settlement itself consists of little save a street of shops and admirably kept hotels; but from the mountain terrace on which these are built, nearly six thousand feet above the sea, one looks off on a prospect unsurpassed, and rarely equaled, in the whole of Switzerland. Before it surge, like monster billows luminous with foam, the monarchs of the great Bernina group, straight to whose frozen heart extend two narrow valleys, which serve as exits for the milk-white streams that flow forever from its seas of ice. One of the latter, called the Roseg glacier, lies directly opposite Pontresina; and its resplendent, ice-enameled surface, closing the long perspective of a valley lined with lordly mountains and black-bearded forests, is one of the finest objects in the Alpine world. Above it, set sublimely in the vaulted blue, expands the dazzling rampart of eternal frost which gives the glacier birth; and the broad, frozen mass that steals down inch by inch from that exhaustless treasury of welded snows bears more resemblance to a moving river than is usual with glaciers, so grandly does its stately form sweep round the flanks of the huge mountains which define its course. Forth from the sea-green caverns at its base issues a torrent whose bright, sinuous

PONTRESINA.

THE ROSEG GLACIER.

thread, twisting and turning on the valley's verdant floor, suggests a zigzag flash of lightning photographed upon a film six miles in length. At last, so close to the hotel that one can toss a pebble from his window to its waves, the Roseg's river joins another stream, which has with no less eagerness been hurrying down a neighboring canyon to the rendezvous; and, thus united, both rush recklessly to swell the volume of the Inn, and journey to the outer world. But visitors to Pontresina need not gaze upon these Alpine glories merely from a distance. Although a favorite starting point for such excursions as require strength of limb and nerves of steel, this also is a place where the less vigorous and ambitious drive or walk with ease through fragrant forests to romantic glens, sweet, flower-gemmed meadows, foaming waterfalls, and even to the bases of the glaciers. I thought that nothing could surpass at Pontresina the tender beauty of the alpenglow, when, far above the twilight pallor of

the glacier, the snow-wall burned with yellow fire, deepening into rose. But still more marvelous was the scene when silvered by the harvest moon. I stood then on my balcony enthralled. No sound was audible save the wordless music of the river and the murmur of the nightwind stealing through the trees. The glistening ribbon of the ice-born streamlet seemed the ghostly path of spirit pilgrims to the gates of some celestial temple, whose swelling domes and lofty towers looked in the moonlight as if made of purest alabaster, like the Taj Mahal.

THE VALLEY OF THE ROSEG GLACIER.

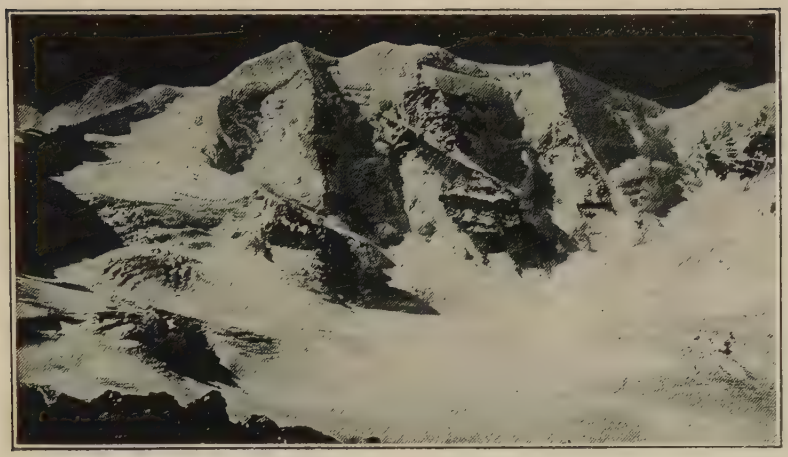
So wonderfully clear was the vast concave of the sky, that the refulgent orbs, serenely moving there upon their distant paths, seemed really to have approached the earth, as if impatient of the countless ages, during which their radiance had been falling on our planet, yet without response. Can it be possible that separation, silence, and seclusion must eternally prevail among these millions of celestial bodies, formed of the same component

elements, subjects of one sidereal kingdom, bound by the same unchanging laws, and traveling thus in sight of one another through the same illimitable realm of mystery? May we not rather dream that, as the waves of light, coming from systems inconceivably remote, trace on our spectrum's disk their wraith-like but intelligible lines, so there may one day pulsate through the awful voids of interstellar space a thrill of conscious fellowship and sympathy, — a solemn interchange of signals between passing worlds?

ROAD FROM PONTRESINA TO THE ROSEG GLACIER.

The morrow's drive from Pontresina over the Bernina Pass was an appropriate sequel to that memorable night. The clustered peaks of the Bernina group hold in the deep interstices between their glittering prongs the largest chain of glaciers in the eastern Alps. For some miles, face to face with one of these vast ice fields, called the Morteratsch glacier, the smooth Bernina road ascends like an uncoiling python. Our horses drew us slowly up its monster serpentines; but far from being discontented with our rate of progress, we often paused to sate ourselves with some inspiring view; for moments "lost" among such scenes are really gained for priceless memories. Does it seem credible, we asked ourselves, that somewhere at this moment there are noisy cities, blanketed with smoke, beneath whose stifling pall are heard the wild vociferations of the Grain

OLD CASTLE NEAR TARASP.



THE PURITY OF UNTRODDEN SNOW.

Pit and the Stock Exchange, where frenzied financiers struggle frantically to increase a row of figures in their check books? One feels, as he remembers all the feverish fury of that lower world, that sane, inspiring life can be found only on the heights. For though we know, materially speaking, that mountains are but masses of uplifted strata of the earth's crust, white with aqueous vapor transformed into snow and ice, still on the mind and soul of every sensitive be-

THE MORTERATSCH GLACIER, FROM THE BERNINA ROAD.

holder their influence is ennobling. The purity of their untrodden crests, their adamantine strength, their steadfastness and solemn beauty, — all these remove us from the pettiness and vanities of sordid life, and waken thoughts connected with the Infinite. Nor does their influence lessen upon long acquaintance. I have lived now for years among majestic mountains, yet every day I gaze upon them with increased delight. Absurd as it may seem, one even comes to feel a certain sadness in the thought

LAST HOUSES ON THE BERNINA PASS.

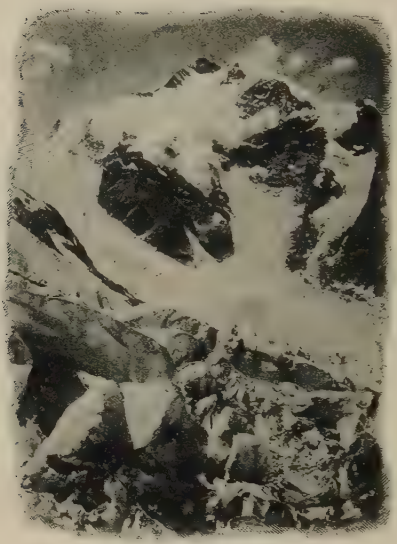
that they are irresponsive to our love. We fancy them at times as being friendly and companionable, but in reality they not alone ignore our sentiment, but cruelly resent undue familiarity. We do not realize this when we behold them rising cloudless and serene against the empyrean, nor can we comprehend the perils of their glaciers, when distance minimizes their séracs to glittering cones, and dwarfs their deep crevasses into wrinkles; yet hardly a day goes by in summer that the Alps do not exact the tribute of at least one human life. People less fortunate than we have

AN OLD CHURCH, ENGADINE.

even told me of the perils of autumnal storms encountered on this sheltered route. But our midsummer day was one of peace and beauty, and not a cloud was visible, when finally we reached the summit of the pass, seven thousand six hundred feet above the sea.

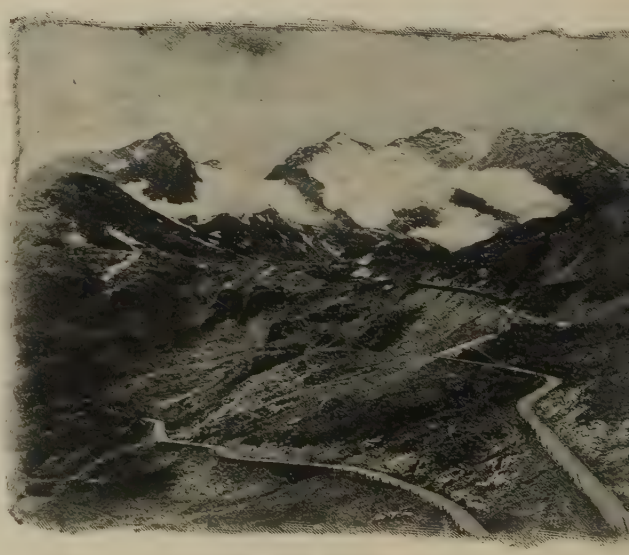
There, close by the Bernina hospice, now used as an inn, I saw a natural phenomenon resembling one I had observed upon the Grand Divide in the Yellowstone Park. Two little lakes lie side by side upon this watershed, divided from each other by a narrow isthmus, two or three feet in height. Yet this slight barrier, hardly broader than a tennis court, suffices to decide their fate. The water from the southern basin flows toward Italy, and reaches finally the Adriatic; while that of its companion makes its way to Pontresina, and the Danube. Sometimes, indeed, the barrier is temporarily submerged, so that the common reservoir, thus made, contributes to both streams; and

THE HOSPICE AND WATERSHED OF THE BERNINA.



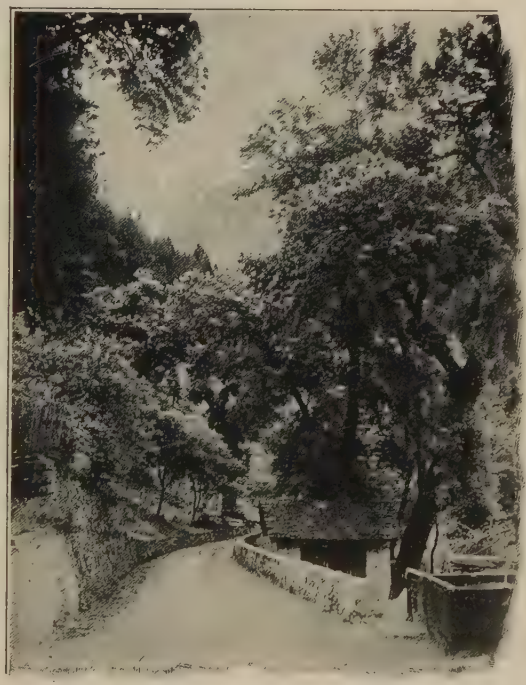
THE CREST OF THE BERNINA.

then the fate of individual drops may be decided by a falling leaf or by the flutter of a passing bird. How irresistible is the reflection here of the enormous part which birth, environment, and circumstances also play in shaping human destiny! How many lives possess apparently as little power as these mountain streams to alter their direction and their termini! It is a curious fact that, notwithstanding their proximity, the color of these lakes is so dissimilar, that they are called respectively Lago Bianco and Lago Nero. The names, however, are inaccurate; for the "White Lake," the offspring of the glaciers, has a delicate green hue, while "Lago Nero," nourished by a spring, is of a deep blue shade. Strange, also, is it not, that the bright, sunny lake should overflow toward Italy, while its dark neighbor sends its waters toward the colder north, to enter ultimately the Black Sea!



THE DESCENT TOWARD ITALY.

The crowning peak of the Bernina, 13,300 feet in height, cannot be seen from Pontresina, but first reveals itself when one is nearly at the summit of the pass. Then it stands forth pre-eminently, as the ermined sovereign of the Rhætian Alps, which even in this era of triumphant mountain-climbing must be treated with respect and caution, and can be conquered only by experienced cragsmen, whose hearts, as well as heads and hands, are proof against the perils of the avalanche, of furious cannonades of rocks, and of the deadlier chasms hidden by deceitful snow. Especially sublime and royal was this glorious Bernina when, at an angle of the steep descent to Italy, we paused to take of it a farewell view. Thus did it look, no doubt, two thousand years ago, when Cæsar's legionaries gazed with awe upon its radiant crest, as they toiled up from Rome to Rhætia. Thus also will it look, two thousand years from now, to those whose steps will follow ours. For what are human lives compared with its antiquity? Despite its cold indifference, we felt a certain pang in parting from a mountain we had so admired; yet there was consolation in the thought that on the morrow we should drive among the chestnut groves and wayside shrines of Italy to the Baths of Bormio: that on the following



AMONG THE CHESTNUT GROVES OF ITALY.

day we should ascend the highest carriage road in Europe, — the stupendous Stelvio; and that before the sunset of the third we should behold, in the Tyrolean paradise, Meran, the Stars and Stripes unfurled above a modest villa, which — till he shall return to his loved native land — the author calls his

HOME.

A WAYSIDE SHRINE BELOW THE BERNINA.

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AND

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